# THE CANADIAN HYMNAL

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND MUSIC

FOR

*SUNDAY SCHOOLS, EPWORTH LEAGUES, PRAYER AND PRAISE MEETINGS, FAMILY CIRCLES, ETC.*

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**REVISED AND ENLARGED.**

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TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

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# PREFACE.

THE Committee to whom was intrusted the work of preparing THE CANADIAN HYMNAL have pleasure in presenting the result of their labours to the public. They felt their task by no means an easy one. The wants to be met are so varied—reaching from the City Sunday School, with its accomplished choir and orchestra, to the far remote and less favored Mission Schools throughout our extended work. To these, add the multiform Social Services of our Church, Class, Fellowship, and Prayer Services, Band of Hope and Mission Bands, Young People's Societies, and the frequent Revival occasions and Evangelistic Services. All these create a need hard to supply in a small collection which can be placed within the reach of all.

We have done our best, and we view our labours with a feeling of satisfaction. We trust—we *believe*—that this book will find a warm appreciation in all our Churches and Social Circles.

May He whom we love, who gave the mind its music, and gave the heart its song, ever lend His presence to inspire us that we may sing with the spirit and the understanding.

THE COMMITTEE.

TORONTO, September 26th, 1889.

## A FEW NEW WORDS.

Three years ago the Committee sent out THE CANADIAN HYMNAL with strong confidence that our people would appreciate the work.

The book has been heartily received and warmly commended. We want it to *abide with us*, to help to bind us together by its associations.

Knowing the extensive increase of our Social Work, and the enlarged number and varied character of our Praise and Prayer Services, especially among our Epworth Leagues and Mission Workers, we have taken in hand the enlargement of the HYMNAL, by adding to its pages the *choicest pieces* which have won favor since its first publication.

Two or three old favorites have also been added by request.

We are assured that *no work* is issued that is equal to it for our needs to-day, and we present it with feelings of pride to our constituency.

TORONTO, December, 1892.

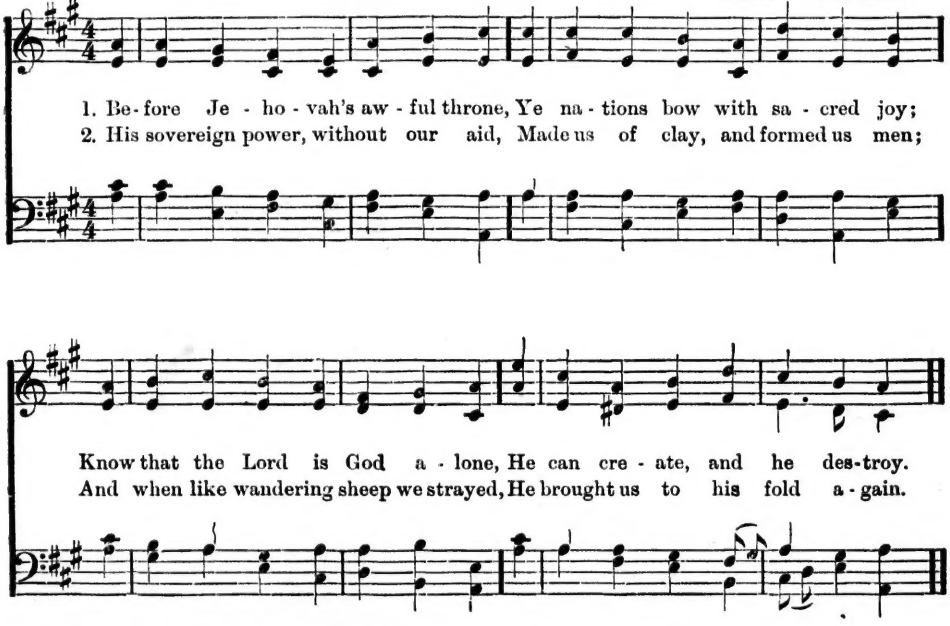
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, by WILLIAM BRIGGS, Book Steward of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

# THE

# CANADIAN HYMNAL

## 1 Before Jehovah's Awful Throne. (Old Hundred.—L.M.)

Marot & Beza's Psalter.




3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 2 Lo! God is Here! Let us Adore. (Luther's Hymn.—6-8s.)




3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
:‖Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.‖:

4 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
:‖Thou purging Fire, thou quickening Flame.‖:

—*J. Wesley.*

## 3 All People that on Earth do Dwell. (Old Hundred.—L.M.—Tune No. 1.)

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

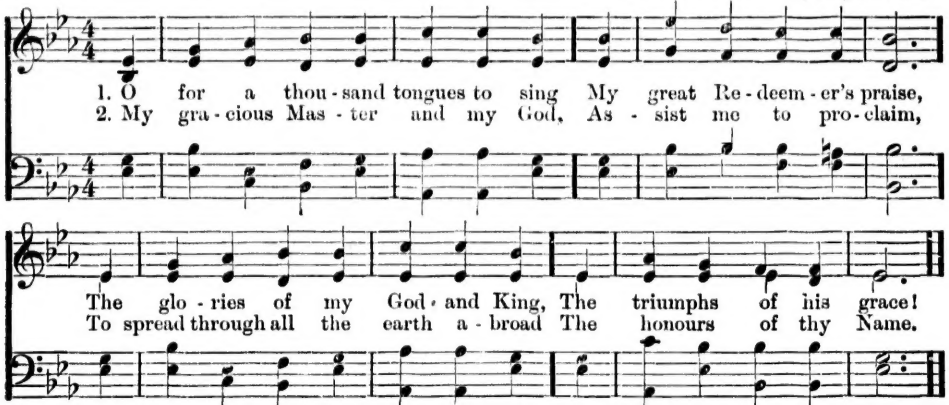
3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

—*Hopkins or Kethe.*

## 4 O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing. (TALLIS.—C.M.)

THOMAS TALLIS, Ob. 1585.




3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for *me*.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 5 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name. (CORONATION.—C.M.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.




3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
:‖Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.‖:

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
:‖Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.‖:

—*E. Perronet.*

## 6 O Worship the King all Glorious Above! (HANOVER.)

HANDEL.



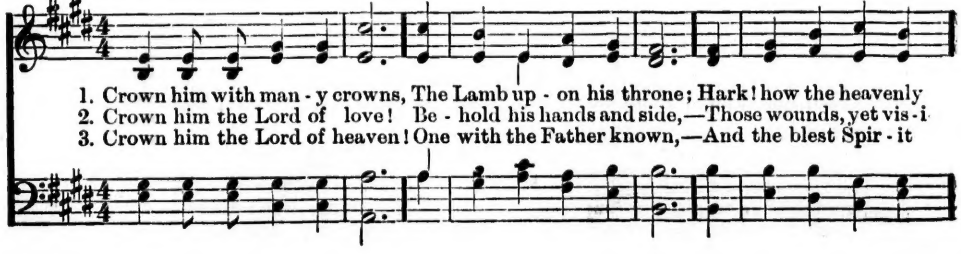

3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail;
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies, how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

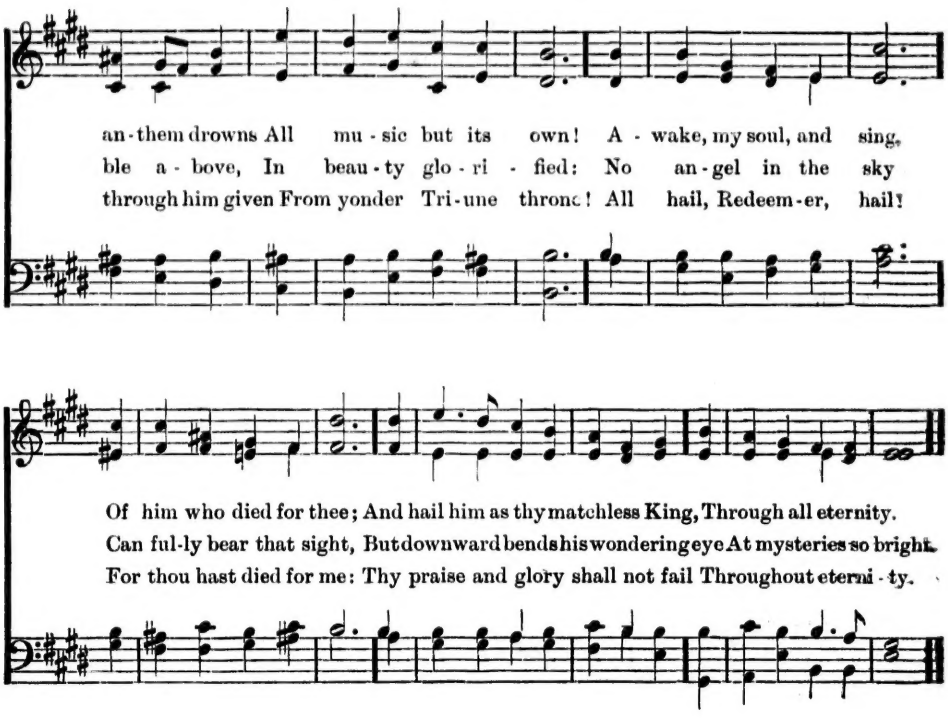
*—Sir R. Grant.*

## 7 Crown Him with many Crowns. (DIADEMATA.—S.M. DOUBLE.)

Words by MATTHEW BRIDGES.



## Crown Him with many Crowns—*Concluded.*




## 8 Jesus! the Name High Over All. (CORONATION.—C.M.—TUNE No. 5.)

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

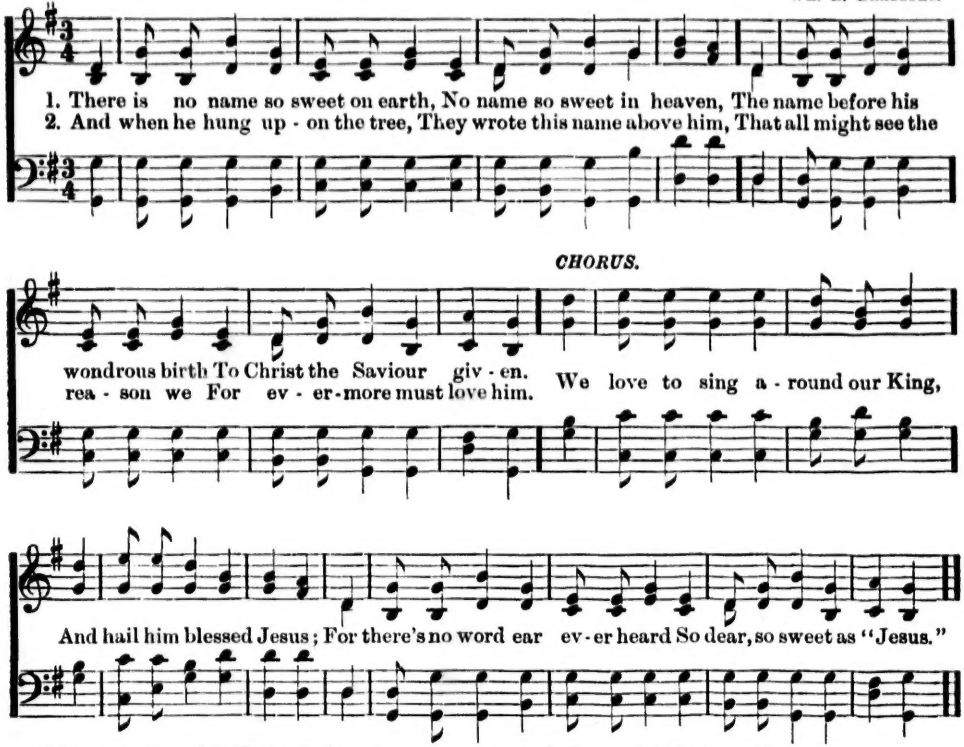
5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

—*C. Wesley.*

## 9 There is no Name so Sweet on Earth. (C.M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



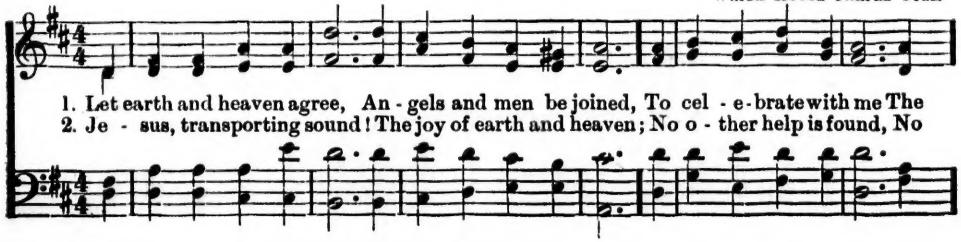

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by thy matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same
Thou art our God forever.

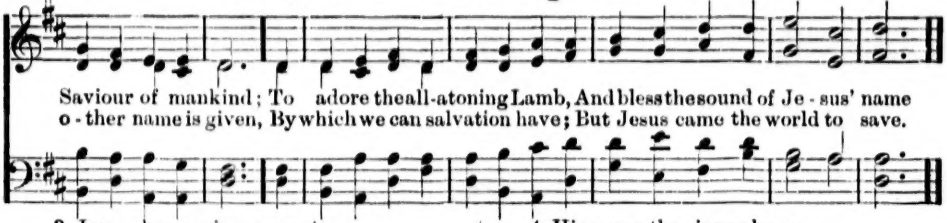
—*G. W. Bethune.*

## 10 Let Earth and Heaven Agree. (CALEDON.—4-6s & 2-8s.)

WRIGH HOUSE CHAPEL COLL.



## Let Earth and Heaven Agree—*Concluded.*




3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 11 Take the Name of Jesus with You.

W. H. Doane.




3 O the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us.
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

—*Mrs. L. Baxter.*

## 12 Glory to God on High. (ITALIAN HYMN.—6,6,4,6,6,6,4.)

F. GIARDINI.



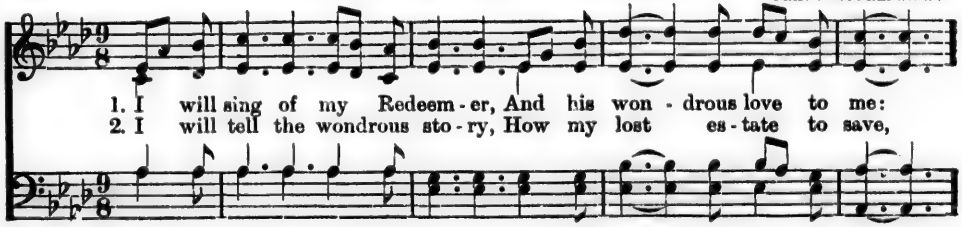

3 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name:
To him we'll tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

—*J. Allen.*

## 13 I Will Sing of My Redeemer.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



## I Will Sing of My Redeemer—*Concluded.*




3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell
How the victory he giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with him to be.

—*P. P. Bliss.*

## 14 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds. (BELMONT.—C.M.)

WEBBE.



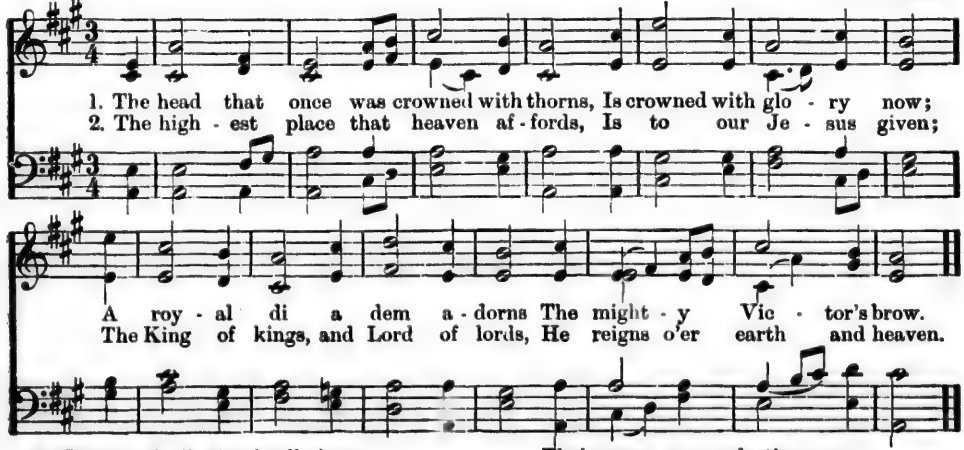

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death! —*J. Newton.*

## 15 The Head that once was Crowned with Thorns. (MARTYRDOM.—C.M.)

HUGH WILSON.




3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love. —*T. Kelly.*

## 16 Hail, Thou once Despised Jesus! (8s & 7s.)

JOHN ZUNDEL.




3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

—*J. Bakewell.*

## 17 I Love to Sing of that Great Power. (EVAN.—C.M.)

REV. W. H. HAVERGALL.




3 I love to think of angels' songs,
From sin and sorrow free;
But angels cannot strike their notes
To "Jesus died for me."

4 I love to speak of God, of heaven,
And all its purity;
God is my Father, heaven my home,
For "Jesus died for me."

5 And when I reach that happy place,
From all temptation free,
I'll tune my ever rapturous notes
With "Jesus died for me."

—*S. Alman.*

## 18 Holy Ghost, My Comforter. (ST. PHILIP.—7,7,7.)

W. H. MONK.




4 Grant us, Lord, who cry to thee,
Steadfast in the faith to be,
Give thy gift of charity.

5 May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with thee in bliss!

—*Miss Winkworth.*

## 19 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove. (Evan.—C.M.—Tune No. 17.)

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 20 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. (7s.)

Words by M. M. Wells. M. M. Wells.



## 21 Come, Holy Ghost. (VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.—C.M.)



1 Come, Holy Ghost, our | hearts inspire,
Let | us thine influence prove;
*f* Source of the old pro- | -phetic fire,
Foun- | -tain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for | moved by thee
The | prophets wrote and spoke,
*p* Unlock the Truth, thy- | -self the Key,
Un- | -seal the sacred Book.

3 Expand thy wings, ce- | -lestial Dove,
Brood | o'er our nature's night;
*f* On our disordered | spirits move,
And | let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we | then shall know
If | thou within us shine;
*p* And sound, with all thy | saints below,
The | depths of love divine. —*C. Wesley.*

*f* 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the Son, and | to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall be, world | without end. Amen.

## 22 Living Water, Freely Flowing. (8,8,7,7.)

GERMAN CHORAL.




3 Where one contrite tear gives token
Of a heart by sorrow broken,
Breathing forth the breath of prayer,
O blest Spirit! thou art there.

4 Where the mourner in his anguish
Lifts to God the eyes that langnish;
When his spirit finds repose,
Comforter, from thee it flows.

5 O Eternal Spirit! hear us;
Let thy power and presence cheer us;
With thy life our souls inspire;
With thy love our bosoms fire.

6 By the Father sent from heaven,
By the Saviour's promise given,
Thee we claim, O Power Divine!
Come and make our hearts thy shrine.

## 23 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! (NICÆA.—11, 12, 12, 10.)




3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

—*Bishop Heber.*

## 24 Glory be to God the Father. (St. Thomas.—8s, 7s & 4s.)

Vincent Novello.




3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring:
:‖ Glory, glory, ‖:
To the King of Glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings:
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
:‖ Glory, glory, ‖:
Glory to the King of Kings!

—*C. Wesley.*

## 25 From all that Dwell. (Old Hundred.—L.M.—Tune No. 1.)

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

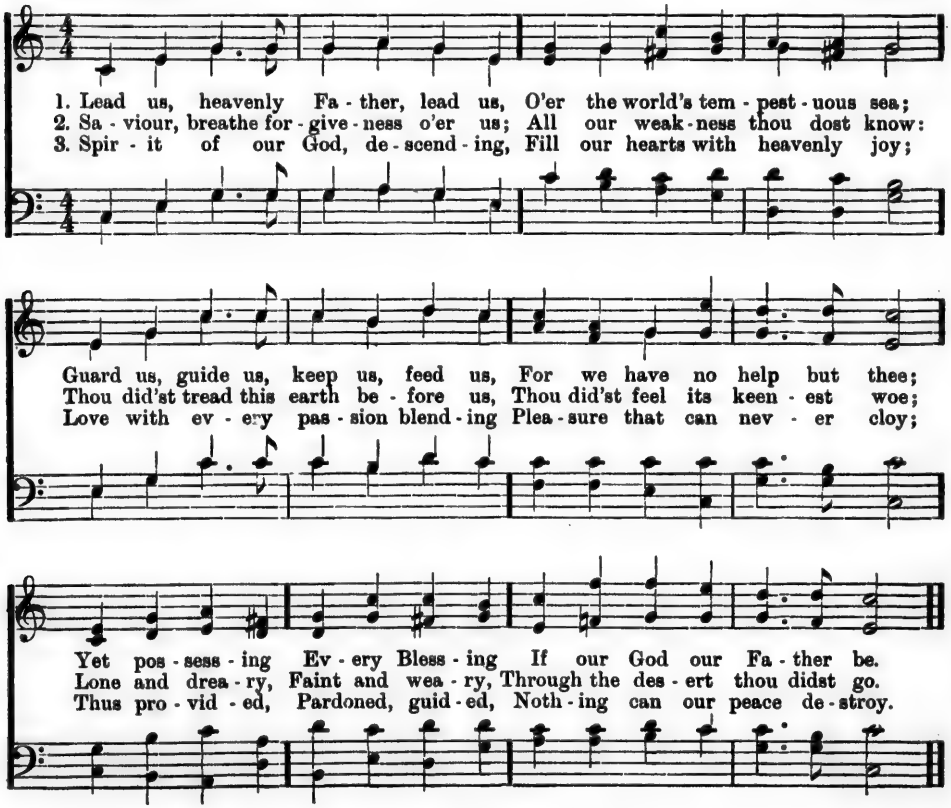
3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

—*Isaac Watts and Bp. Ken.*

## 26 Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us. (8s, 7s & 4s.)

Words by J. Edmeston. Gauntlet.



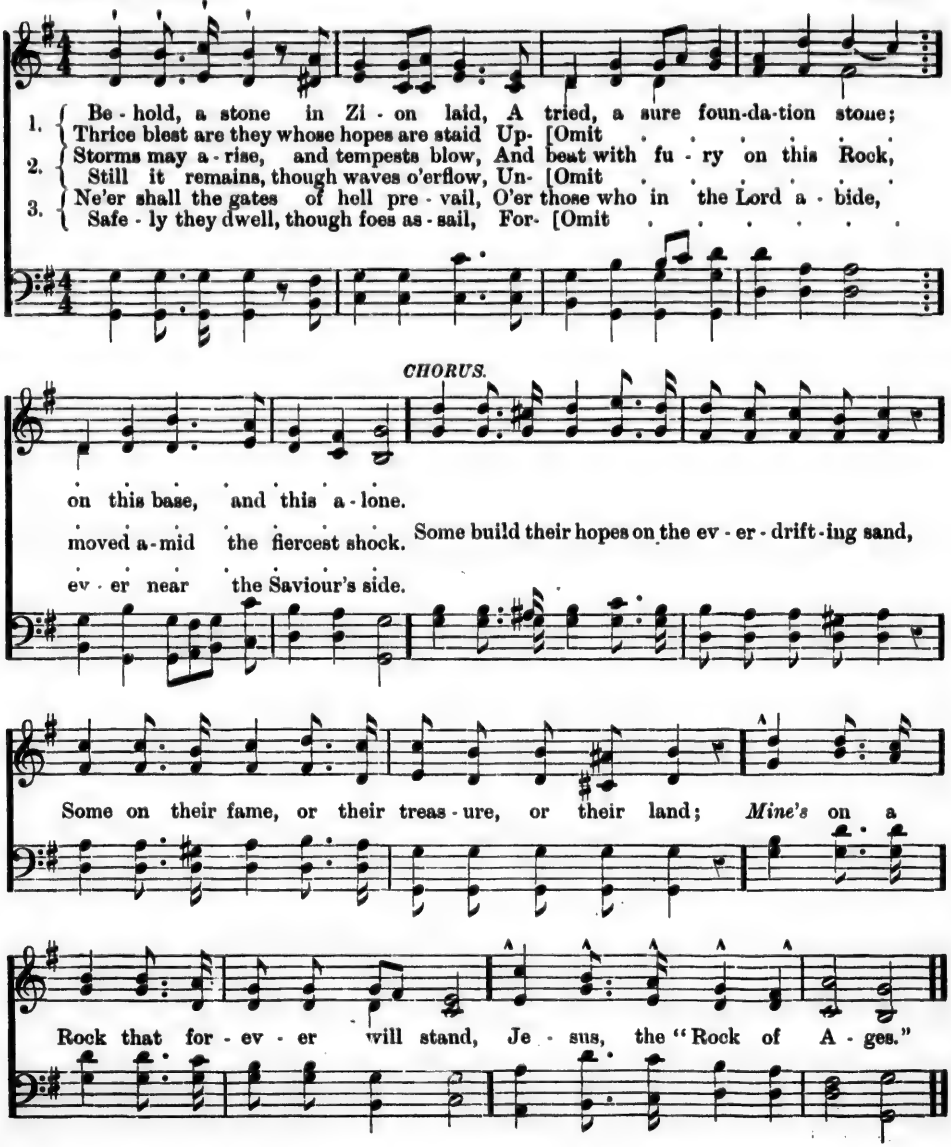
## 27 The Church's One Foundation. (AURELIA.—7s & 6s.)

Words by S. J. STONE. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



## 28 Behold, a Stone in Zion Laid.

Words by TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.



## 29 Sinners Jesus will Receive. (7s.)

Neumaster, 1671, arr. by Ed. Nathan. (MALE VOICES.) James McGranahan.



## 30 O Precious Words that Jesus Said. (C.M.)

IRA D. SANKEY.




3 O precious words that Jesus said!
Come, weary souls oppressed,
Come take my yoke and learn of me,
And I will give you rest.

CHO.—And I will give you rest,
And I will give you rest,
Come take my yoke and learn of me,
And I will give you rest.

4 O precious words that Jesus said!
The world I overcame;
And they who follow where I lead
Shall conquer in my name.

CHO.—Shall conquer in my name,
Shall conquer in my name,
And they who follow where I lead
Shall conquer in my name.

—*Mrs. Frances J. Crosby.*

## 31 Thy Life was Given for Me!

*Moderato* P. P. Bliss.




3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all, yea, all, was left for me:
Have I left aught for thee?

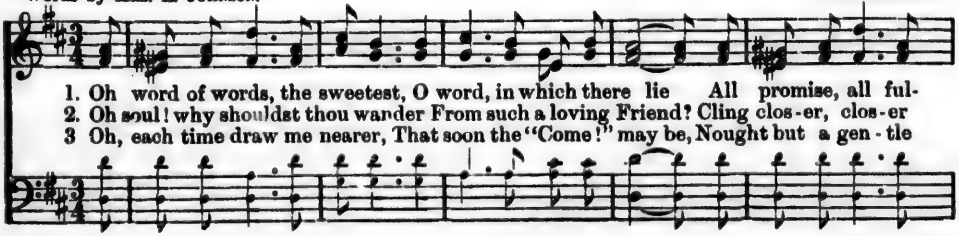
4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell.
Thou sufferedst all for me, for me:
What have I borne for thee?

5 And thou hast brought to me,
Down from thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love.
Great gifts, great gifts thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to thee?

6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
To thee, to thee my all I bring,
My Saviour and my King! —*F. R. Havergal.*

## 32 O Word of Words, the Sweetest. (7s & 6s.)

Words by Mrs. E. Johnson. J. McGranahan.

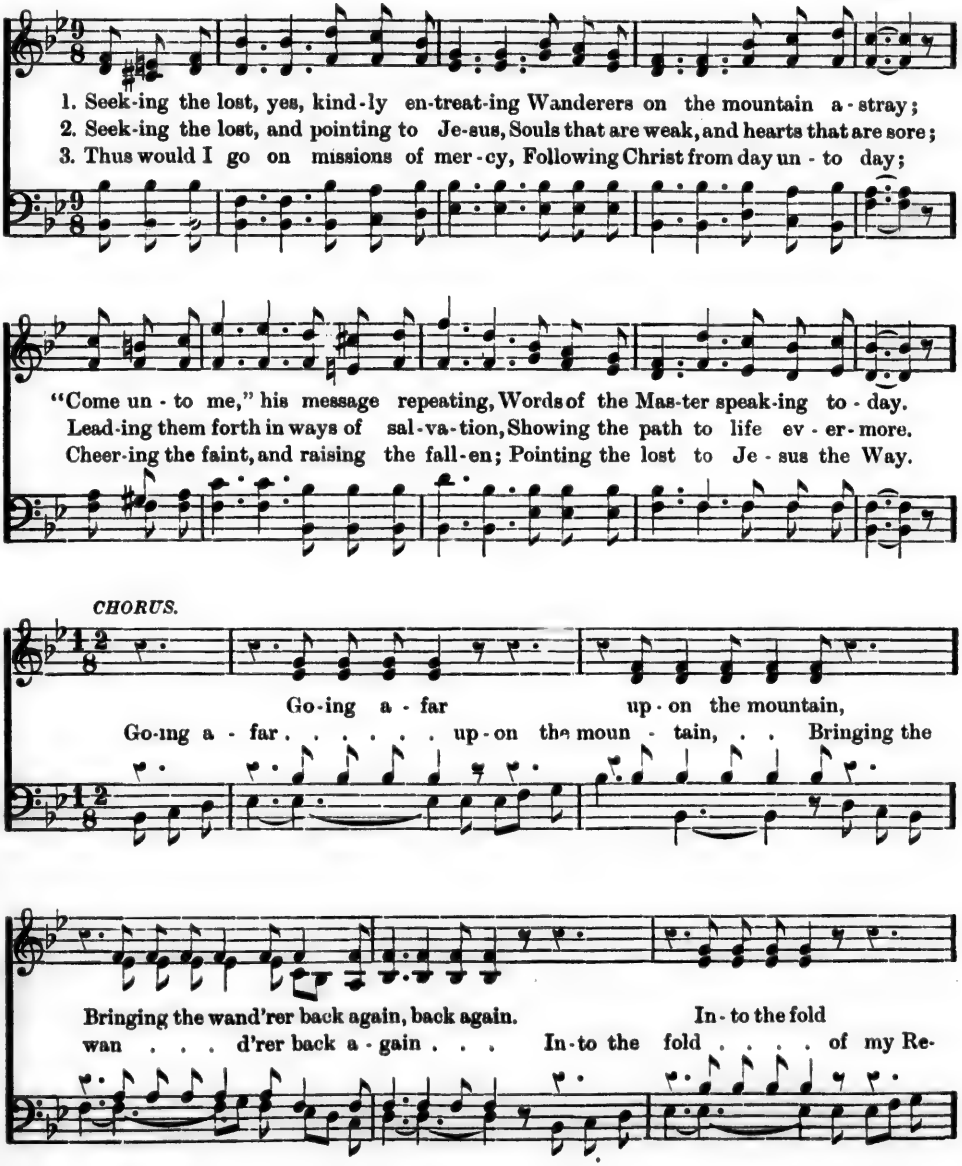


## O Word of Words, the Sweetest—*Concluded.*



## 33 Seeking the Lost.

Words by W. A. Ogden. W. A. Ogden.

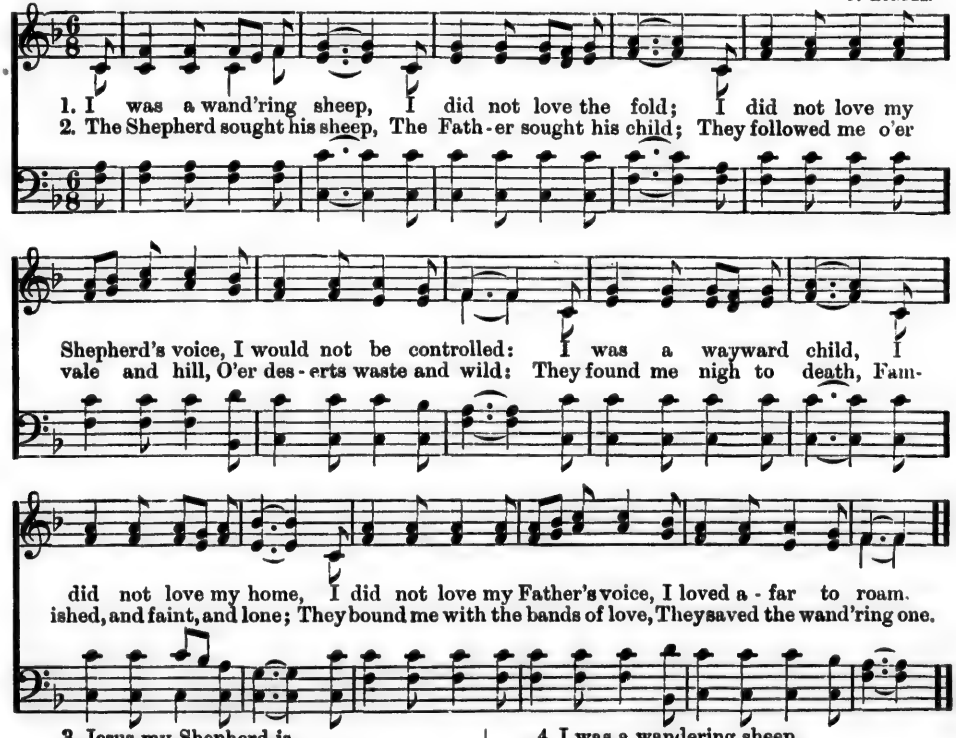


## Seeking the Lost—*Concluded.*




## 34 I Was a Wandering Sheep. (6s & 8s.)

J. ZUNDEL.




3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul;
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Saviour's voice,
I love, I love the fold:
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home. —*H. Bonar.*

## 35 I Need Thee, Precious Jesus. (RUTHERFORD.—7s & 6s.)

Words by H. BONAR. RIMBAULT.



## 36 I Need Thee Every Hour. (6s & 4s.)




3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.

—*Mrs. Hawkes.*

## 37 Are You Weary, Are You Heavy-Hearted? (LORENZ.—10s & 7s.)

E. S. LORENZ.




3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing
Tell it to Jesus alone.

—*J. E. Rankin.*

## 38 I've Found a Friend in Jesus. (13s, 11s & 10s.)

Words by J. GILL. Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.



## 39 Saviour, Let Me Still Abide. (8–7s.)

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. JAMES A. SMITH.



## 40 He Leadeth Me. (4–8s.)




3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

—*J. H. Gilmore.*

## 41 Lead, Kindly Light. (Lux Benigna.—10s & 4s.)

John Bacchus Dykes.




3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

4 Meanwhile, along the narrow rugged path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in child-like faith,
Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

—*John H. Newman.*

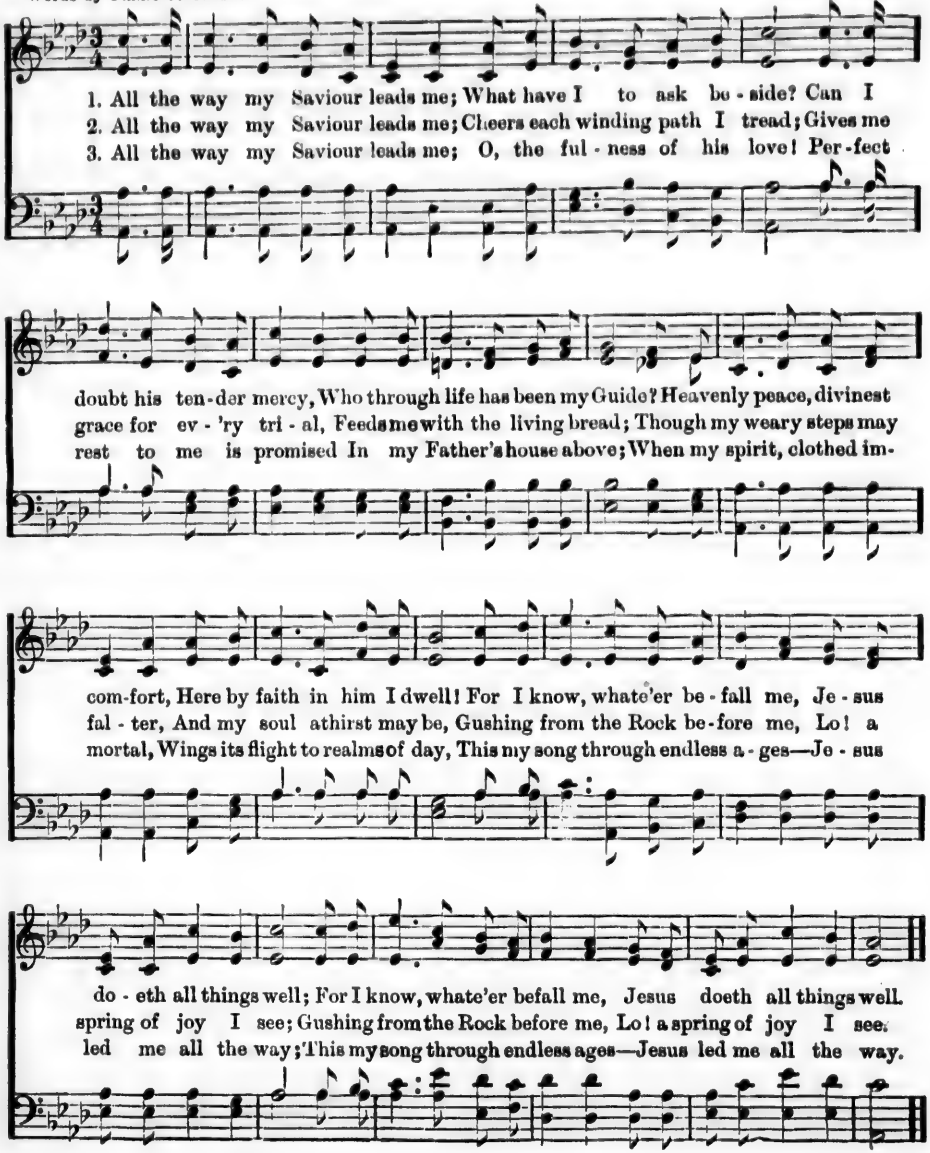
## 42 Saviour, Lead Me, Lest I Stray. (4–7s.)

Words by F. M. DAVIDSON. FRANK M. DAVIS.



## 43 All the Way My Saviour Leads Me. (8s & 7s.)

Words by Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.



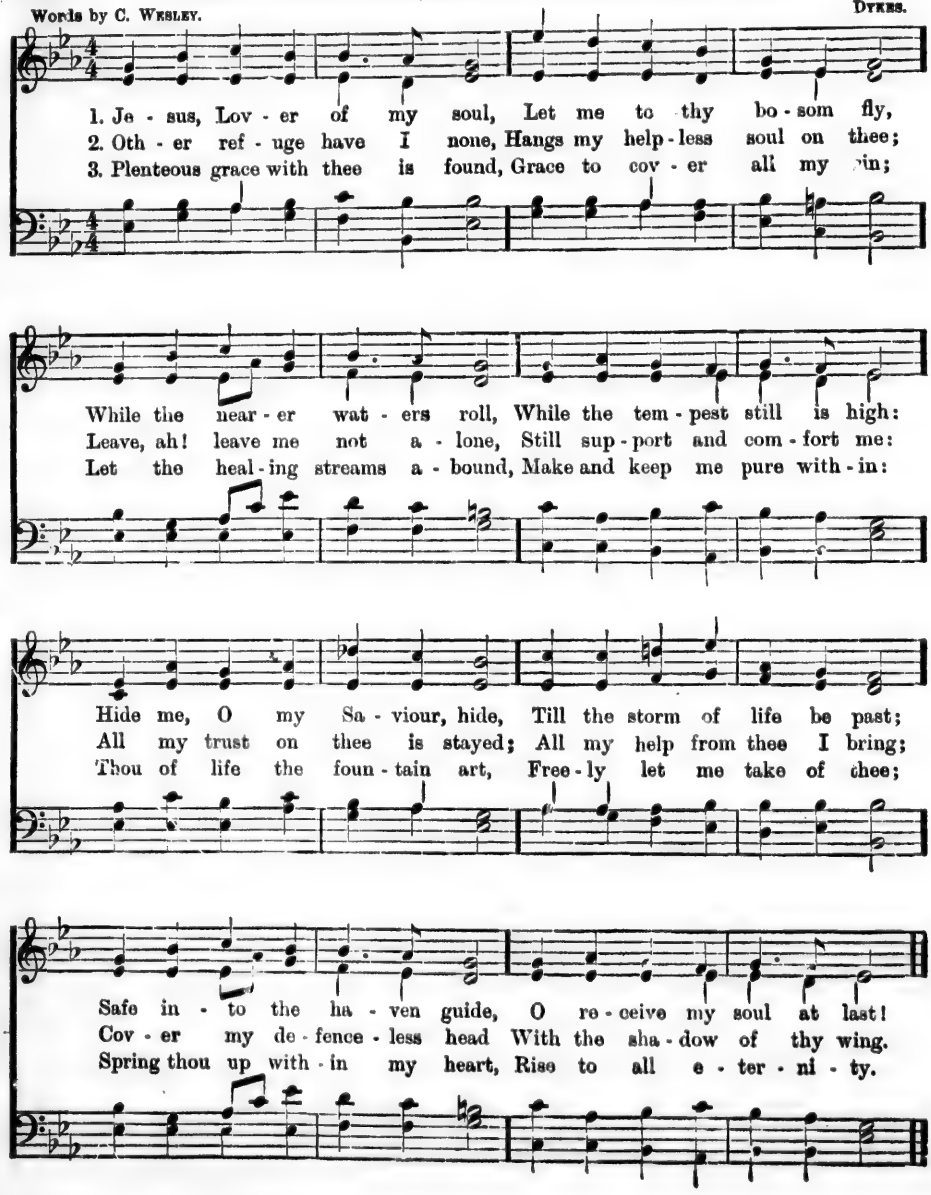
## 44 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me. (AJALON.—6-7s.)

Words by TOPLADY. *Stow* R. REDHEAD.



## 45 Jesus, Lover of My Soul. (HOLLINGSIDE.—8–7s.)

Words by C. WESLEY. DYKES.



## 46 Forever Here My Rest Shall Be. (BELMONT.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 14.)

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

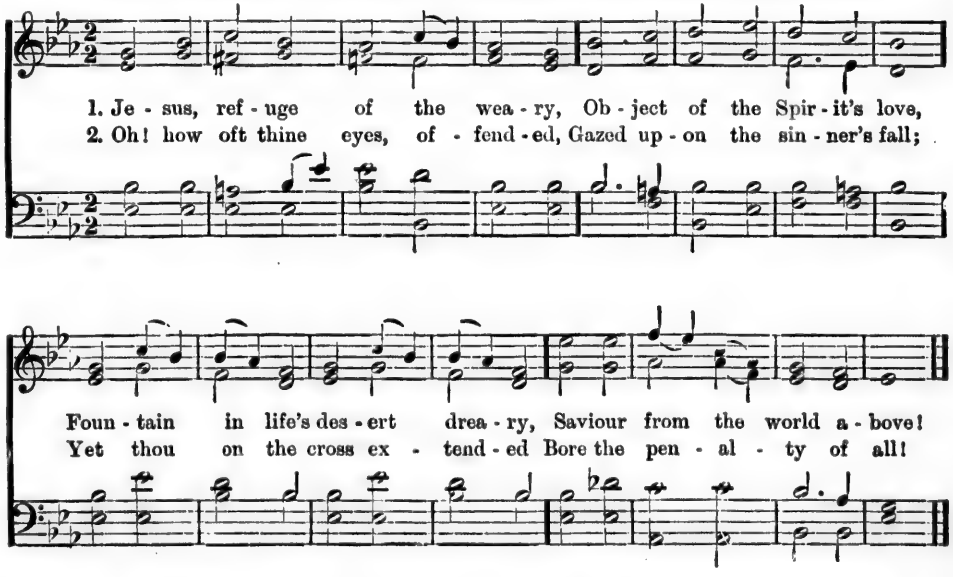
4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 47 Jesus, Refuge of the Weary. (VERMONT.—8s & 7s.)

**A MARTYR'S HYMN.**

By GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, who was burned at the stake as a witness for Jesus, in Florence, in 1489.




3 For our human sake enduring
Tortures infinite in pain,
By thy death our life assuring,
Conquerors, through thee we reign!

4 Jesus, would my heart were burning
With more vivid love for thee!
Would my eyes were ever turning
To thy cross of agony!

5 So in praise and rapture blending,
Might my fading eyes grow dim,
While the freed heart rose, ascending
To the circling Seraphim.

6 Then in glory parted never
From the blessed Saviour's side,
Graven on my heart forever,
Be the Cross and Crucified.

## 48 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts. (COMMUNION.—L.M.)

EDWARD MILLER, MUS. DOC.




3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

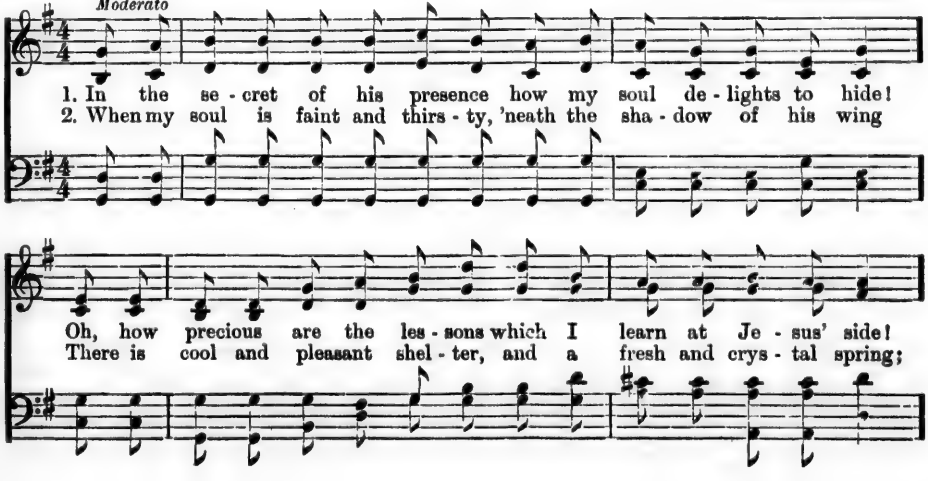
4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

—*Ray Palmer or Bernard.*

## 49 In the Secret of His Presence. (15s.)

JOHN R. SWENEY.



## In the Secret of His Presence—*Concluded.*




3 Only this I know: I tell him all my doubts,
and griefs, and fears;
Oh, how patiently he listens! and my drooping soul he cheers:
Do you think he ne'er reproves me? what a false friend he would be,
If he never, never told me of the sins which he must see.

4 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath his shadow: this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face.

—*Ellen Lakshmi Goreh.*

## 50 Oh, Safe to the Rock that is Higher than I. (11s.)

Words by Rev. W. O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.



## 51 How Firm a Foundation. (Adeste Fideles.—11s.)

M. Portogallo.




3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

—*G. Keith.*

## 52 The Lord's Our Rock, in Him We Hide. (L.M.)

IRA D. SANKEY.



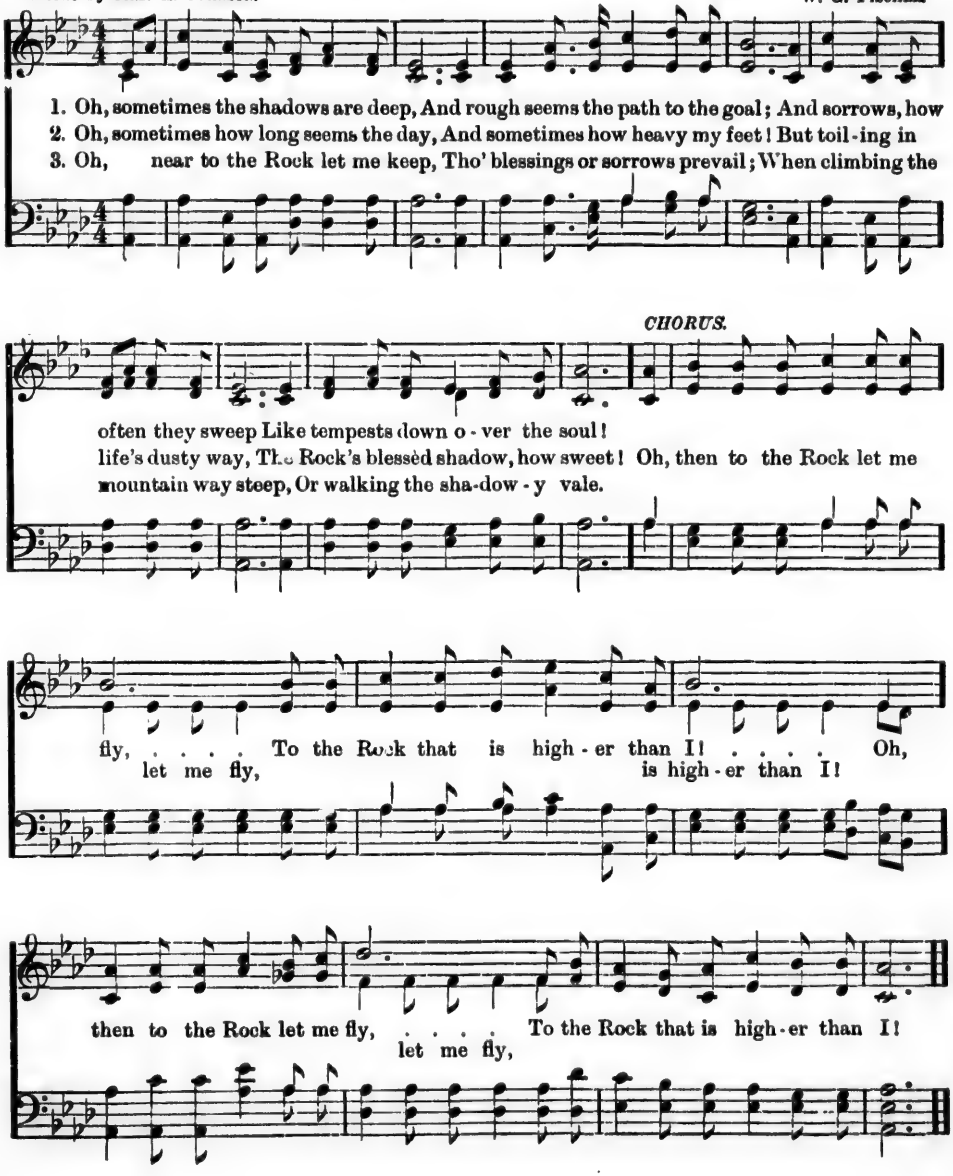

3 The raging storms may round us beat:
A shelter in the time of storm!
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm!

4 O Rock divine, O Refuge dear:
A shelter in the time of storm!
Be thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm!

—*V. J. C.*

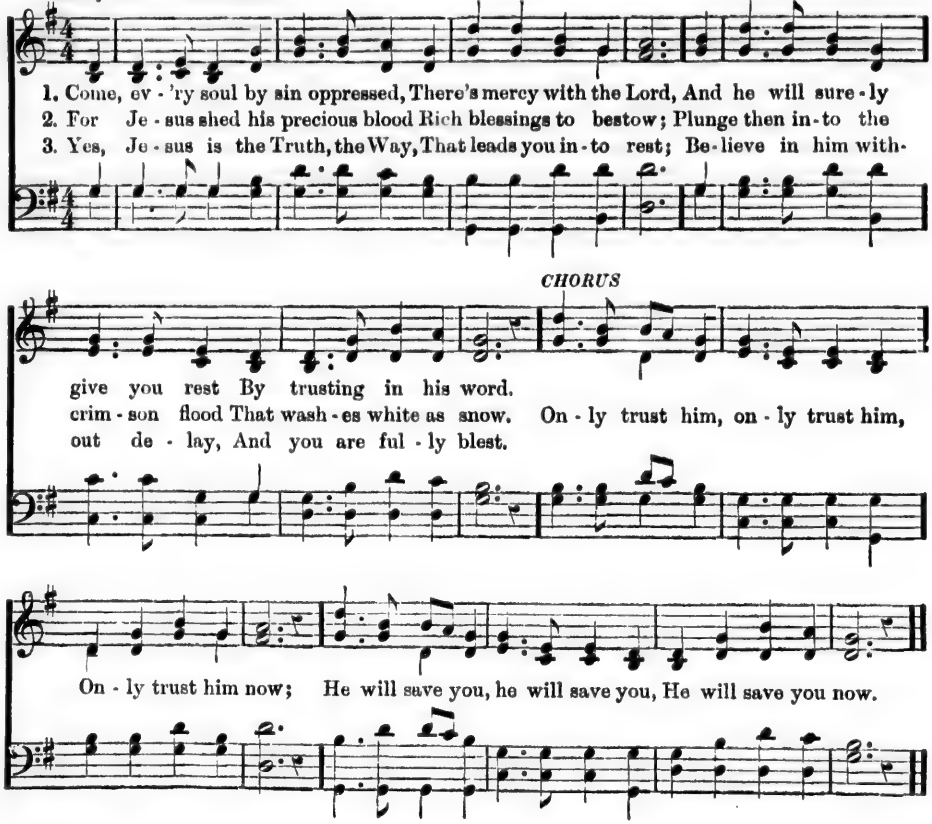
## 53 Oh, Sometimes the Shadows are Deep. (4–8s.)

Words by Mrs. E. Johnson. W. G. Fischer.



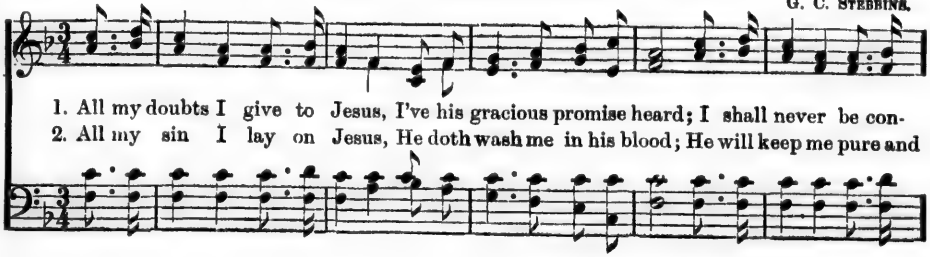
## 54 Come, Every Soul by Sin Oppressed. (C.M.)

Words by Rev. J. H. Stockton. Rev. J. H. Stockton.




## 55 All My Doubts I Give to Jesus. (8s & 7s.)

G. C. Stebbins.



## All My Doubts I Give to Jesus—*Concluded.*

*CHORUS.*

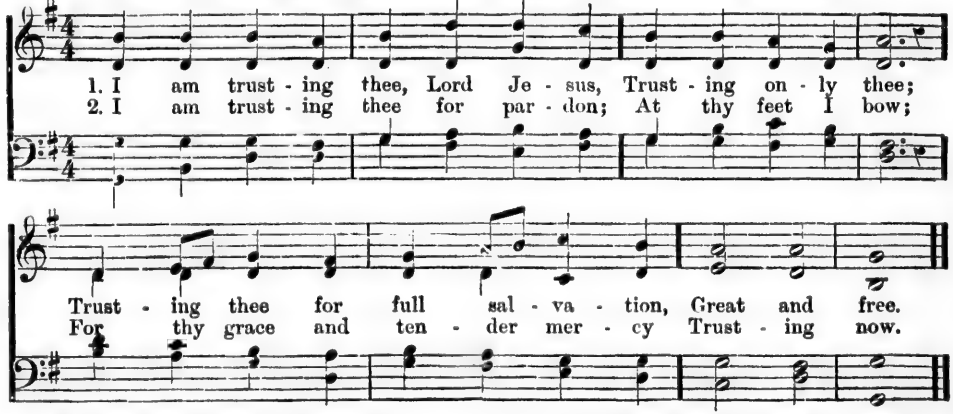



3 All my fears I give to Jesus,
Rests my weary soul on him;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can my light grow dim.

4 All in all I have in Jesus,
Poor, yet rich as cherubim;
Ignorant and full of weakness,
Heaven's own store I find in him.

—*Dr. Morgan.*

## 56 I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus. (STEPHANOS.—8,5,8,3.)




3 I am trusting thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting thee to make me holy
By thy blood.

4 I am trusting thee to guide me;
Thou alone canst lead;
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

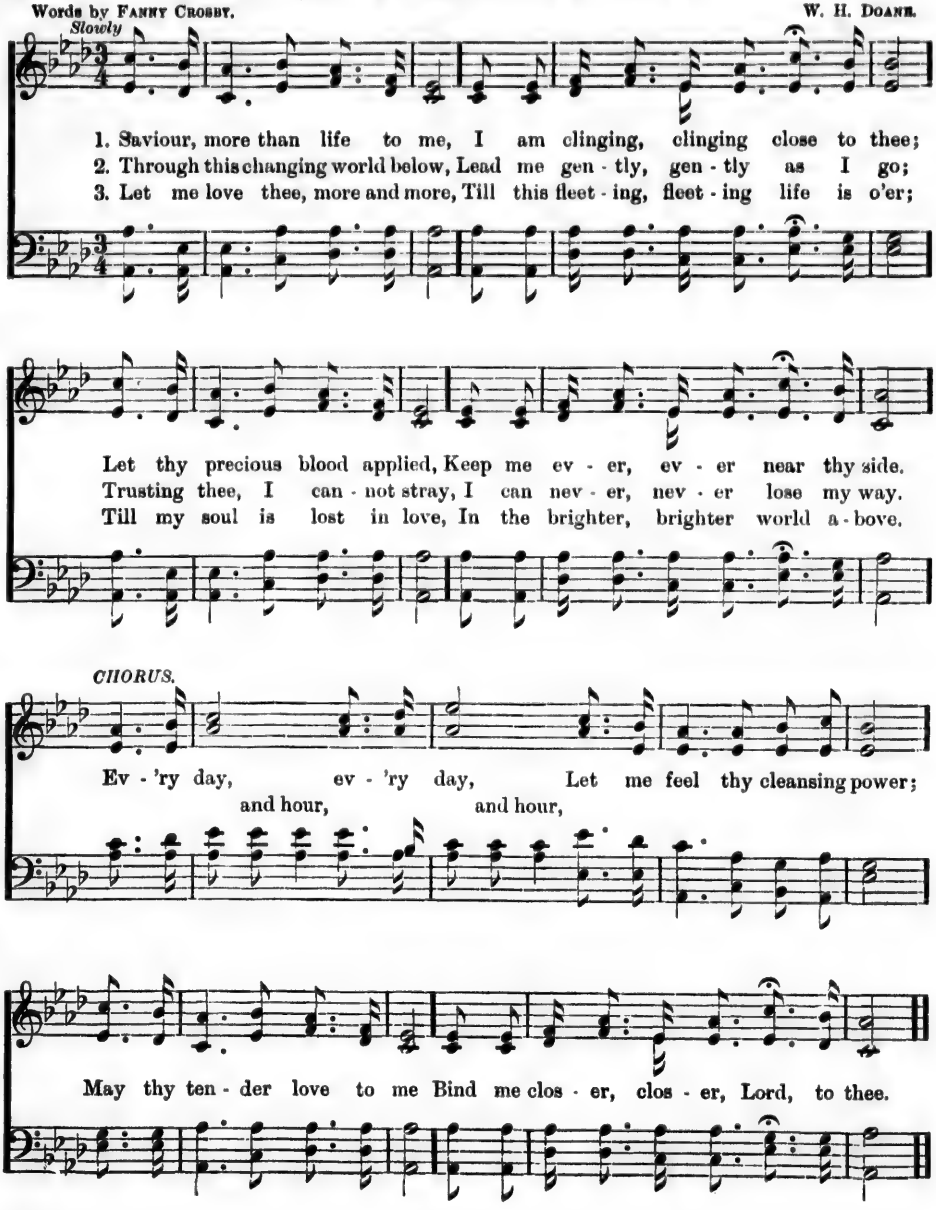
5 I am trusting thee for power;
Thine can never fail;
Strength which thou thyself dost give me,
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall!
I am trusting thee forever,
And for all.

—*Miss F. R. Havergal.*

## 57 Saviour, More than Life to Me. (7s & 9s.)

Words by FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



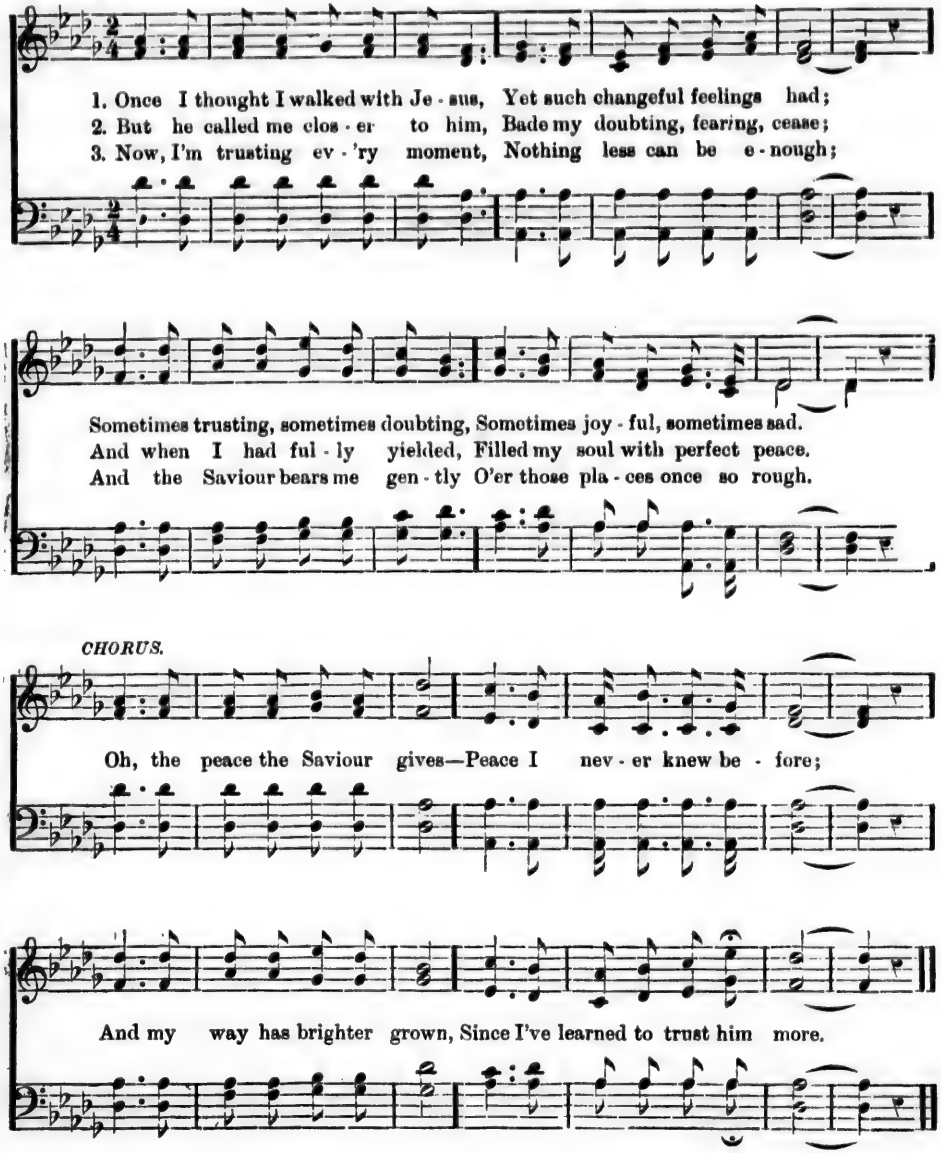
## 58 Thou My Everlasting Portion. (8s & 7s.)

Words by FANNY CROSBY. GARLAND OF PRAISE.



## 59 Once I Thought I Walked with Jesus. (8s & 7s.)

Words by F. A. BLACKMER. F. A. BLACKMER.



## 60 And Can It Be That I Should Gain. (STELLA.—6–8s.)

*Moderate* FROM "CROWN OF JESUS."




3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me!*

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 61 When I was Far Away and Lost. (8s & 5s.)

F. A. BLACKMER.




3 My guilt was all I had to bring;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
Yet I was made his love to sing;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

4 This great salvation all may share;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
Throughout the world the message bear;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

5 Come, sinner, now and seek his grace;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
And find in him a resting-place;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

—*I. I. Lemlie.*

## 62 I Was Once Far Away from the Saviour. (10s, 9s & 8s.)

C. J. BUTLER.




3 And then, in that dark, lonely hour,
A voice whispered sweetly to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power
To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh! what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

—*C. J. Butler.*

## 63 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs. (TALLIS—C.M.—TUNE No. 4.)

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply;
"For he was slain for us."

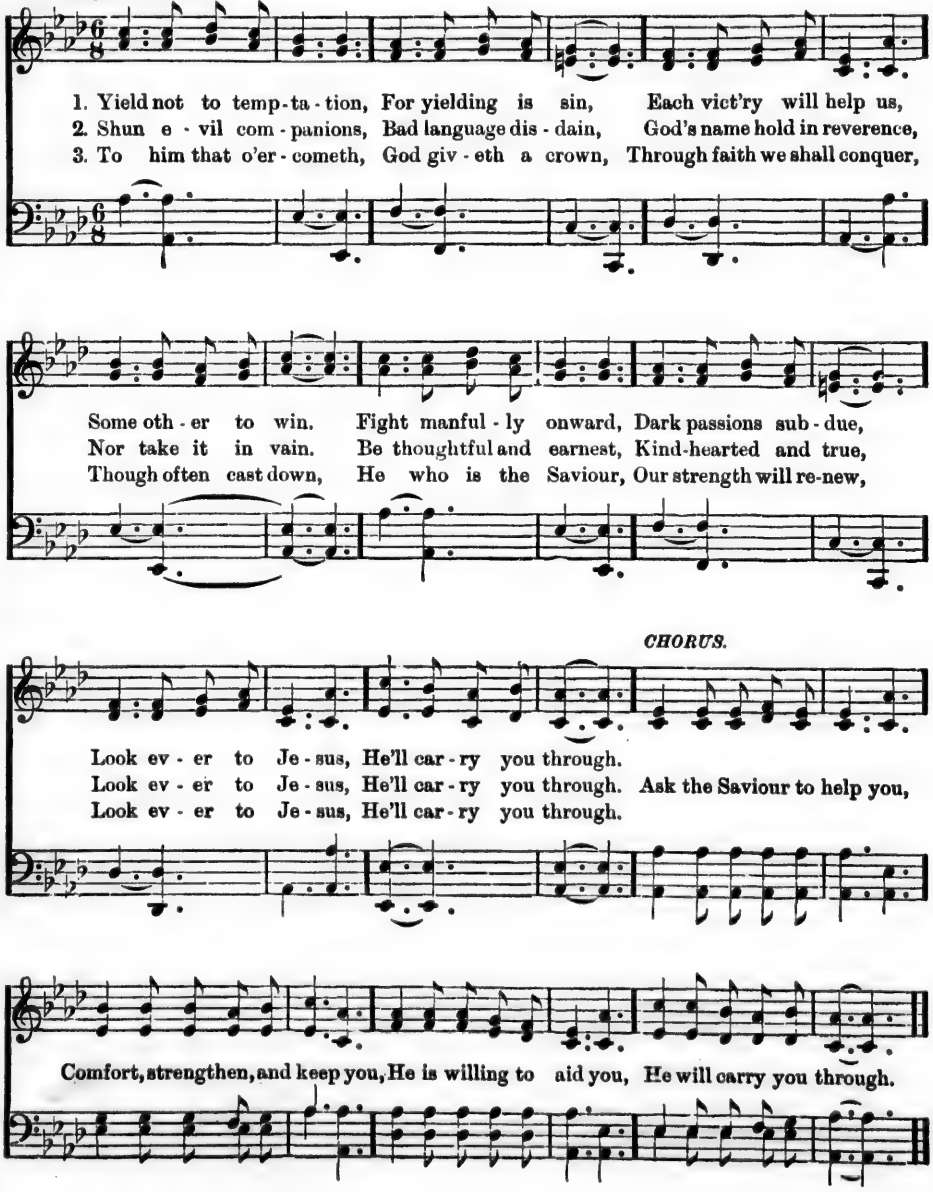
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 64 Yield Not to Temptation.

Words by H. R. PALMER.



## 65 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross. (6s & 7s.)

W. H. DOANE.



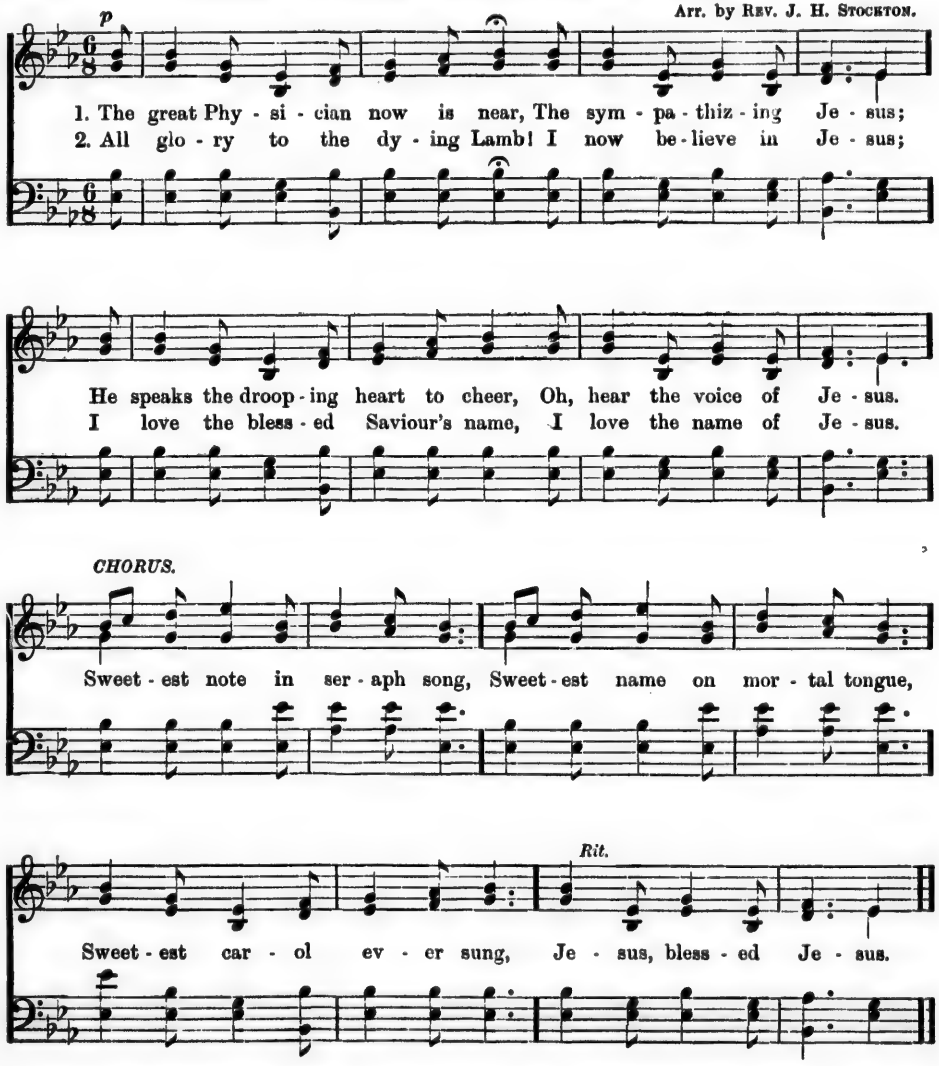

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 66 The Great Physician Now is Near. (8s & 7s.)

Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.



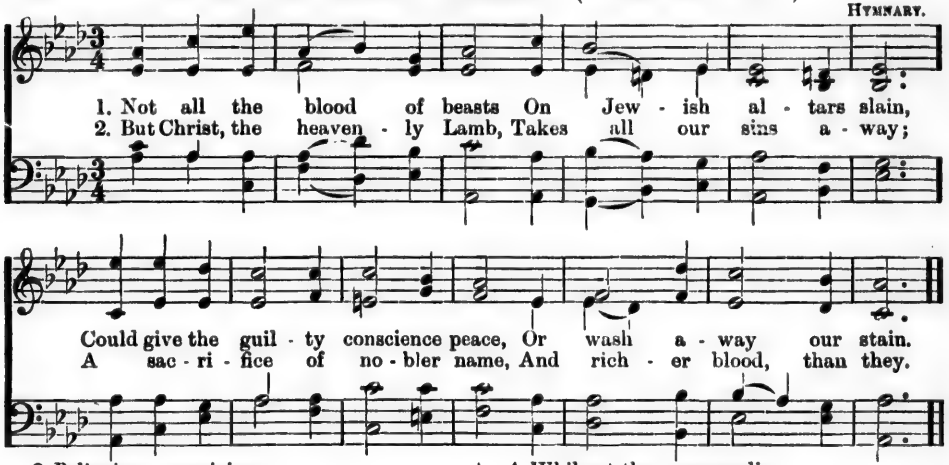

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

4 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus

—*W. Hunter.*

## 67 Not All the Blood of Beasts. (BANKFIELD.—S.M.)

HYMNARY.



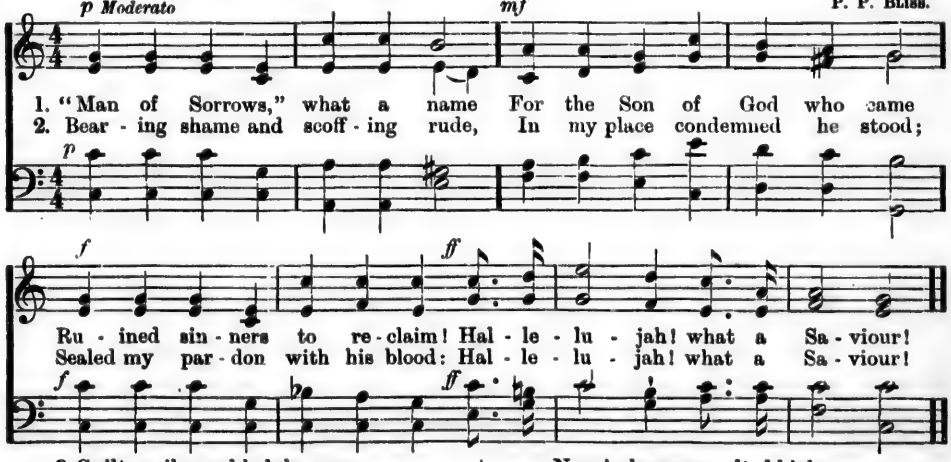

3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

4 While at thy cross we lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow,
And ay all-cleansing blood apply,
And wash us white as snow.

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 68 "Man of Sorrows," What a Name. (7s & 8s.)

P. P. BLISS.




3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was he:
"Full atonement!"—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 "Lifted up" was he to die,
"It is finished," was his cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When he comes, our glorious King,
All his ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
"Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

—*P. P. Bliss.*

## 69 "Neither Do I Condemn Thee." (7s & 6s.)

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.




3 "Neither do I condemn thee!—
I came not to condemn:
I came from God to save thee,
And turn thee from thy sin."

4 "Neither do I condemn thee!"—
Oh, praise the God of grace!
Oh, praise his Son, our Saviour,
For this his word of peace!

—*Dr. Nathan.*

## 70 The Whole World Was Lost in the Darkness of Sin.

P. P. Bliss.




3 Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus!
Go wash at his bidding, and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus!

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of that world is Jesus!
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus!

—*P. P. Bliss.*

## 71 Thy Ceaseless, Unexhausted Love. (PETERBOROUGH.—C.M.)

REV. RALPH HARRISON.

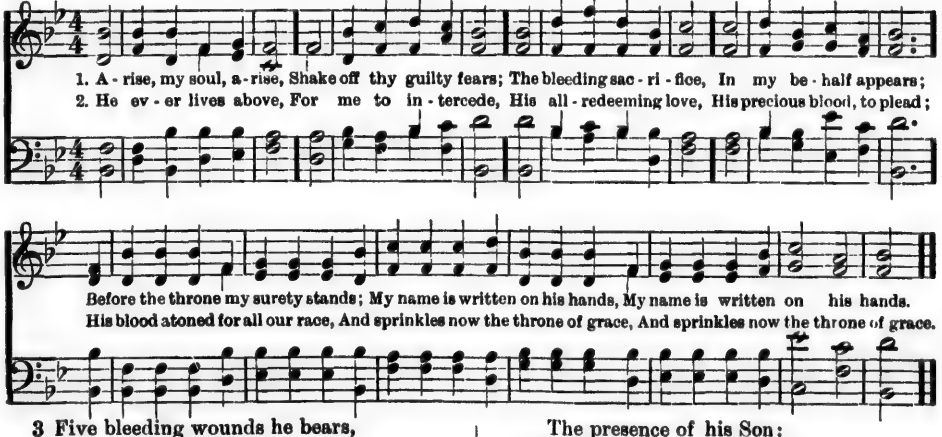



3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore

—*C. Wesley.*

## 72 Arise, My Soul, Arise. (LENNOX.—4–6s & 2–8s.)




3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

—*C. Wesley.*

## 73 God Calling Yet! Shall I Not Hear?

E. O. Excell.




3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield, without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God has reached my heart.

—*G. Tersteegen.*

## 74 Life is Full of Evil, Brother.

Words by EDWARD A. BARNES. ROBERT LOWRY.

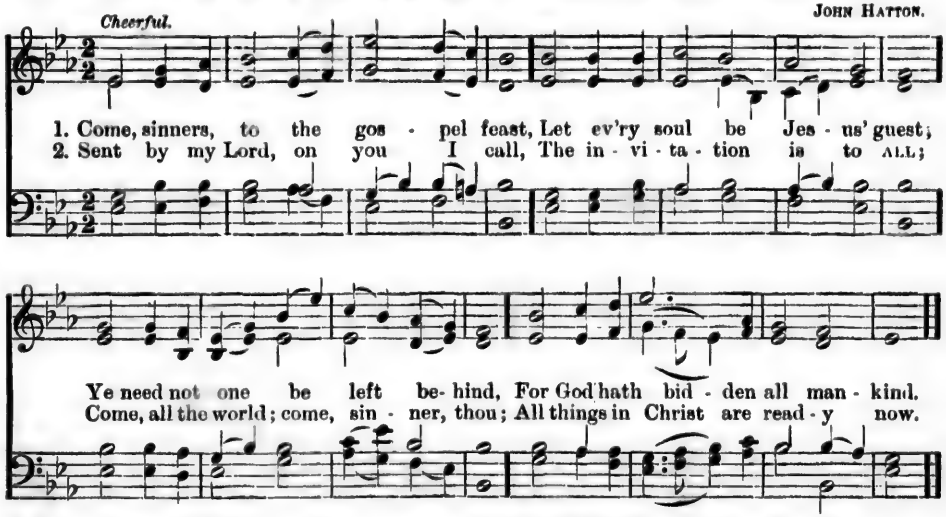


## Life is Full of Evil, Brother—*Concluded.*




## 75 Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.—(DUKE STREET.—L.M.)

JOHN HATTON.




3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 76 Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling.

WILL L. THOMPSON




3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.

4 Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised,
Promised for you and for me;
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.

—*Will L. Thompson.*

## 77 Jesus, My Saviour, to Bethlehem Came.

E. E. Hasty.



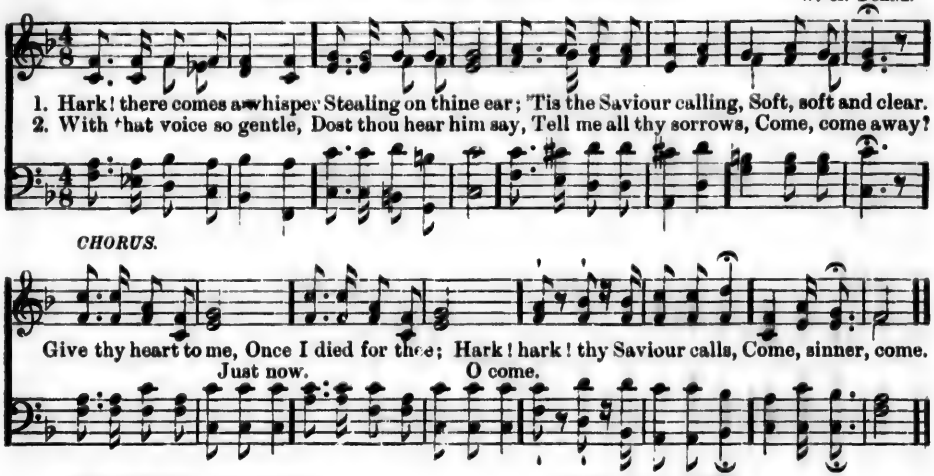

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I did wander afar from the fold,
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
‖: Calling for me, for me, :‖
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high,
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly·
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
‖: Coming for me, for me, :‖
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me.

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

## 78 Hark! There Comes a Whisper.

W. H. DOANE.



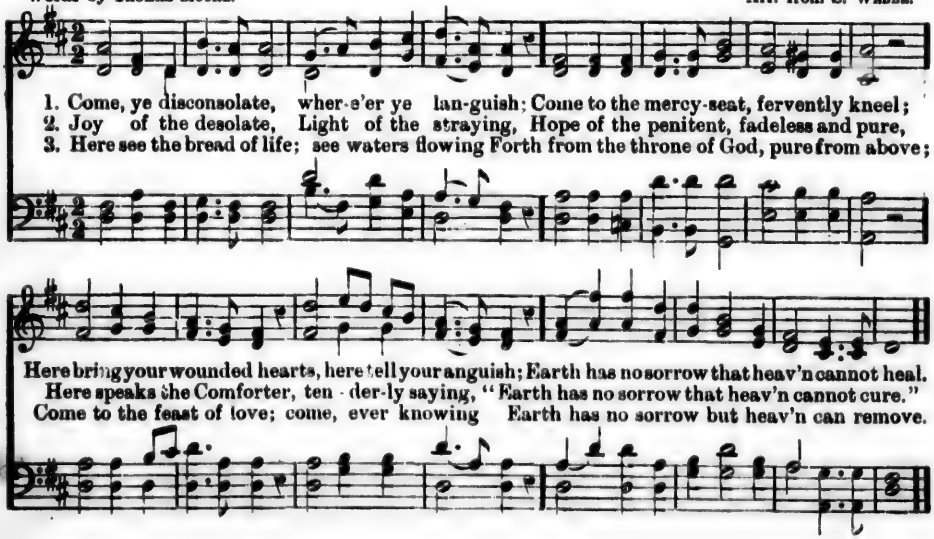

3 Wouldst thou find a refuge
For thy soul oppressed?
Jesus kindly answers,
I am thy rest.

4 At the cross of Jesus
Let thy burden fall,
While he gently whispers,
I'll bear it all.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 79 Come, Ye Disconsolate! Where'er Ye Languish. (11s & 10s.)

Words by THOMAS MOORE. Arr. from S. WEBBE.



## 80 What Could Your Redeemer Do? (MAIDSTONE.—7S.)

W. B. GILBERT.



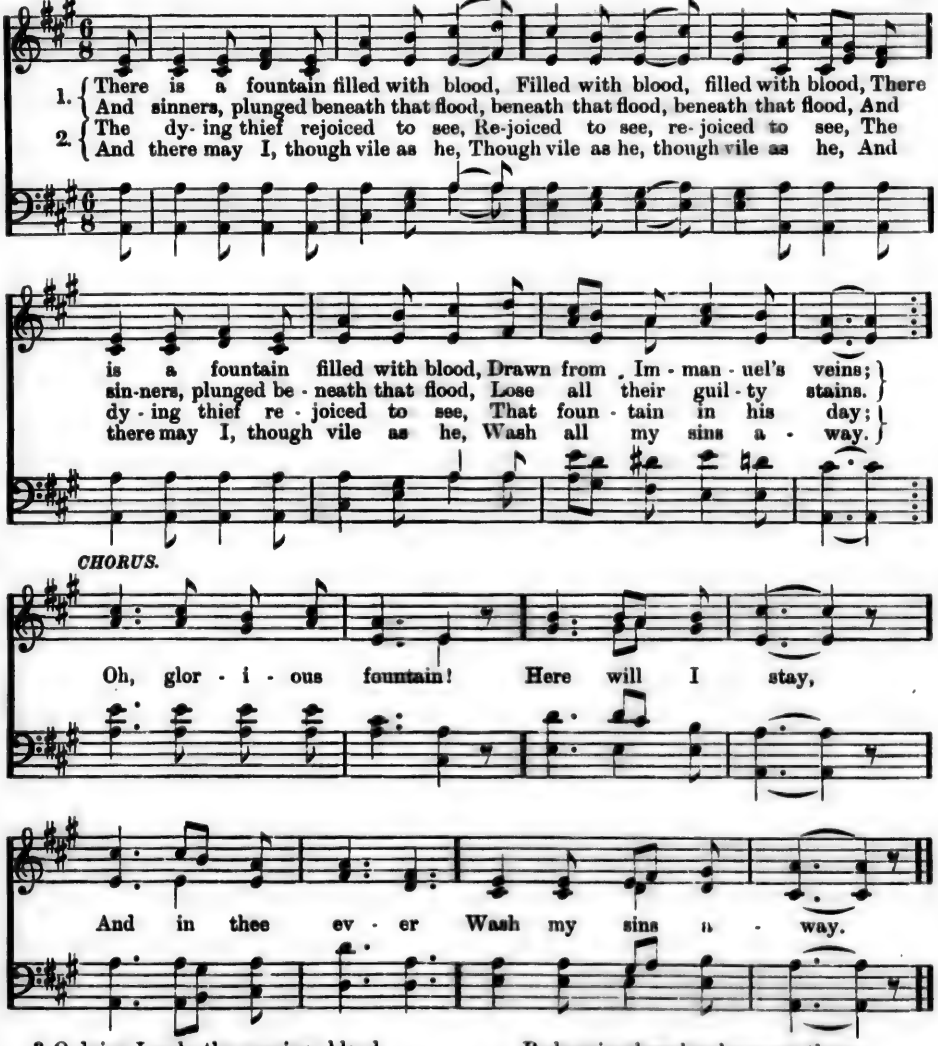

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
No, ye will not come to me!
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love?
If to all his mercies move?
Will you not his *word* receive?
Will you not his OATH believe?
See! the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

—*C. Wesley.*

## 81 There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

T. C. O'KANE.




3 O dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

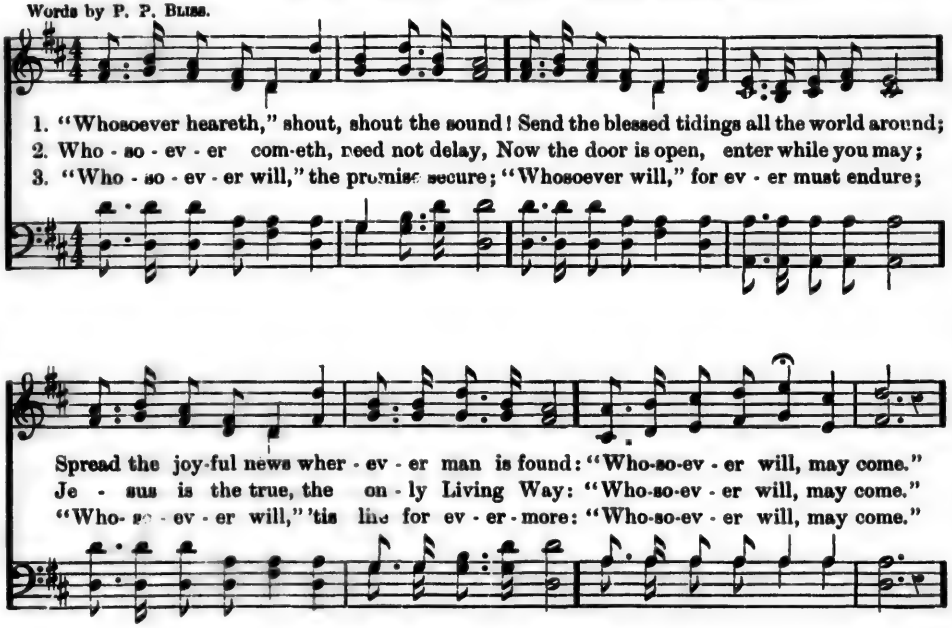
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

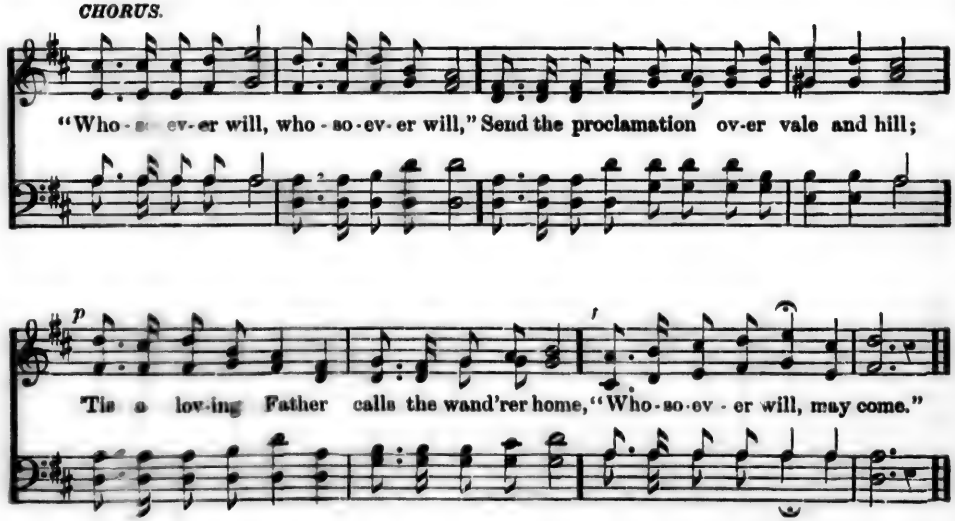
—*Cowper.*

## 82 "Whosoever Heareth," Shout, Shout the Sound!

Words by P. P. Bliss.




*CHORUS.*



## 83 Art Thou Weary, Heavy-Laden? (8,5,8,3.)

This hymn may also be sung to tune "STEPHANOS," No. 56. E. W. BULLINGER.




3 Hath he diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

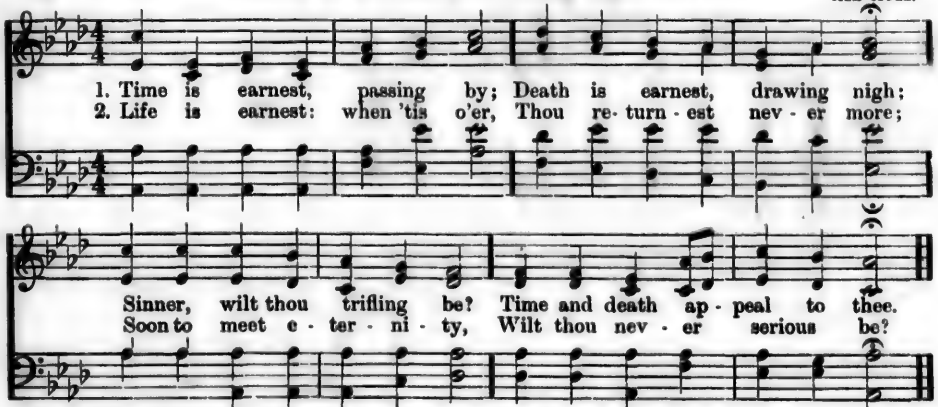
5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes." —*Dr. Neale.*

## 84 Time is Earnest, Passing By. (7s.)

ASA HULL.



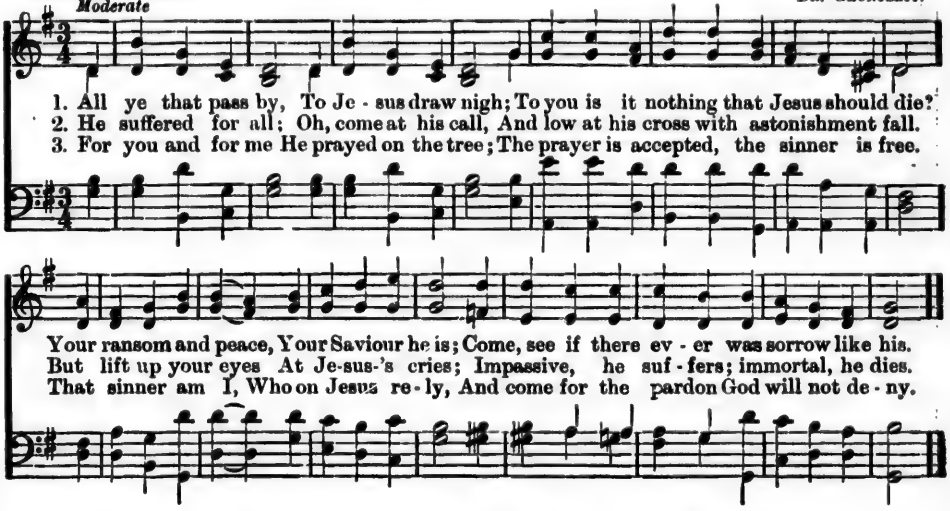

3 God is earnest: kneel and pray
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere he set his judgment throne—
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

4 Oh, be earnest! death is near;
Thou wilt perish, lingering here:
Sleep no longer, rise and flee;
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee!
—*Mrs. Knapp.*

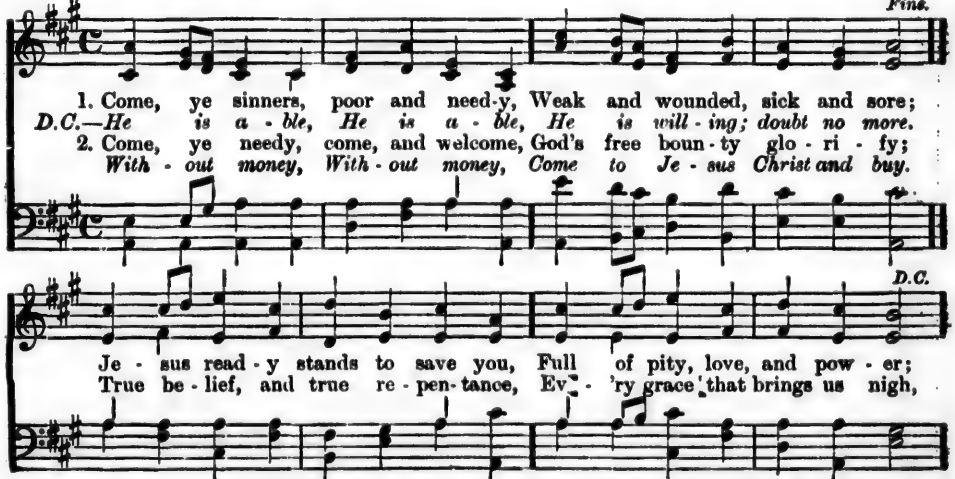
## 85 All Ye That Pass By. (HOUGHTON.—5,5,11,5,5,11.)

Words by C. WESLEY. DR. GAUNTLETT.

*Moderate*




## 86 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy. (GUIDE.—8,7,8,7,4,7.)




3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. —*J. Hart.*

## 87 Oh, Do Not Let The Word Depart. (L.M.)

*Pleadingly* IRA D. SANKEY.




3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight:
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou wouldst be saved—*Why not to-night?*

—*Mrs. E. Reed*

## 88 Why Do You Wait, Dear Brother?

G. F. Root.




3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away,
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.

—*G. F. Root.*

## 89 The Door of God's Mercy is Open.

(DUET.) E. B. SMITH.




3 So many who hear the glad message,
Will never its mandates obey,
But turn from the precious, dear pleadings,
And wilfully wander away.

4 Sad hearts there will surely be moaning
Outside of the gateway of life,
And praying to him they rejected
When earth with gay pleasure was rife.

5 The door of God's mercy is open,
Invitingly open to all
Who list to the voice of the Master,
And hearing shall heed his sweet call.

—*Ellen Oliver.*

## 90 Mourner, Wheresoe'er Thou Art.

REV. R. LOWRY.



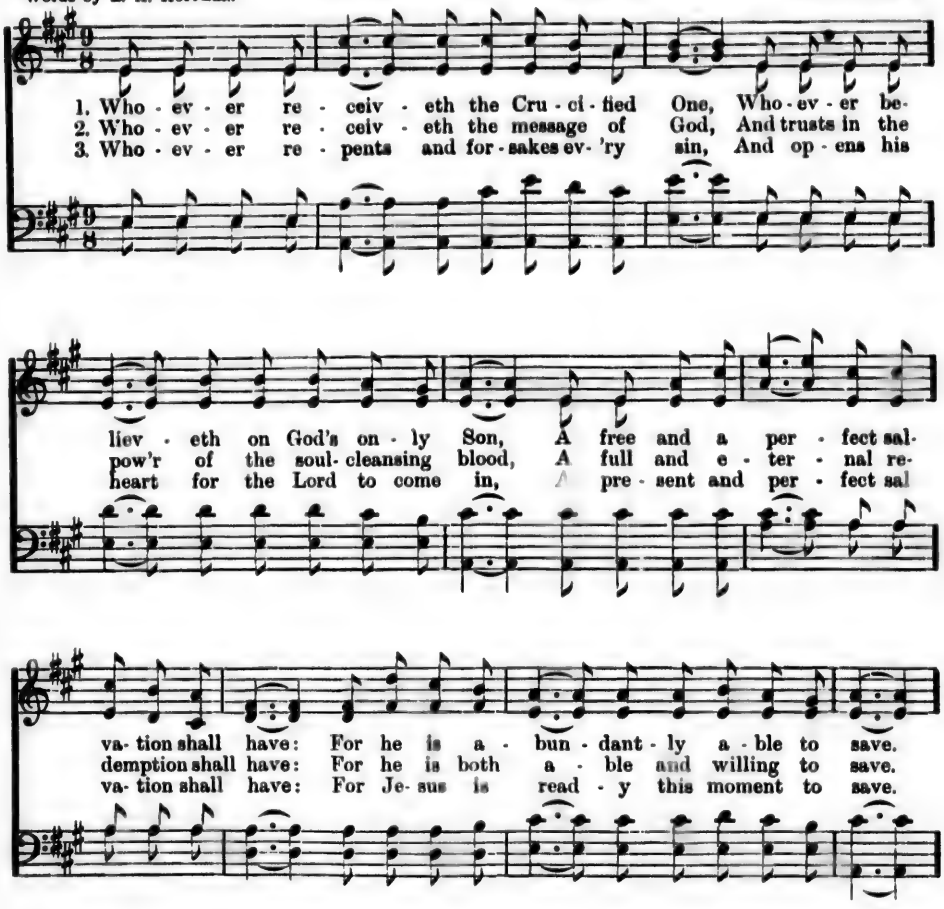

3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day;
At the cross there's room!
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
At the cross there's room!
Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free:
At the cross there's room!

4 Blessèd thought! for every one
At the cross there's room!
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room!
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go:
Oh, that all the world might know
At the cross there's room!

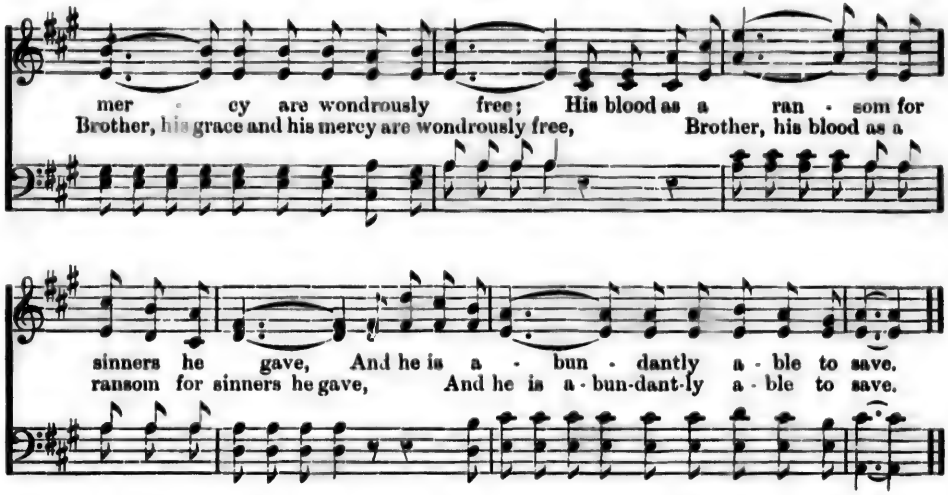
—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 91 Whoever Receiveth the Crucified One.

Words by E. A. Hoffman. P. P. Bliss.

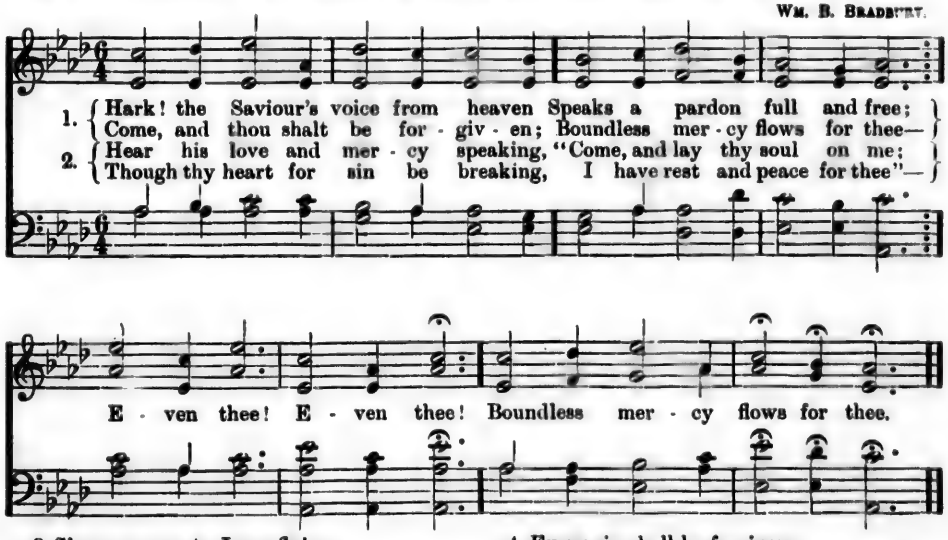


## Whoever Receiveth the Crucified One—*Concluded.*




## 92 Hark! the Saviour's Voice from Heaven. (8,7,8,7,3.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.




3 Sinner, come, to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will he welcome thee—
Even thee!

4 Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee—
Even thee!

## 93 Is There a Sinner Awaiting?

Words by E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.



## Is There a Sinner Awaiting?—*Concluded.*




## 94 Thy Faithfulness We Find. (HANOVER.—10,10,11,11.—TUNE NO. 6.)

1 Thy faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,
So true to thy word, so loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
The vilest offender may turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, to others I show,
I set to my seal that Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call;
Oh, come to my Saviour, his grace is for ALL.

3 To save what was lost, from heaven he came;
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name!
He offers you pardon; he bids you be free:
"If sin be your burden, oh, come unto me!"

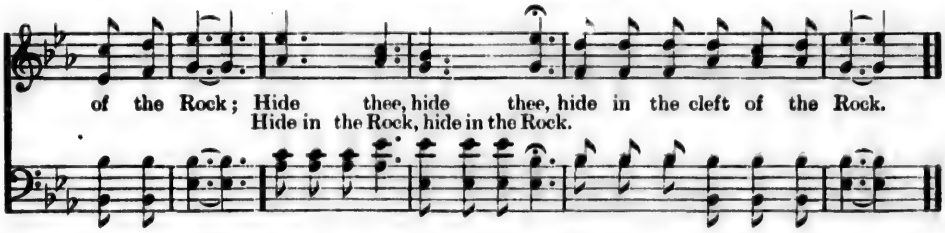
—*C. Wesley.*

## 95 Come, Stay Thy Feet by the Sheltering Rock.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



## Come, Stay Thy Feet by the Sheltering Rock—*Concluded.*




## 96 "Almost Persuaded" Now to Believe.

Words by P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.



## 97 A Great Rock Stands in a Weary Land.

Words by D. C. Wright. D. C. Wright.




3 A wide Fold stands in a weary land,
And the sheep are called on every hand,
And the Shepherd no wanderer turns away,
But he changes his darkness into day.
‖: Then why will ye die? oh! why will ye die,
When the great wide Fold is standing by? :‖
Oh, why! oh, why will ye die will ye die?

4 A rough Cross stands near a city wall,
Where the Saviour dies out of love for all,
Where the angels still tell the message blest,
That the way now is plain to endless rest!
‖: Then why will ye die? oh! why will ye die,
When the blood-stained Cross is standing by? :‖
Oh, why! oh, why will ye die, will ye die?

## 98 Depth of Mercy, Can There Be. (SEYMOUR.—4–7s.)

C. M. VON WEBER.



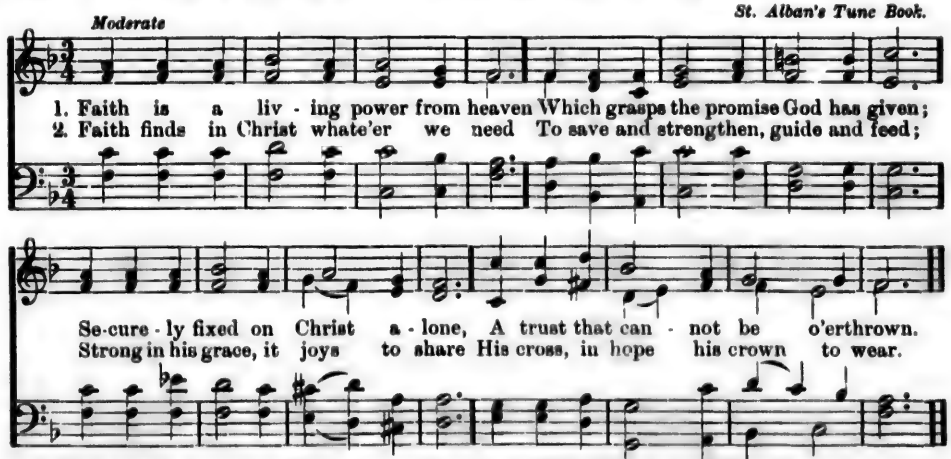

3 Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

5 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now. —*C. Wesley.*

## 99 Faith is a Living Power from Heaven. (ST. ALBAN.—L.M.)

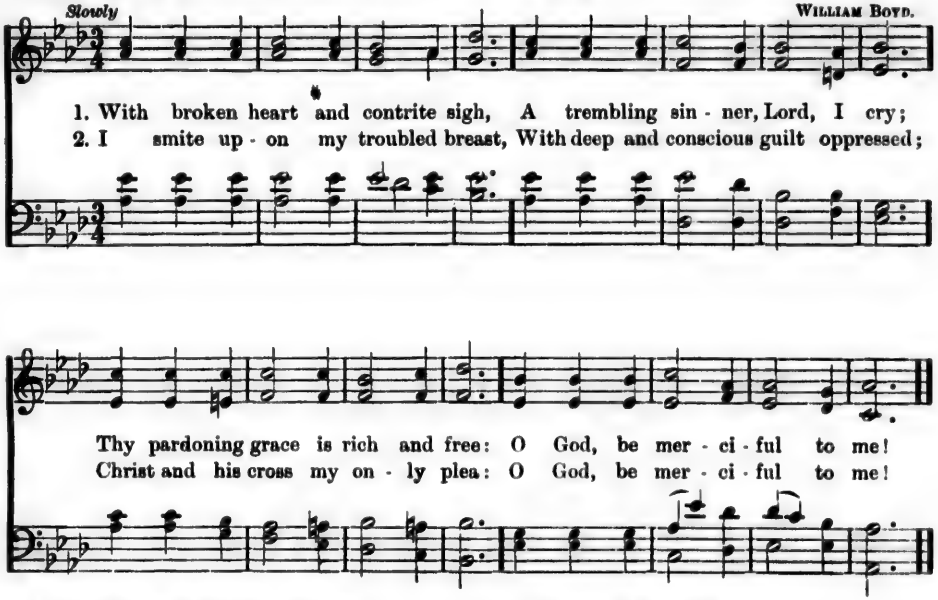
*St. Alban's Tune Book.*




3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers thy favour grant,
In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.
—*A.D. 1537.*

## 100 With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh. (PENTECOST.—L.M.)




3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
That God was merciful to me!

—*Elven.*

## 101 Lord, in this Thy Mercy's Day. (ST. PHILIP.—7,7,7.—TUNE NO. 18.)

1 Lord, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold thy face.

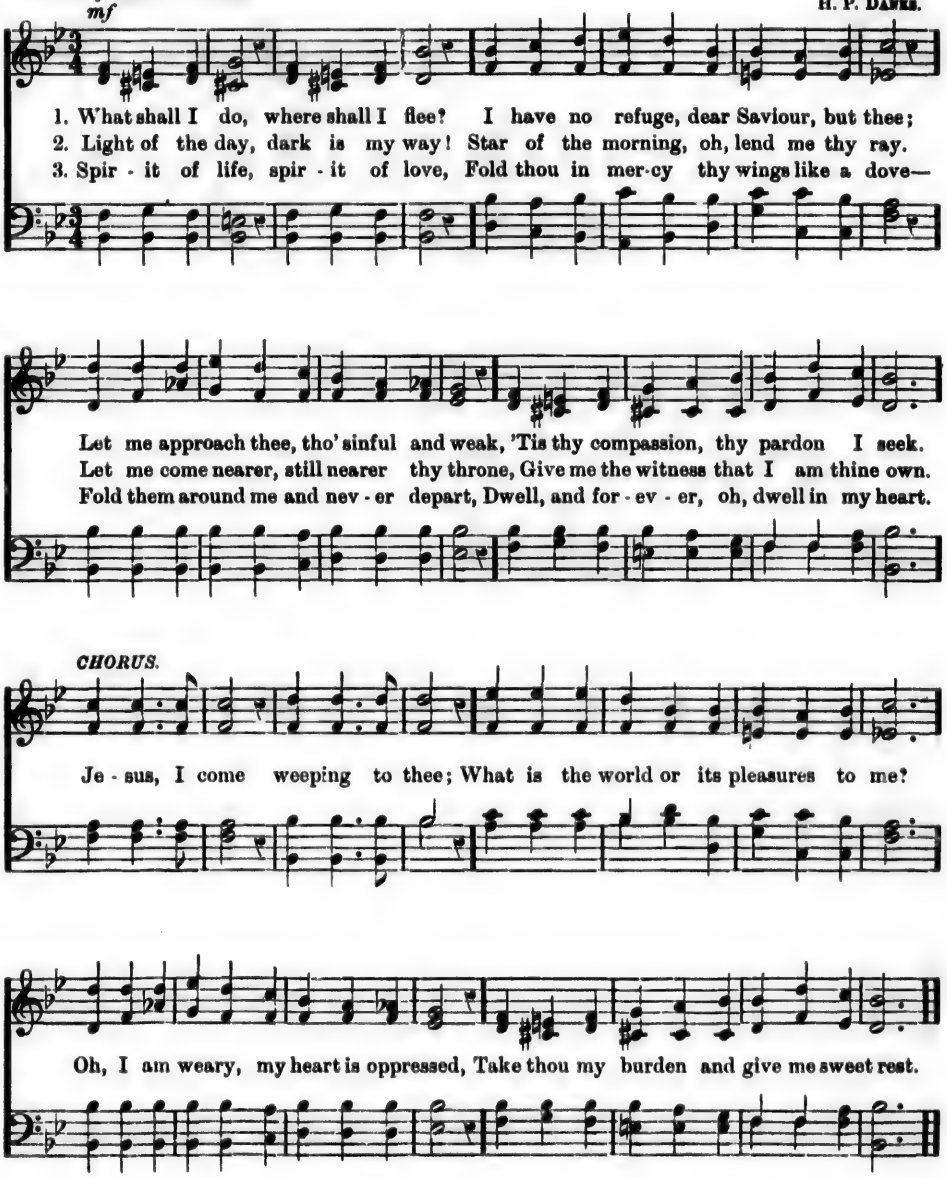
7 On thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round the throne.

—*J. Williams.*

## 102 What Shall I Do. Where Shall I Flee?

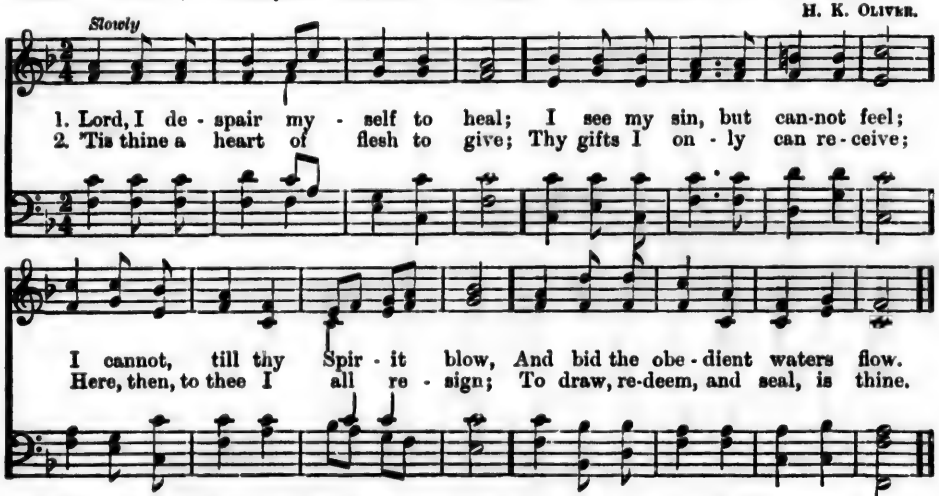
Words by FANNY J. CROSBY

H. P. DANKS.



## 103 Lord, I Despair Myself to Heal. (Federal Street.—L.M.)

H. K. Oliver.




3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All;
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.—*C. Wesley.*

## 104 Lord, as to Thy Dear Cross we Flee. (Dundee.—C.M.)

G. Franc.




3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven! *J. H. Gurney.*

## 105 Would Jesus Have the Sinner Die? (BRIGHTON.—6–8s.)

Words by C. WESLEY.

*Moderate*



## 106 Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour.

W. H. DOANE.




3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee!

—*G. C. Stebbins.*

## 107 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing. (8,7,8,7,3.—TUNE No. 92.)

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee!
I am longing for thy favour;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me!
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me.

—*Mrs. E. Codner.*

## 108 A Charge to Keep I Have. (THATCHER.—S.M.)

HANDEL.




3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 109 She Only Touched the Hem of His Garment.

Words by Geo. F. Root. Geo. F. Root.



## 110 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. Hartsough.

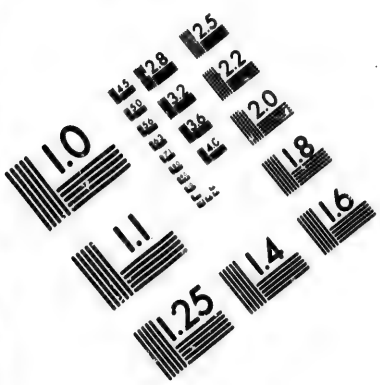


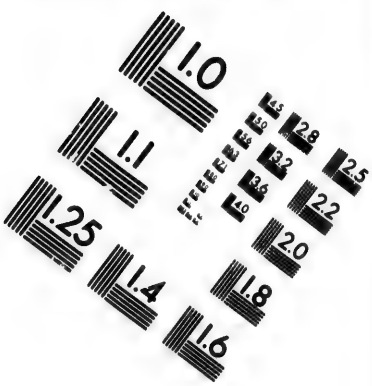

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace.
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

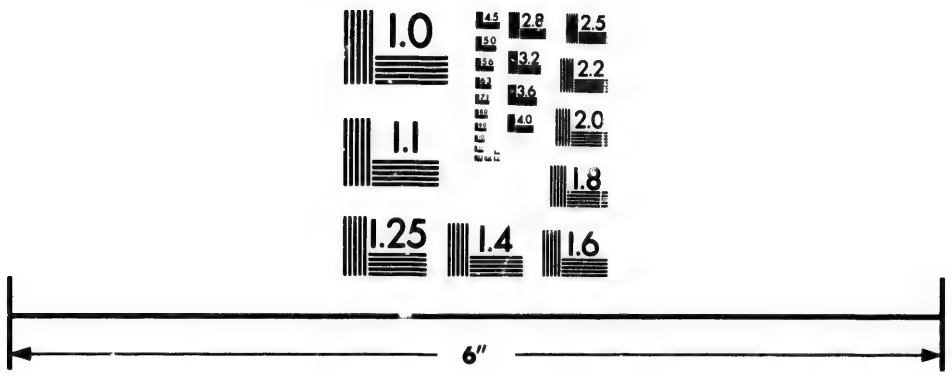
—*L. Hartsough.*





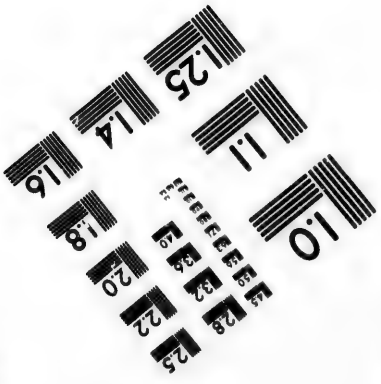




# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)









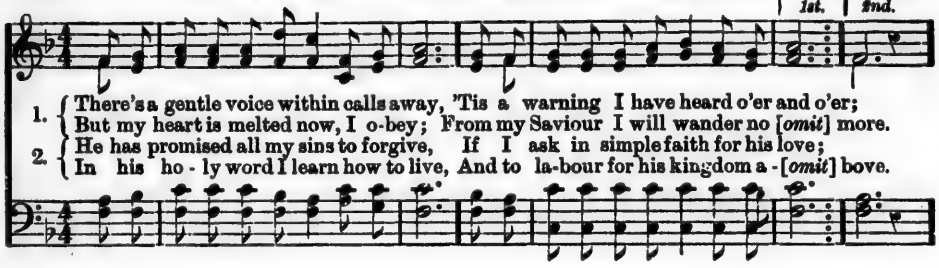

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## 111 There's a Gentle Voice Within Calls Away.

W. H. DOANE.




*CHORUS.*



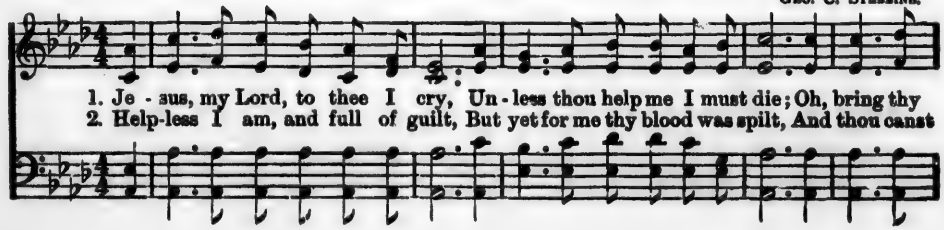

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by-and-by.

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 112 Jesus, My Lord, to Thee I Cry.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



## Jesus, My Lord, to Thee I Cry—*Concluded.*

*CHORUS.*




3 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

4 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

—*Eliza H. Hamilton.*

## 113 Just As I Am, Without One Plea. (L.M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.




3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

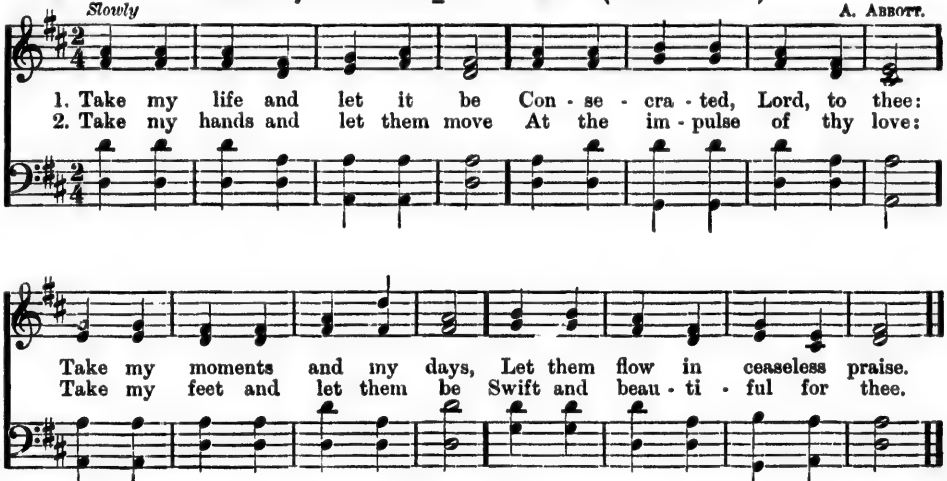
## 114 "Nearer the Cross!" My Heart Can Say.

Words by MRS. VALENSTYNE. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



## 115 Take My Life and Let it Be. (PRAYER.—7s.)

*Slowly* A. ABBOTT.




3 Take my silver and my gold—
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

4 Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

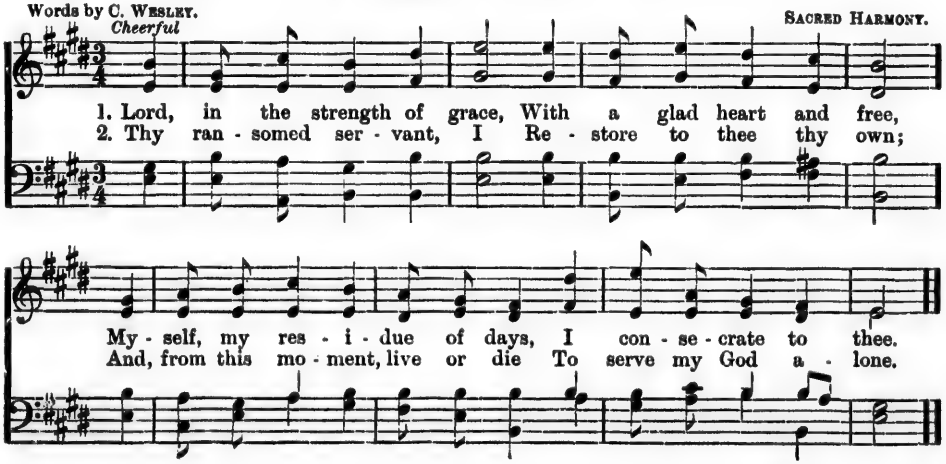
6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.

—*Miss F. R. Havergal.*

## 116 Lord, in the Strength of Grace. (LEEDS.—S.M.)

Words by C. WESLEY. SACRED HARMONY.

*Cheerful*



## 117 My Body, Soul, and Spirit. (7,6,7,6.)

MRS. KNAPP.




3 Oh, let the fire descending,
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole!

4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by thy precious blood;
Now seal me by thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

—*M. D. James.*

## 118 Let Him to Whom. (PETERBOROUGH.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 71.)

1 Let him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 119 Oh, the Bitter Pain and Sorrow.

JAS. MCGRANAHAN.




3 Day by day his tender mercy
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."
Less of self, and more of thee,
Less of self, and more of thee,
Brought me lower while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,
"*None* of self, and *all* of thee."
*None* of self, and *all* of thee,
*None* of self, and *all* of thee,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,
"*None* of self, and *all* of thee."

—*Thomas Monod.*

## 120 I Am Thine, O Lord, I Have Heard Thy Voice.

W. H. DOANE.




3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

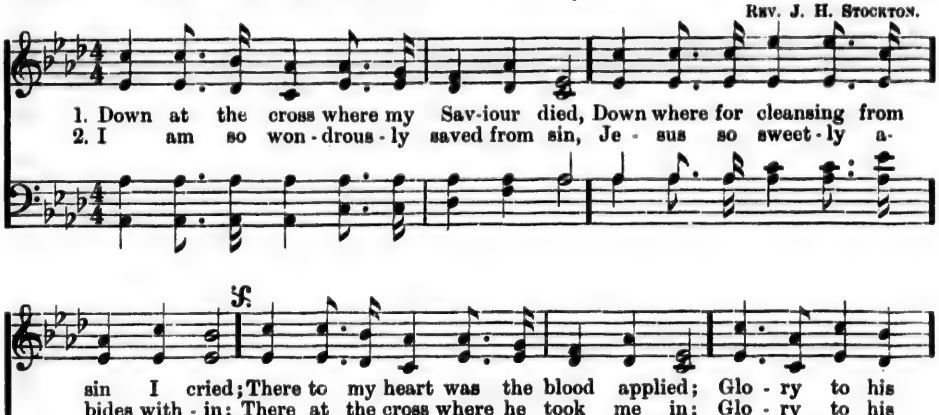
## 121 Saviour! Thy Dying Love.

Words by S. D. Phelps. Rev. R. Lowry.



## 122 Down at the Cross Where My Saviour Died.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.







3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to his name.

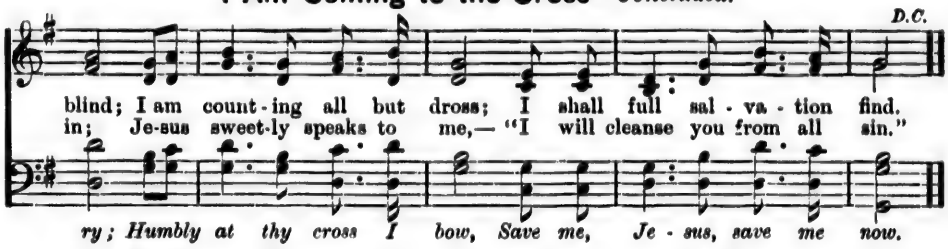
4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Trust him to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name

—*C. Hoffman.*

## 123 I Am Coming to the Cross.



## I Am Coming to the Cross—*Concluded.*




3 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

—*W. McDonald.*

## 124 Oh, for a Heart to Praise My God. (WILTSHIRE.—C.M.)

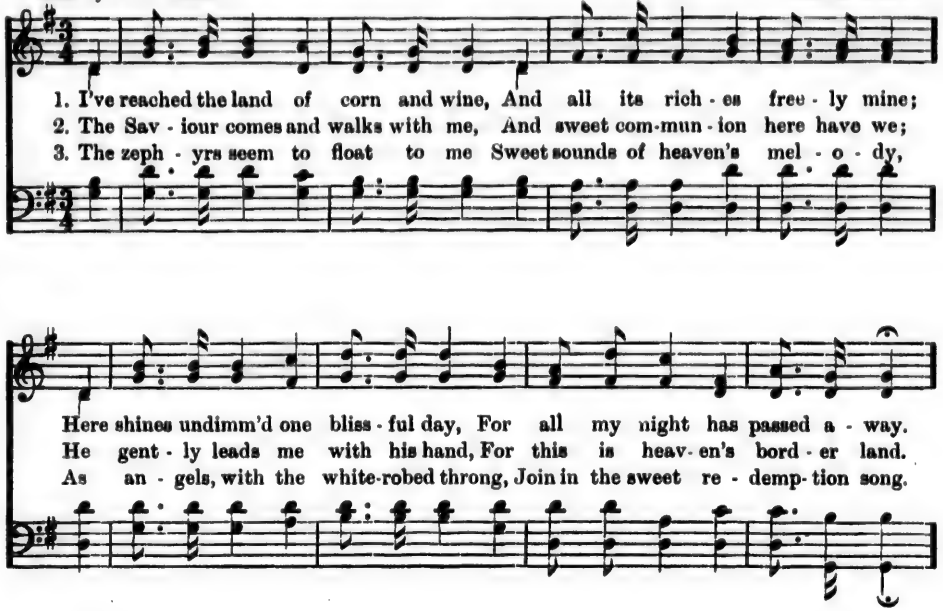



3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

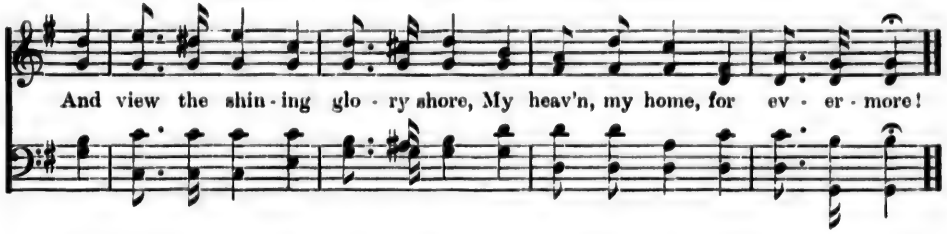
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine! —*C. Wesley.*

## 125 I've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine.

Words by E. P. Stites. John R. Sweney.

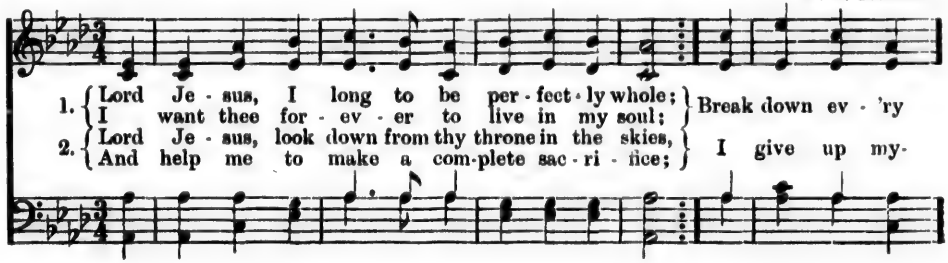


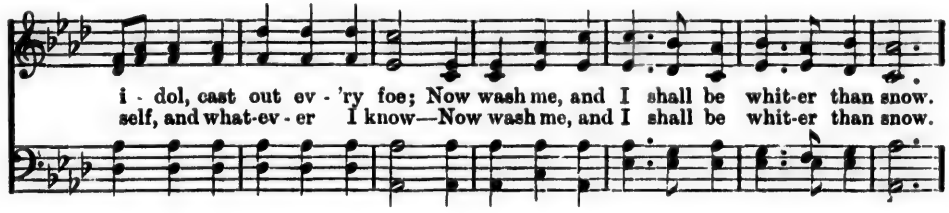
## I've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine—*Concluded.*



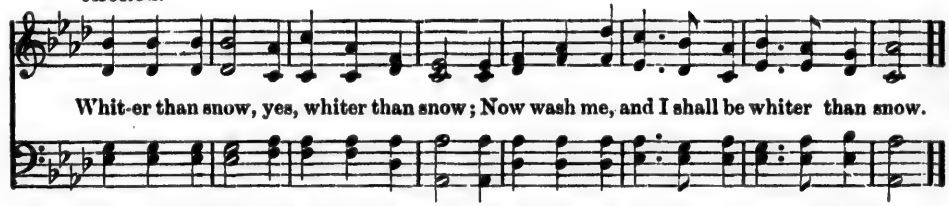

## 126 Lord Jesus, I Long to be Perfectly Whole.

W. G. FISCHER.




*CHORUS.*




3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

—*J. Nicholson.*

## 127 Blessed be the Fountain of Blood.

*Moderato* Arr. from H. S. PERKINS.



## Blessed be the Fountain of Blood—*Concluded.*



## 128 Saved to the Uttermost: I Am the Lord's.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.




3 Saved to the uttermost: this I can say,
"Once all was darkness, but now it is day;
Beautiful visions of glory I see,
Jesus in brightness revealed unto me."

4 Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing
Loud halleluias to Jesus, my King!
Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by his blood,
Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God.

—*W. J. Kirkpatrick.*

## 129 Abiding, Oh, so Wondrous Sweet!

S. C. WRIGHT.




3 I live; not I through him alone,
By whom the mighty work is done;
Dead to myself, alive to him,
I count all loss his rest to gain.

4 Now rest, my heart, the work is done,
I'm saved through the Eternal Son;
Let all my powers my soul employ,
To tell the world my peace and joy.

—*H. F. Lyte.*

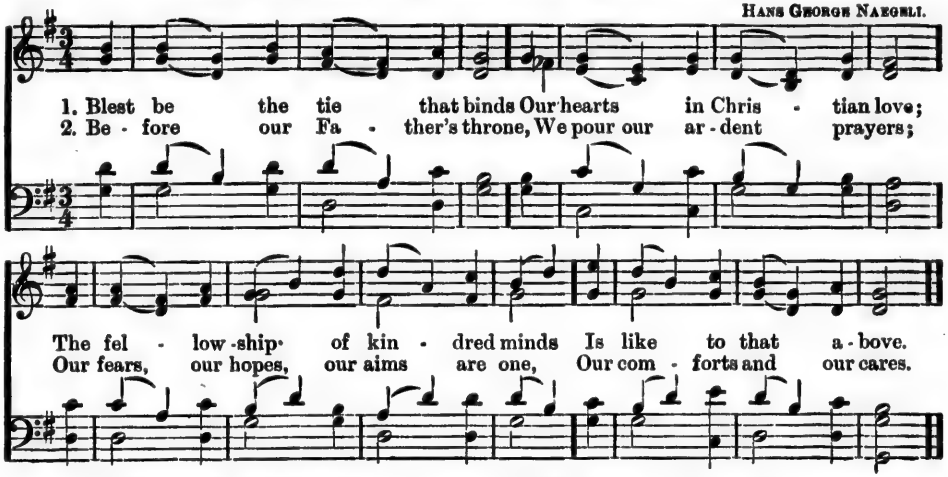
## 130 Come, Ye that Love the Lord. (NEARER HOME.—S.M.D.)

Words by ISAAC WATTS. *Moderate* ISAAC WOODBURY.



## 131 Blest be the Tie that Binds. (DENNIS.—S.M.)

HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.



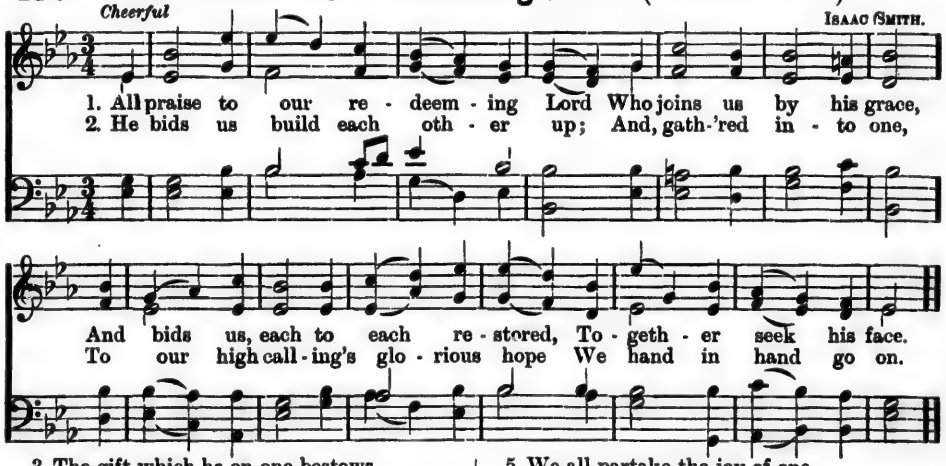

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. —*J. Fawcett.*

## 132 All Praise to Our Redeeming Lord. (ABRIDGE.—C.M.)

*Cheerful*

ISAAC SMITH.




3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Even now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

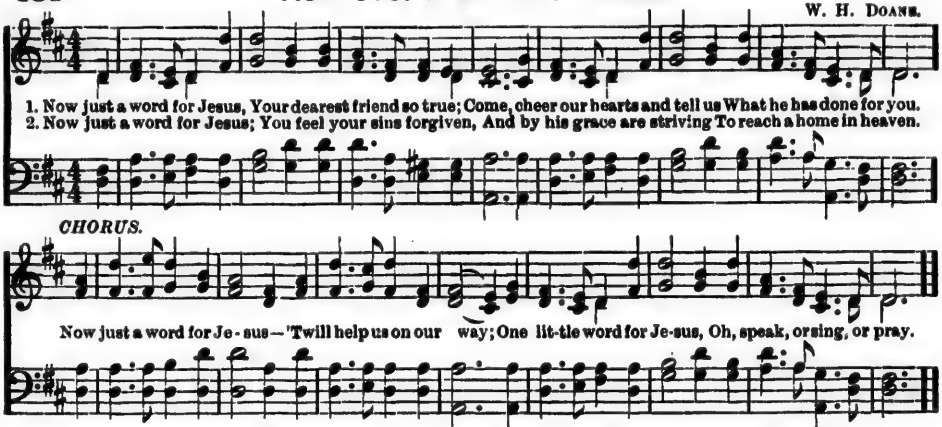
5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

—*C. Wesley.*

## 133 Now Just a Word for Jesus.

W. H. DOANE.




3 Now just a word for Jesus;
A cross it cannot be
To say, I love my Saviour
Who gave his life for me.

4 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.

5 Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise, in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to him.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 134 Talk with Us, Lord, Thyself Reveal. (ST. AGNES, DURHAM.—C.M.)

REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.




3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.—*C. Wesley.*

## 135 Come, Let Us, Who in Christ Believe. (EVAN.—C.M.—TUNE No. 17.)

1 Come, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise,
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 136 When Peace, Like a River, Attendeth My Way.

P. P. BLISS.




3 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

—*H. G. Spafford.*

## 137 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken. (AUSTRIA.—8s & 7s.)

Words by H. F. LYTE.

*Bold*

HAYDN, 1809.



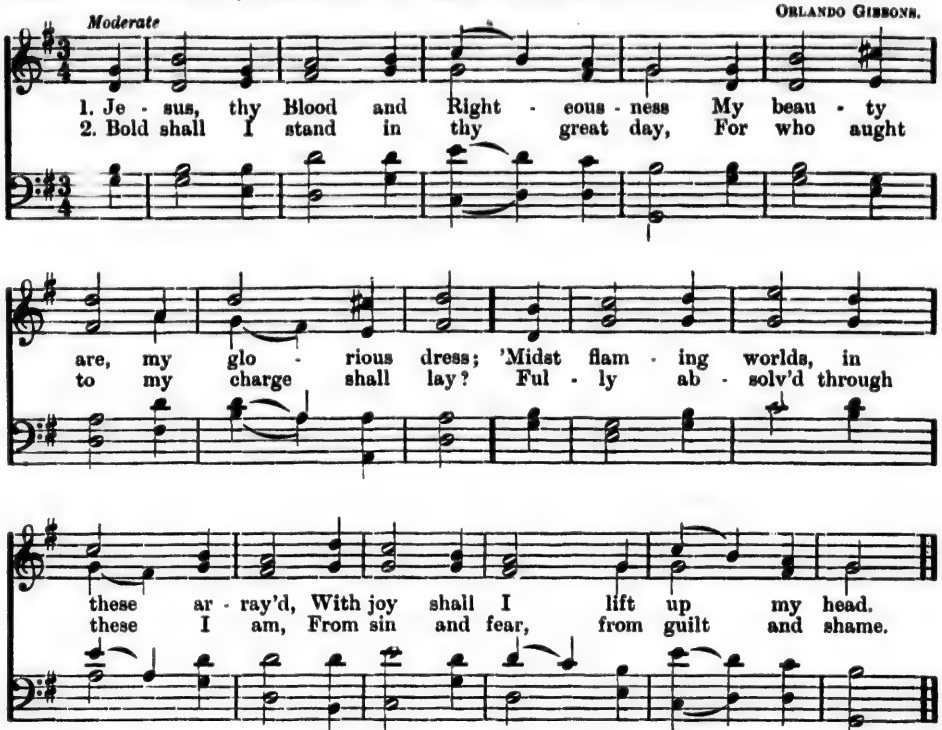
## 138 My Hope is Built on Nothing Less. (L.M.)

Words by E. Mote. W. B. Bradbury.



## 139 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness. (ANGELS' SONG.—L.M.)

ORLANDO GIBBONS.




3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

—*J. Wesley.*

## 140 Now I Have Found the Ground. (STELLA.—6-8s.—TUNE NO. 60.)

1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

—*J. Wesley.*

## 141 My Shepherd Will Supply My Need. (GAINSBOROUGH.—C.M.)

TANSUR.




3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth now my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 142 Jesus, My Strength, My Hope. (OZREM.—S.M.)




3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul unmoved by pain,
By hardship, grief, or loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross. —*C. Wesley.*

## 143 Oh, for a Faith that Will not Shrink. (Martyrdom.–C.M.–Tune No. 15.)

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe!
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God:

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile:

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

—*W. H. Bathurst.*

## 144 Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord. (Eden.—6s.)

Fhildrn.




3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

—*H. Bonar.*

## 145 My God, and Father, While I Stray. (CHANT.—8,8,8,4.)

ARTHUR H. DYKE TROTTE.



1 My God, and Father, | while I stray
Far from my home, in | life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my | heart to say,
Thy | will be done!

2 Though dark my path, and | sad my lot,
Let me be still and | murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer di | vinely taught,
Thy | will be done.

3 If thou shouldst call | me to resign
What most I prize—it | ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee | what was thine:
Thy | will be done.

4 Should grief or sickness | waste away
My life in prema | ture decay,
My Father, still I | strive to say,
Thy | will be done.

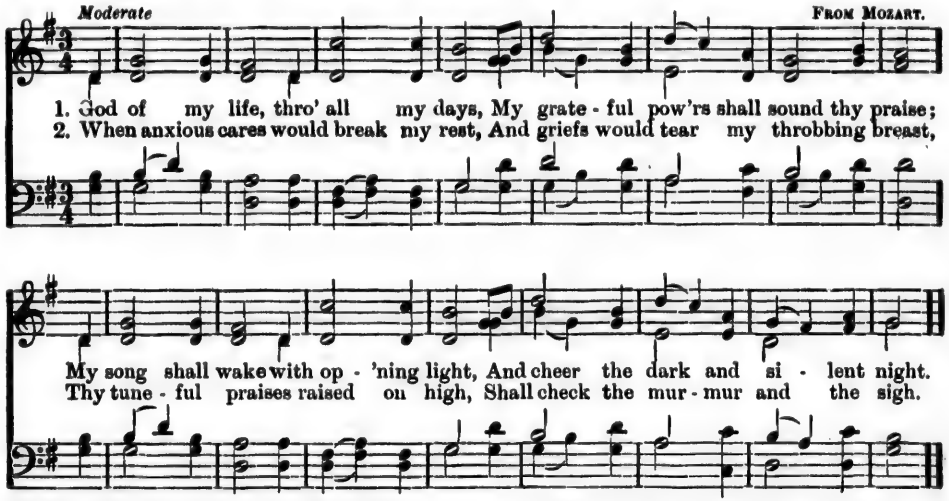
5 If but my fainting | heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit | for its guest,
My God, to thee I | leave the rest:
Thy | will be done.

6 Renew my will from | day to day,
Blend it with thine, and | take away
All that now makes it | hard to say,
Thy | will be done.

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

## 146 God of My Life, Through all My Days. (DRESDEN.—L.M.)

*Moderate* FROM MOZART.




3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

—*Doddridge.*

## 147 God Kindly Keepeth Those He Loves.

Words by Rev. E. Corwin. T. C. O'Kane.



## 148 My Father is Rich in Houses and Lands.

REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.




3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down—
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
He's building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm a child of the King!

—*Hattie E. Buell.*

## 149 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say. (Vox Dilecti.—C.M.D.)

Words by H. Bonar. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



## 150 'Mid Scenes of Confusion. (SWEET HOME.—11s.)




3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

—*D. Denham*

## 151 I Lay My Sins on Jesus. (RUTHERFORD.)

RIMBAULT.




3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

—*H. Bonar.*

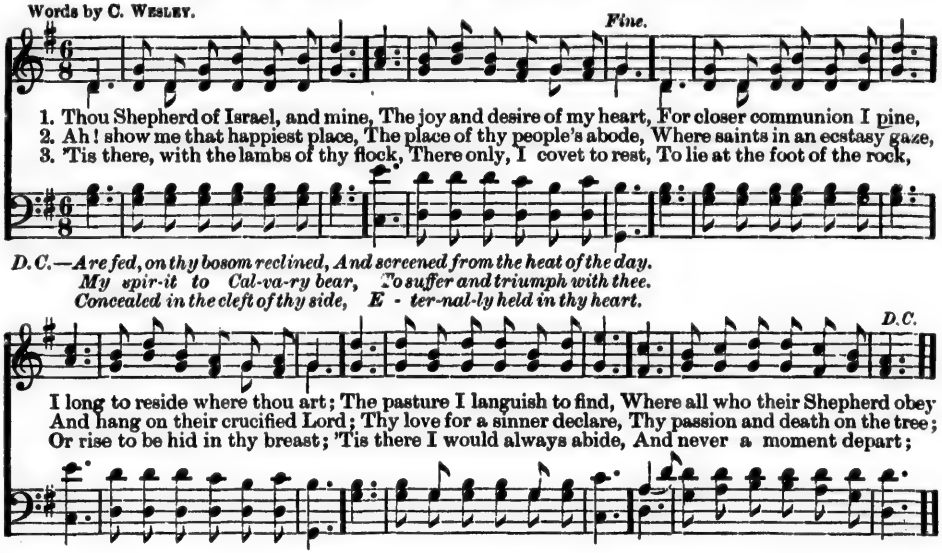
## 152 Once I Wandered in the Maze of Error.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

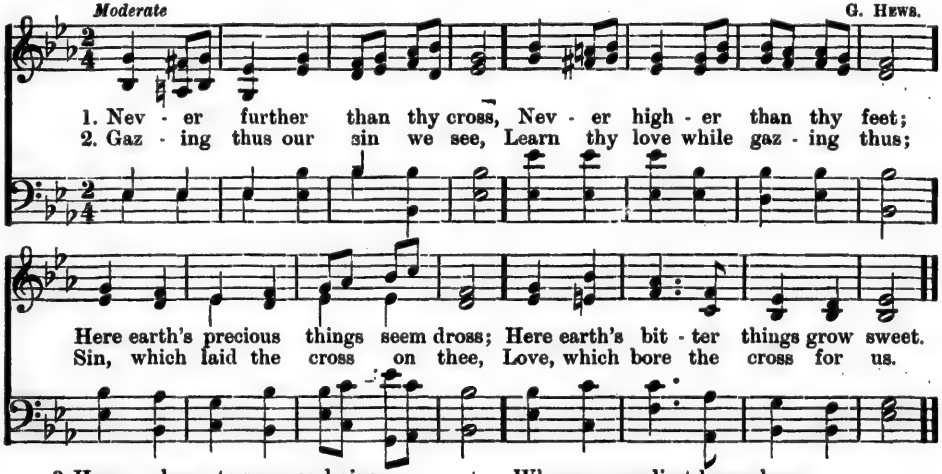


## 153 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and Mine. (De Fleury.—8s.)

Words by C. Wesley.




## 154 Never Further than Thy Cross. (Holley.—7s.)




3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in thee redeemed, complete,
Through thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

— *Mrs. Charles.*

## 155 Oh, How Happy are They. (6,6,9,6,6,9.—Tune No. 256.)

1 Oh, how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favour divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

5 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 156 When I Can Read My Title Clear. (Coronation—New.—C.M.)




3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 157 Happy the Man who Finds the Grace. (HURSLEY.—L.M.)

HUGUENOT MELODY.



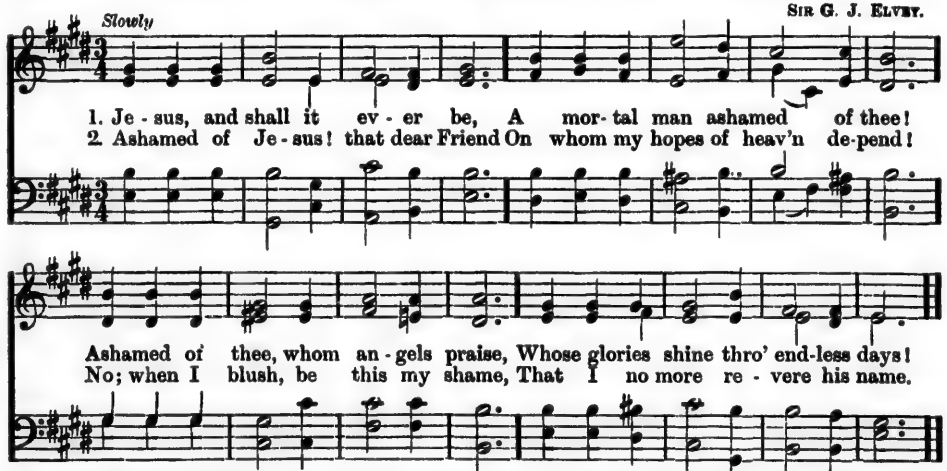

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honour that descends from God.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 158 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be. (ST. CRISPIN.—L.M.)

SIR G. J. ELVEY.




3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

—*J. Grigg.*

## 159 My God, I am Thine! (RAPTURE.—11,12,11,12.)

Words by C. WESLEY.

*Tenderly*



## 160 I am Waiting for the Master.

Arr. by A. Ross.




3 Many friends who travelled with me,
Reached that portal long ago:
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.

4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
And their triumph sooner won;
Oh, how lovingly they'll greet me
When the toils of life are done.

—*W. G. Ervin.*

## 161 When Jesus Comes to Reward His Servants.

W. H. DOANE.




3 Have we been true to the trust he left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching,
In his glory they shall share;
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will he find us watching there?

—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 162 My Soul, Be on Thy Guard. (LEEDS.—S.M.—TUNE NO. 116.)

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

—*G. Heath.*

## 163 Rescue the Perishing.

W. H. DOANE.



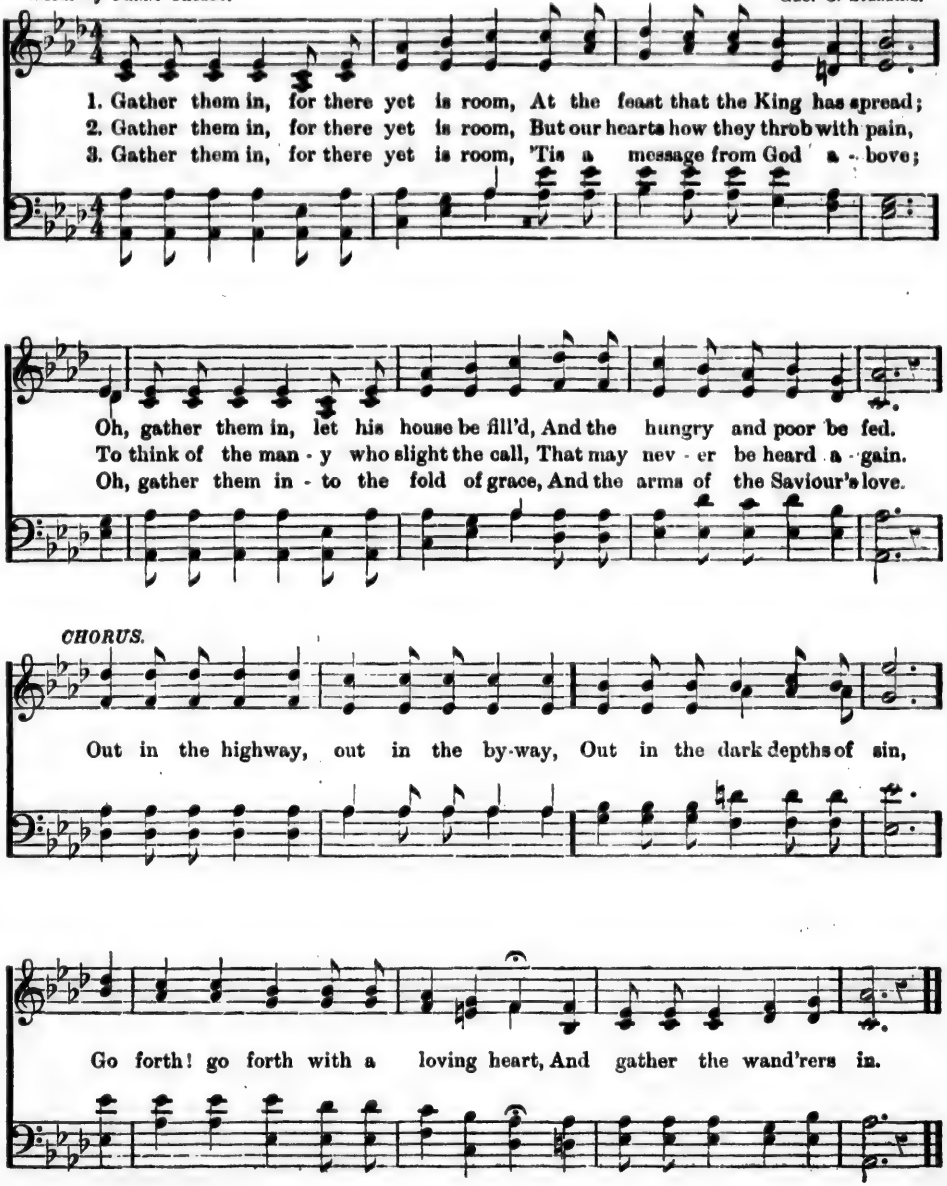

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them,
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

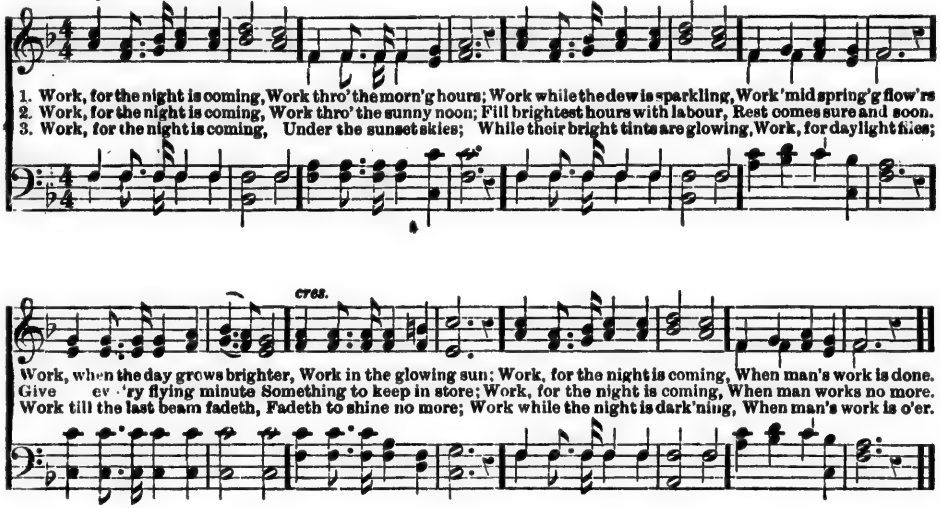
## 164 Gather Them In, for There Yet is Room.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



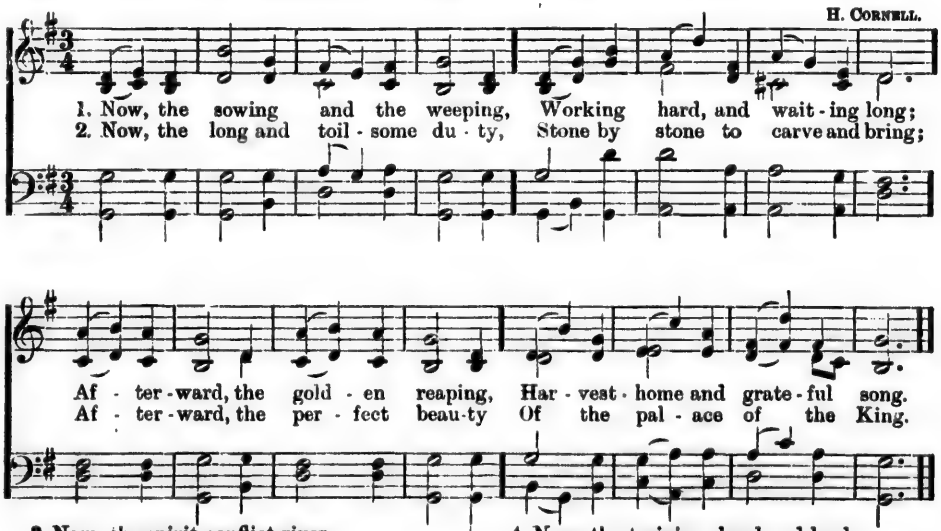
## 165 Work, for the Night is Coming. (7,6,7,5,7,6,7,5.)

Words by ANNIE L. WALKER.




## 166 Now, the Sowing and the Weeping. (CORNELL.—8s & 7s.)

H. CORNELL.




3 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, and painful strife
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

4 Now, the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet and aching brow;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's, "Enter thou!"

—*Miss F. R. Havergal.*

## 167 To the Work! To the Work! We are Servants of God.




3 To the work! to the work! there is labour for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, "*Salvation is free!*"

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed—"*Salvation is free!*"

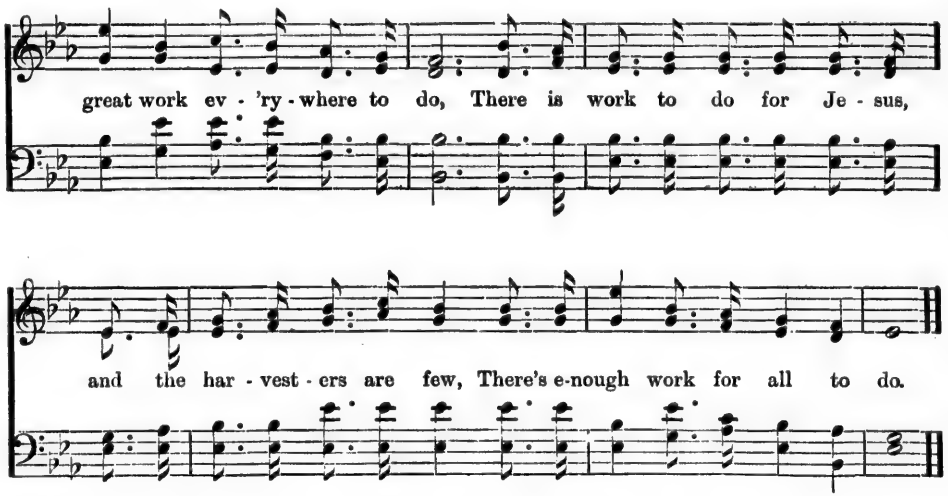
—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 168 There is Work to Do for Jesus.

Words by MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON. REV. R. LOWRY.

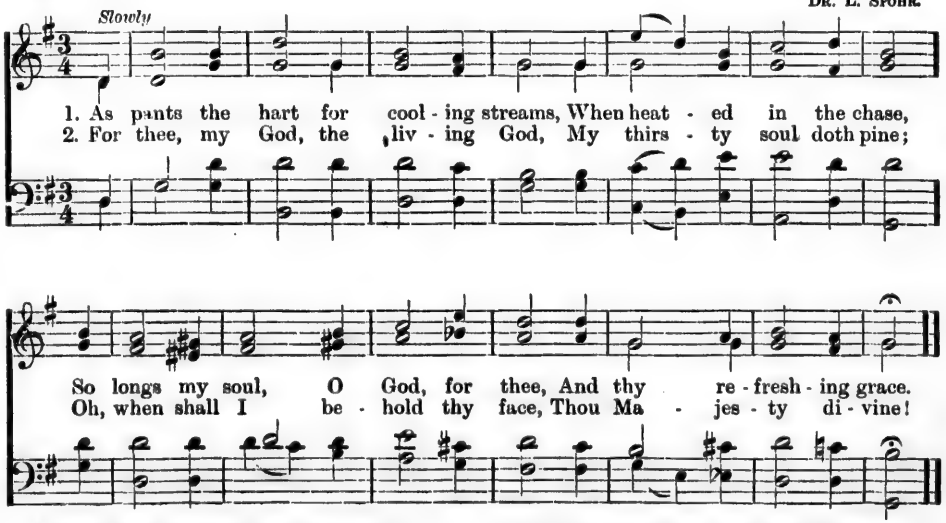


## There is Work to Do for Jesus—*Concluded.*




## 169 As Pants the Hart for Cooling Streams. (SPOHR.—C.M.)

DR. L. SPOHR.




3 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To the oppressor's scorn.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

—*Tate and Brady.*

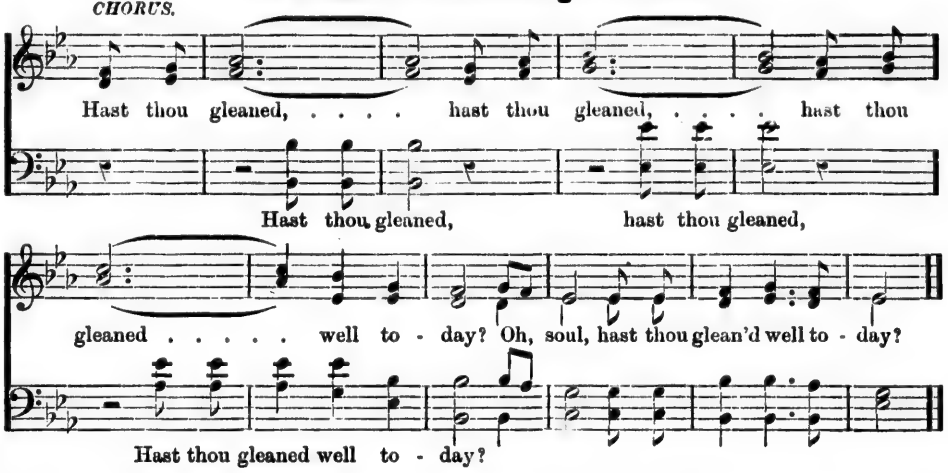
## 170 The Shadows are Falling.

Words by Dr. Blackall. Rev. R. Lowry.



## The Shadows are Falling—*Concluded.*

*CHORUS.*




## 171 Go Labour On; Spend, and be Spent. (MONTGOMERY.—L.M.)

*Cheerful* STANLEY.




3 Go labour on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at thy side
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

—*H. Bonar.*

## 172 Sowing in the Morning, Sowing Seeds of Kindness.

Words by K. SHAW.



## 173 "Call Them In"—the Poor, the Wretched.

IRA D. SANKEY.




3 "Call them in"—the little children,
Tarrying far away . . . away;
Wait—oh, wait not for to-morrow,
Christ would have them come to-day.
Follow on! the Lamb is leading!
He has conquered—we shall win:
Bring the halt and blind to Jesus;
He will heal them: "Call them in."

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message, low and tender—
'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the Day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming: "Call them in."

—*Anna Shipton.*

## 174 Ho, Reapers in the Whitened Harvest!

Words by J. B. WOODBURY. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



## Ho, Reapers in the Whitened Harvest!—*Concluded.*



## 175 Lo! the Fields are White for Harvest.

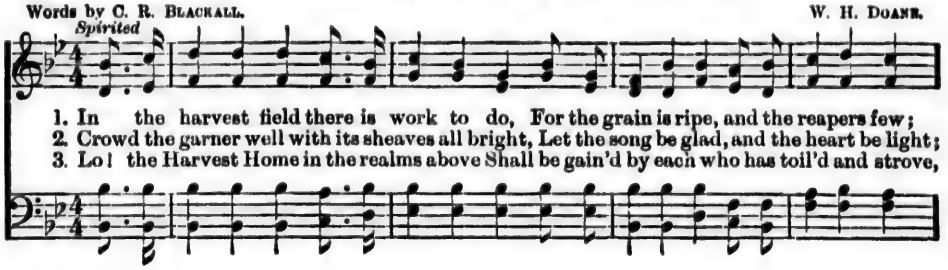
Words by L. M. HOFFORD. ALFRED BEIRLY.

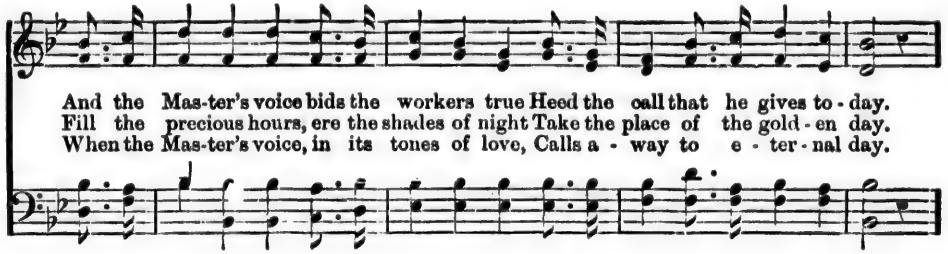


## 176 In the Harvest Field There is Work to Do.

Words by C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

*Spirited*




*CHORUS.*






## 177 When Immortal Souls are Dying.

JOHN R. SWENEY.




3 Though we may not see the fruitage
Of our toiling here below,
Every precious soul we gather
In the future we shall know.

4 Choose for us our path of duty,
Teach us, Lord, our hearts are weak;
May thy blessed, holy Spirit
Give the words that we shall speak.

—*Jennie Garnett.*

## 178 Oh, We are the Reapers.




3 The fields are all ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
But the reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.

—*E. E. Rexford.*

## 179 Let us Gather Up the Sunbeams.

Words by Mrs. A. Smith. S. J. Vail.



## 180 Far and Near the Fields are Teeming.

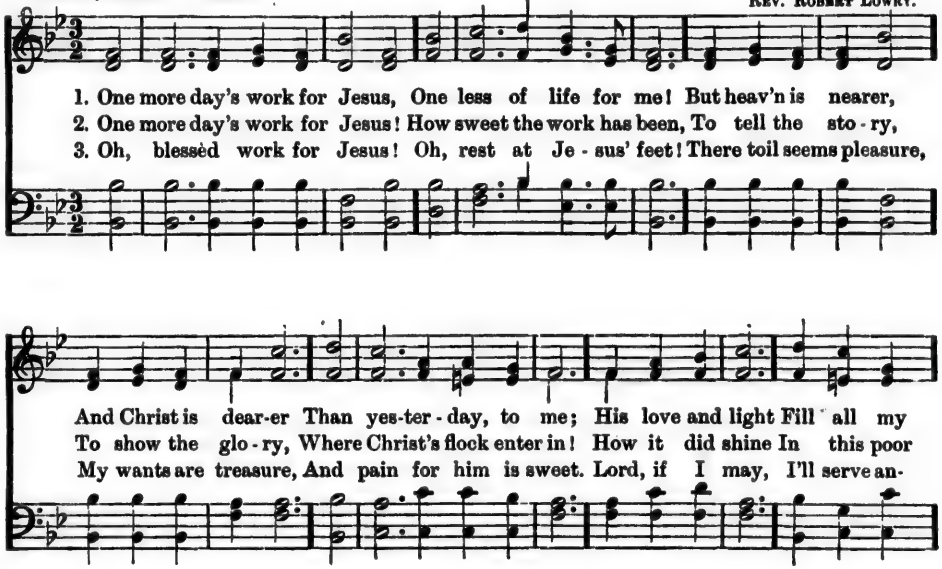
Words by J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.

*Spirited*

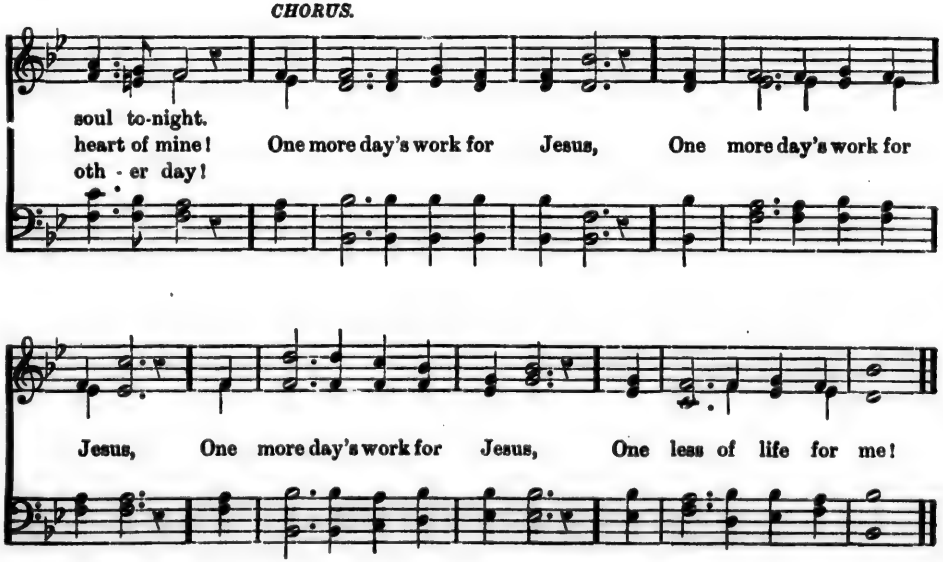


## 181 One More Day's Work for Jesus. (EDINBURGH.—7,6,5,5,6,4,6.)

Words by MRS. H. WARNER. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.




*CHORUS.*



## 183 Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling. (AUTUMN.—8s & 7s.)

Words by D. MARCH. SPANISH MELODY. FROM MARSCHIO.



## 183 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.




3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore;
You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Waft it on with praying breath,
In some distant, doubtful moment
It may save a soul from death;
When you sleep in solemn silence,
'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened,
May strew lilies over you.

—*R. Edgar.*

## 184 There are Lonely Hearts to Cherish.

Words by G. Cooper. Ira D. Sankey.



## 185 I Want to Be a Worker for the Lord.

J. BALTZELL.



## I Want to be a Worker for the Lord—*Concluded.*



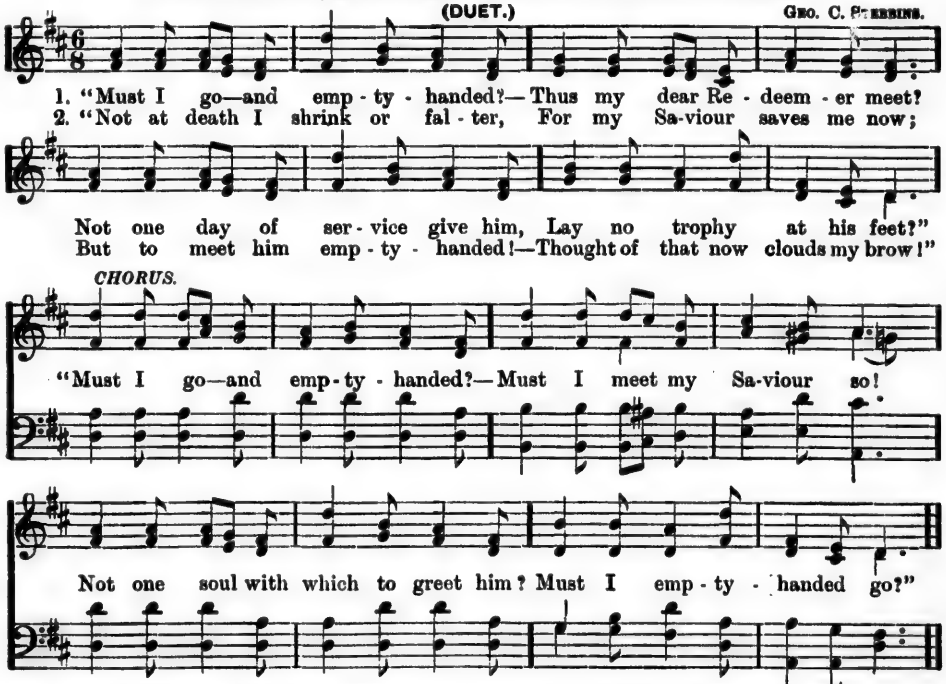

3 I want to be a worker strong and brave,
I want to trust in Jesus' power to save;
All who will truly come, shall find a happy home
In the kingdom of the Lord.

4 I want to be a worker; help me, Lord,
To lead the lost and erring to thy word,
That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die,
In the kingdom of the Lord. —*J. Baltzell.*

## 186 Must I Go—And Empty-Handed?

After a month of Christian life, nearly all of it passed upon a sick bed, a young man, nearly thirty years of age, lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend, he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid; Jesus saves me now! But oh, *must I go—and empty-handed?*"

(DUET.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.




3 "Oh, the years of sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Saviour:
To his will I'd gladly bow."

4 Oh, ye saints! arouse; be earnest!
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertake you!
Strive for souls while yet you may.
—*C. C. Luther.*

## 187 Disciples of Jesus, Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

PHILLIPS AND O'KANE.



## Disciples of Jesus, Why Stand Ye Here Idle?—*Concluded.*




3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.

4 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted:
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm tree rejoicing, shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.
—*P. Phillips.*

## 188 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

(DUET.)

M. J. Maxwell.




3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace?
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word. —*I. Watts.*

## 189 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone? (MAITLAND.—C.M.)

Words by THOMAS SHEPHERD. G. N. ALLEN.




## 190 Soldiers of Christ, Arise. (DIADEMATA.—S.M.D.—TUNE No. 7.)

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no ungnarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole;
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

*C. Wesley.*

## 191 Soldiers of the Cross, Arise! (CALEDONIA.—7,7,7,6.)

SCOTCH.




3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain,
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

—*J. B. Watterbury.*

## 192 Sound the Battle-Cry! See! the Foe is Nigh.

Words by W. F. SHERWIN. W. F. SHERWIN.



## 193 Onward, Christian Soldiers. (St. Gertrude.)

Sir Arthur Sullivan.




3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise
Which can never fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, praise, and honour,
Men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages,
Unto Christ the King.

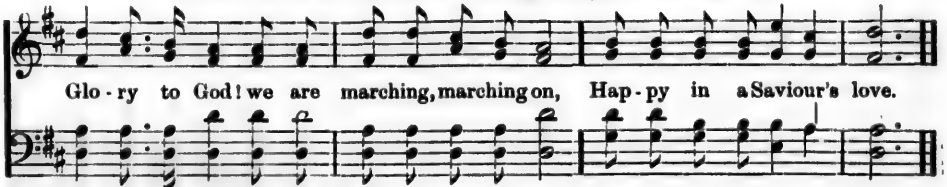
—*S. B. Gould.*

## 194 With Our Colours Waving Bright.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



## With Our Colours Waving Bright—*Concluded.*



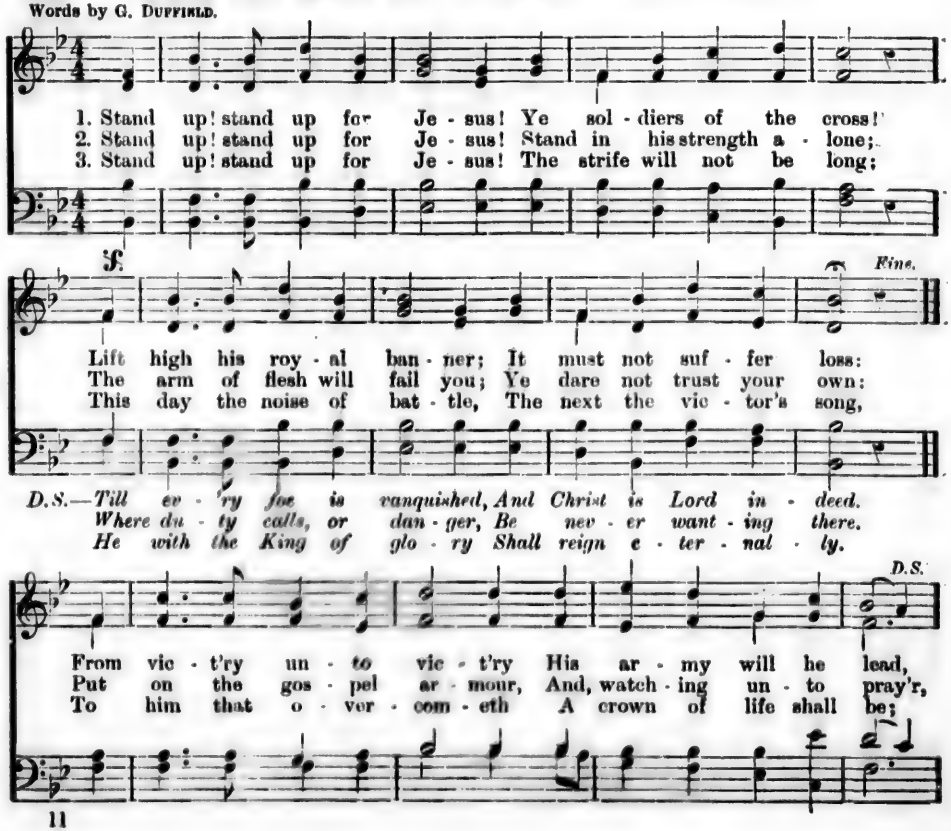

3 We have girded on the sword and the armour of the Lord,
We have taken up the cross he bore;
Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the victory over sin,
When the battle and the strife are o'er!

4 Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait,
Soon their welcome, welcome song may ring;
When we lay our armour down and receive a starry crown,
Shouting, Glory be to God our King!

—*Jennie Garnett.*

## 195 Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus! (WEBB.—7s & 6s.)

Words by G. DUFFIELD.

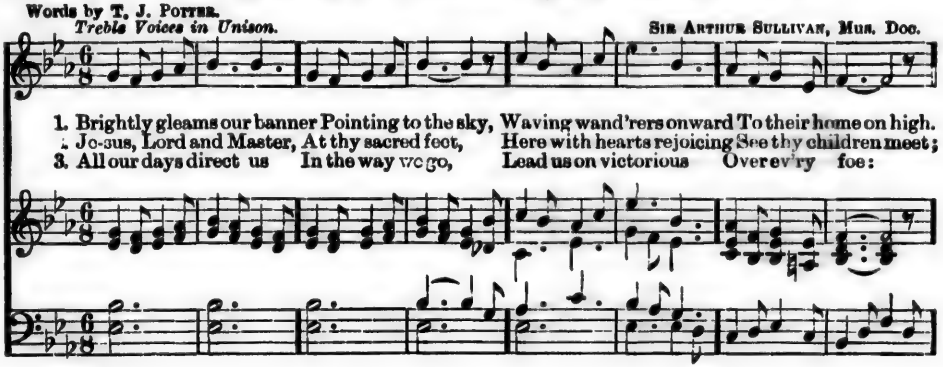


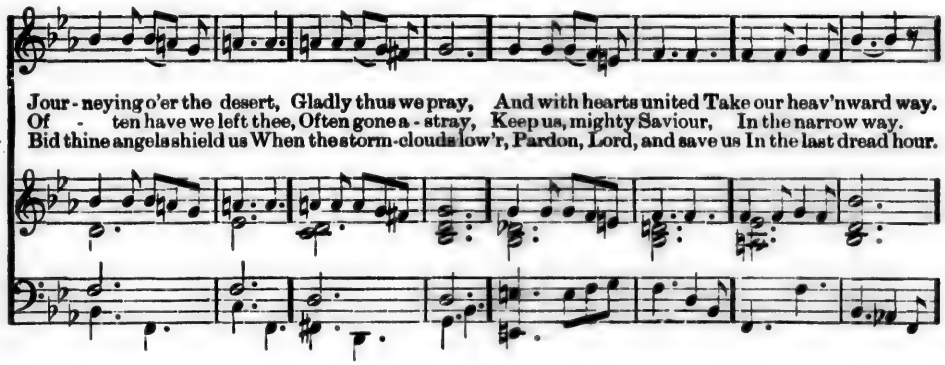
## 196 Brightly Gleams Our Banner. (St. Theresa.—6s & 5s.)

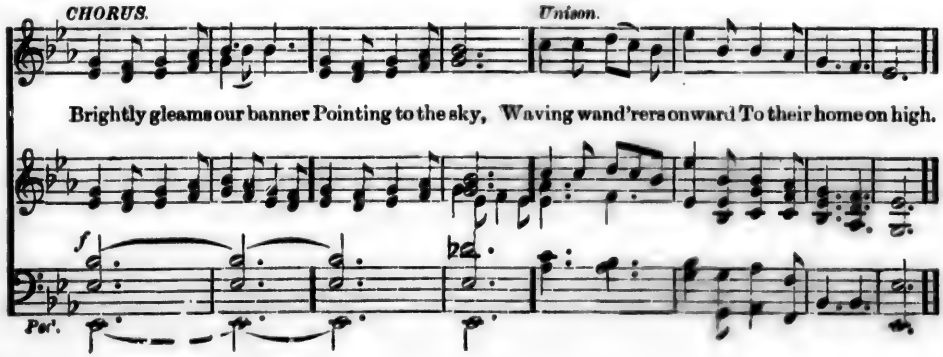
Words by T. J. Potter.

*Treble Voices in Unison.*

Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.



## 197 One by One.

JOHN R. SWENEY.




3 One by one our ranks are thinning—
Thinning here but swelling there;
One by one bright crowns are winning,
Crowns they shall forever wear.

4 Good-bye! hail! the fondly cherished,
Tears and joys are ours to-day;
Some have gone, and lo! the others
Hasten on the shortening way.

—*E. H. Stokes.*

## 198 The Lord is My Light, then Why Should I Fear?

J. W. Bischoff.



## The Lord is My Light, then Why Should I Fear?—*Concluded.*




3 The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength;
I know in his might I'll conquer at length;
My weakness in mercy he covers with power,
And walking by faith he saves me each hour.

4 The Lord is my light, my all and in all;
There is in his sight no darkness at all;
He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King;
With saints and with angels his praises I sing.

—*James Nicholson.*

## 199 See How Great a Flame Aspires. (SEVILLE.—7s.)

Words by C. WESLEY. SPANISH MELODY.



## 200 I Know There's a Rest that Remaineth for Me.

Words by GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.



## 201 Prayer is the Soul's Desire. (St. Agnes, Durham.–C.M.–Tune No. 134.)

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.

6 Oh, thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

—*Montgomery.*

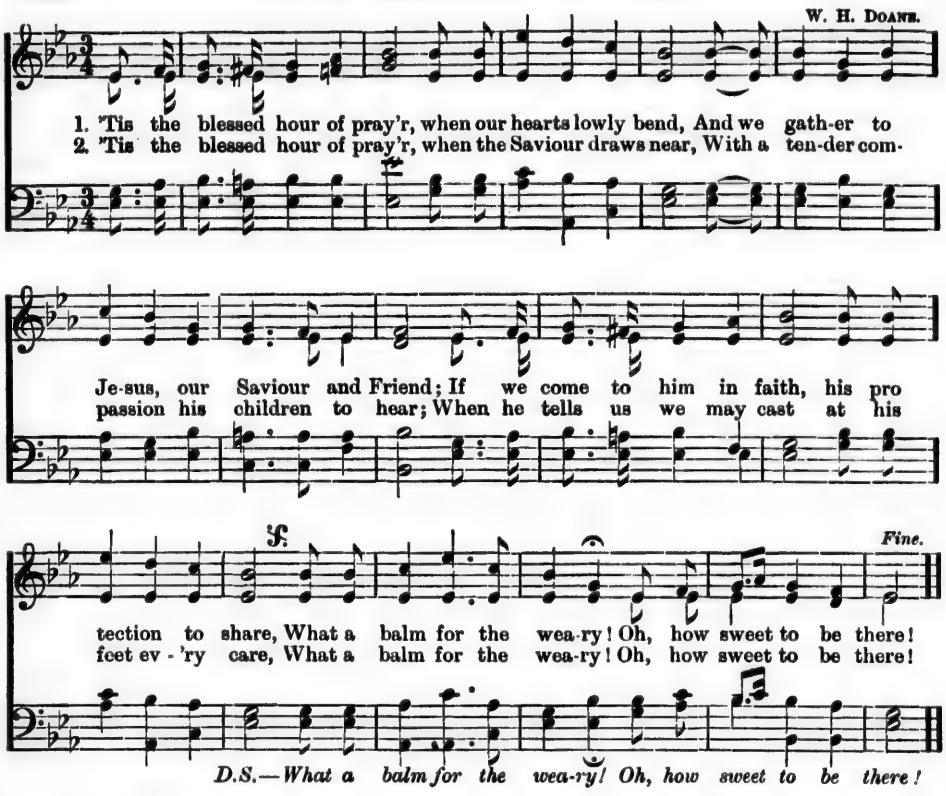
## 202 Sweet Hour of Prayer! Sweet Hour of Prayer!

Words by W. W. Walford. W. B. Bradbury.



## 203 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

W. H. DOANE.




3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide;
With a sympathizing heart he removes every care;
What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there!

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting him we believe
That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive,
In the fulness of this trust we shall lose every care,
What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there!

—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 204 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows. (EUCHARIST.—L.M.)

I. B. WOODBURY.




3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

—*H. Stowell.*

## 205 Our Father, Who Art in Heaven. (CHANT.)

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



## 206 Eternal Father! Strong to Save. (MELITA.—6-8s.)




3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumults cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 Oh, Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

—*W. Whiting.*

## 207 Gracious Spirit, Love Divine. (PRAYER.—TUNE NO. 115.)

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of eternal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

—*J. Stalker.*

## 208 Oh, Thou Who Camest From Above. (WAREHAM.—L.M.)




3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 209 Oh, for a Closer Walk with God. (BELMONT.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 14.)

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, oh, holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.

—*W. Cowper.*

## 210 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah. (GUIDE.–8,7,8,7,4,7.–TUNE NO. 86.)

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
‖: Bread of heaven! :‖
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
‖: Strong Deliverer! :‖
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
‖: Songs of praises :‖
I will ever give to thee.

—*W. Williams.*

## 211 We Praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy Love.

ENGLISH MELODY




3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

—*W. P. McKay.*

## 212 I Have a Saviour, He's Pleading in Glory.

IRA D. SANKEY.




3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

—*S. O. Cluff.*

## 213 Be It My Only Wisdom Here. (MERIBAH.—8,8,6,8,8,6.)

Words by C. WESLEY. DR MASON.

*Moderate*



## 214 Oh, Hear My Cry, Be Gracious Now to Me.

W. H. Doane.




3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Mine eyes look up thy loving smile to meet!
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry;
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 215 Lead Me to Jesus, My Soul is So Weary.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE.



## 216 Nearer, My God, to Thee. (Bethany.—6,4,6,4,6,6,4.)

Dr. L. Mason.




3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

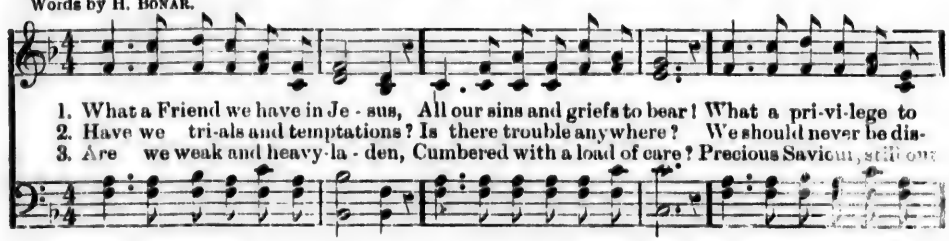
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

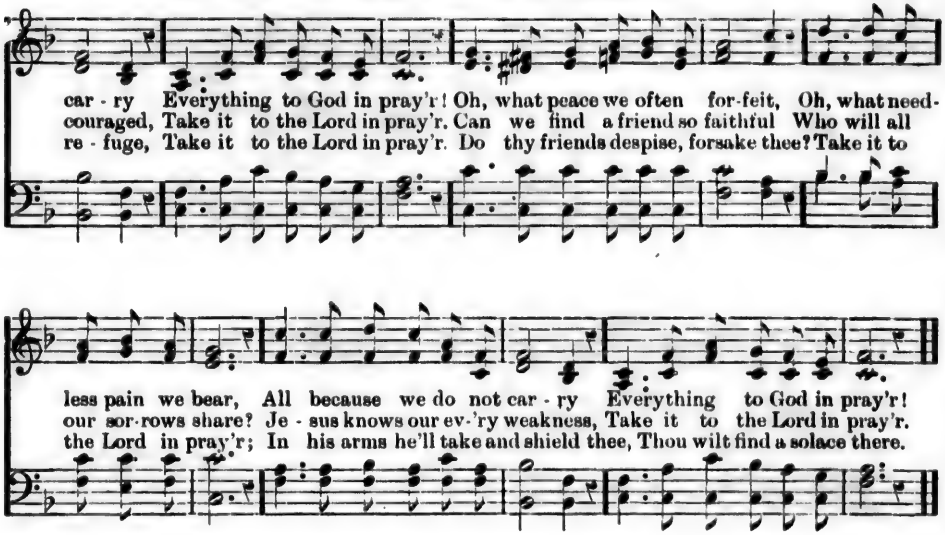
—*Mrs. S. F. Adams.*

## 217 What a Friend We Have in Jesus. (8s & 7s.)

Words by H. Bonar.

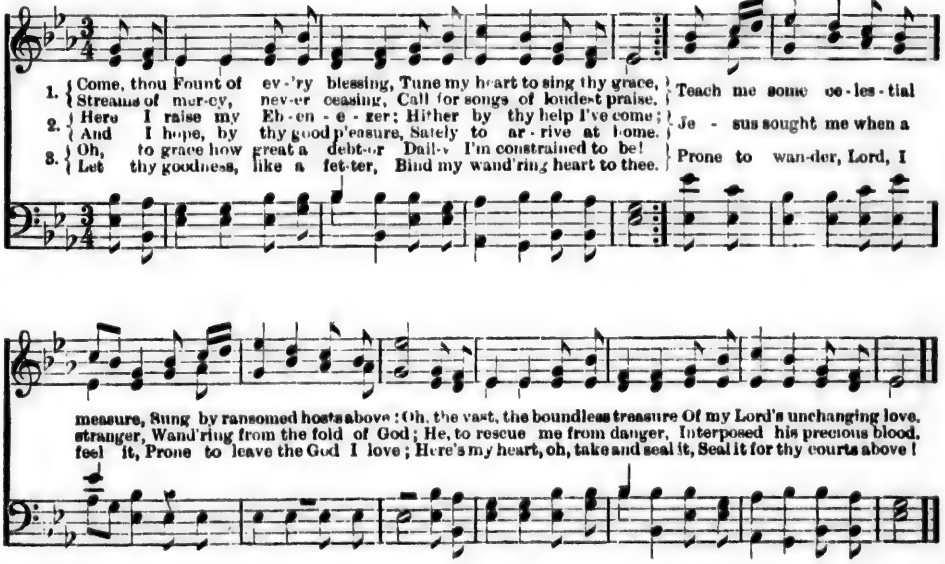


## What a Friend We Have in Jesus—*Concluded.*




## 218 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing. (NETTLETON.—8s & 7s.)

Words by R. ROBINSON.



## 219 More Love to Thee, O Christ. (6,4,6,4,6,6,4.)

Words by Mrs. E. Prentiss. W. H. Doane.




## 220 Try Us, O God. (Martyrdom.—C.M.—Tune No. 15.)

1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh, bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 221 "There Shall be Showers of Blessing."

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.




3 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come, and now honour thy Word.

4 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Oh, that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!

—*Dr. Nathan.*

## 222 Gently, Lord, Oh, Gently Lead Us.

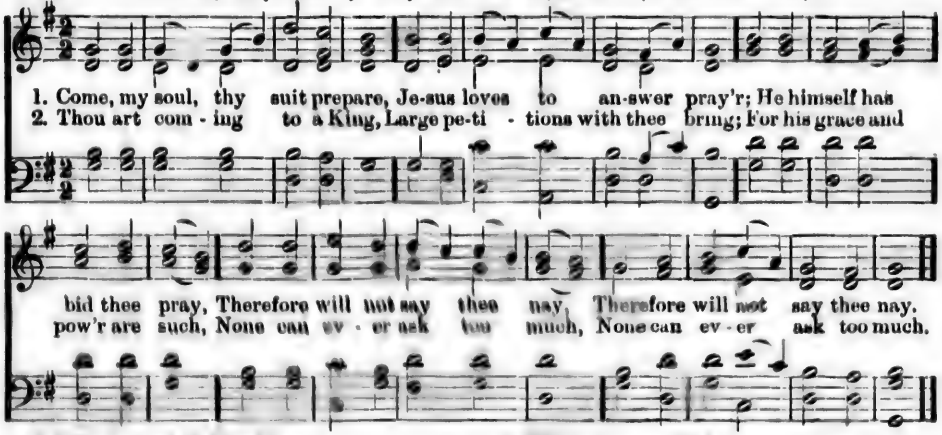
Words by T. HASTINGS.

*Andante*

Arr. from BAYLEY.



## 223 Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare. (HENDON.—7s.)




3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

—*J. Newton.*

## 224 My Faith Looks Up to Thee. (OLIVET.—6,6,4,6,6,6,4.)

DR. L. MASON.




3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

—*Ray Palmer.*

## 225 Weary Pilgrim on Life's Pathway.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.




3 Are the ties of friendship severed?
Hushed the voices fondly heard?
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish,
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weakness?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright;
He will strengthen each endeavour;
He will keep thee by his might.

—*W. J. Kirkpatrick.*

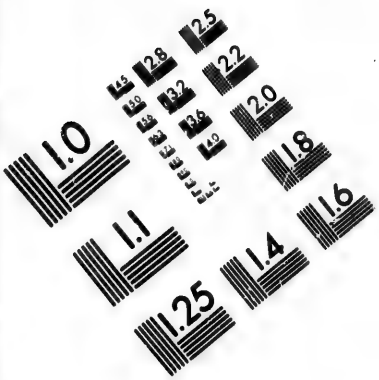
## 226 When Storms Around are Sweeping.

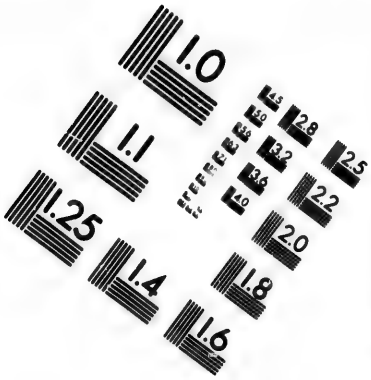
ANONYMOUS. Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT.

*With earnest expression*

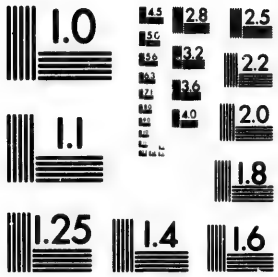


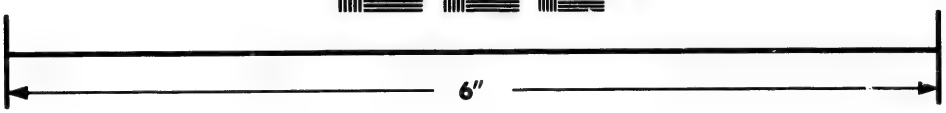




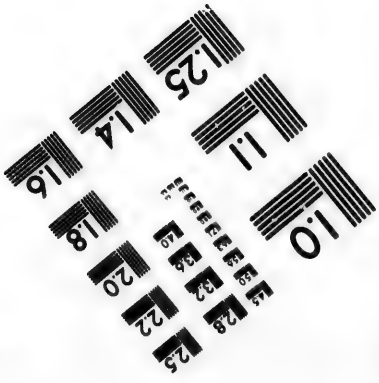

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## 227 I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath. (LUCERNE.—6–8s.)

Words by ISAAC WAT

*Moderate*

GERMAN.



## 228 Heavenly Father, We Adore Thee.

E. D. BEDDALL.




3 Keep, oh, keep us from all evil,
May we each from sin be free,
Guide us safely on our journey,
Till in heaven thy face we see.

4 Then with angels we'll adore thee,
High our voices then we'll raise,
With the blood-washed throng in glory,
Sing aloud thy glorious praise.

—*E. D. Beddall.*

## 229 Again We Meet With One Accord.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.




3 With grateful hearts we laud thy grace;
O Father, lend thine ear!
Accept our humble notes of praise,
And our petitions hear.

4 Oh, may these earthly courts below
E'er be our souls' delight,
Until we leave this world to go
To mansions fair and bright.

—*J. H. Kurzenknabe.*

## 230 Praise the Rock of Our Salvation.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.



## 231 Oh, Happy Day That Fixed My Choice. (L.M.)



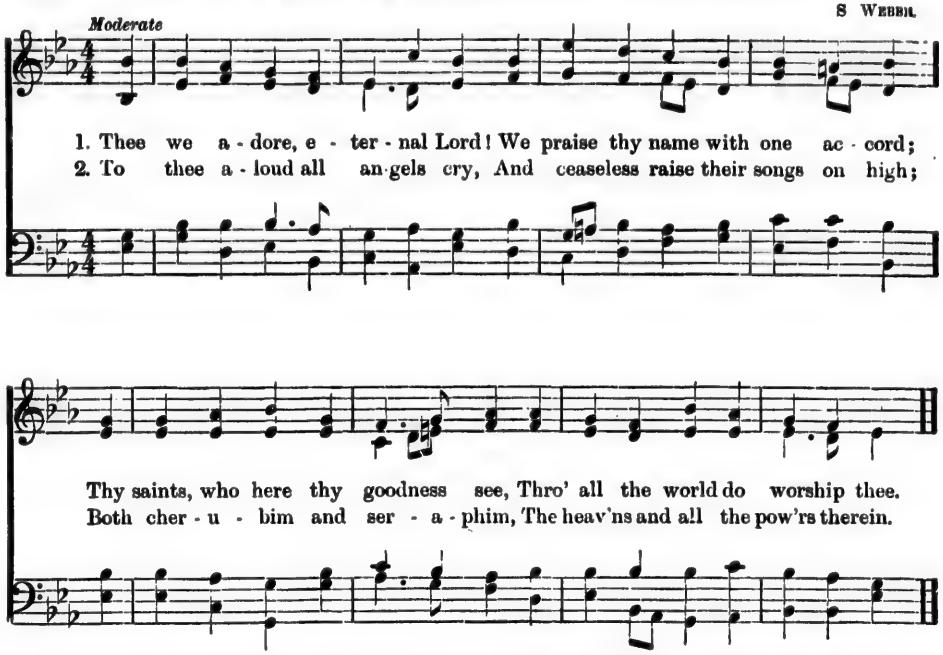

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

—*Dr. Doddridge.*

## 232 Thee We Adore, Eternal Lord! (MELCOMBE.—L.M.)

S WEBBE.




3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy Prophet, Priest, and King!
Thee, Saviour of mankind, they sing:
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound thy glory and thy love.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 233 Oh, What Shall I Do! (HANOVER.—10,10,11,11.—TUNE NO. 6.)

1 Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise.
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

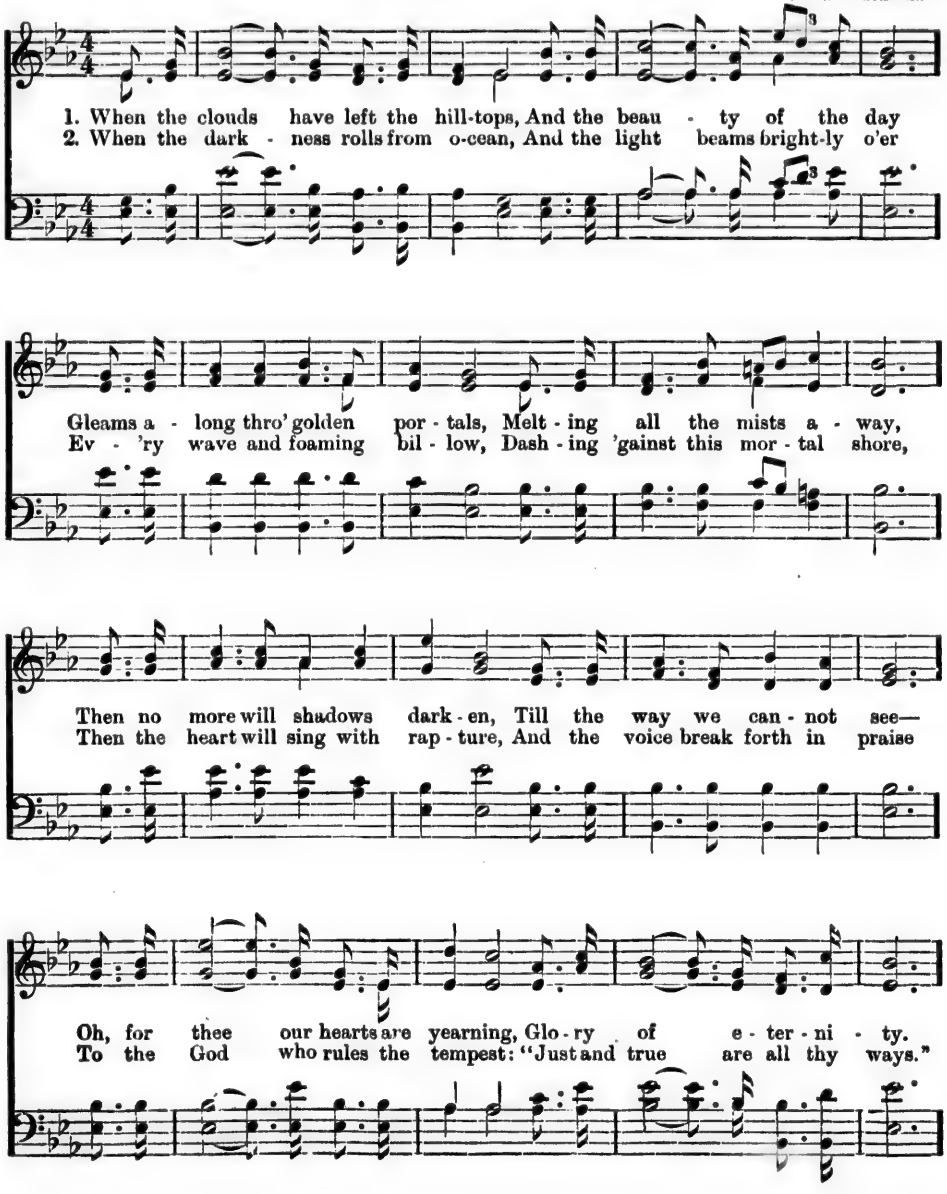
3 For thou art their boast, their glory and power;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

4 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 234 When the Clouds Have Left the Hill-Tops.

F. A. Blackmer.



## When the Clouds Have Left the Hill-Tops—*Concluded.*




3 When the pain and wasting fever,
And the thousand ills of life,
All are healed by one Physician,
And forever hushed the strife,
Then sweet peace and holy comfort
Will possess the inmost soul,
‖: For the weary, home-sick pilgrim
Will have reached the longed-for goal. :‖

4 When the graves of earth are opened,
And the fair, loved forms arise,
Springing up from dusty chambers,
Soaring upward to the skies,
Then sweet waves of thrilling music
Will entrance the listening ear,
‖: "Like the sound of many waters,"
Murmuring gently, soft and clear. :‖

5 When the City, grand, eternal,
Shall descend, 'mid clouds of light,
And the King bids saints to enter
Mansions filled with holy light,
Then the life-work of all ages
Will receive a just reward,
‖: Home with Jesus, sweet rest given,
In the kingdom of our Lord. :‖

—*Annie Herbert.*

## 235 Who Are These Arrayed in White? (SEVILLE.—7s.—TUNE No. 199.)

1 Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the Lamb of God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
God shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 236 O'er Jordan's Dark and Stormy River.

Words by G. T. GOULD. Adapted by F. L. BRISTOW.



## 237 Amid the Swelling Chorus.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

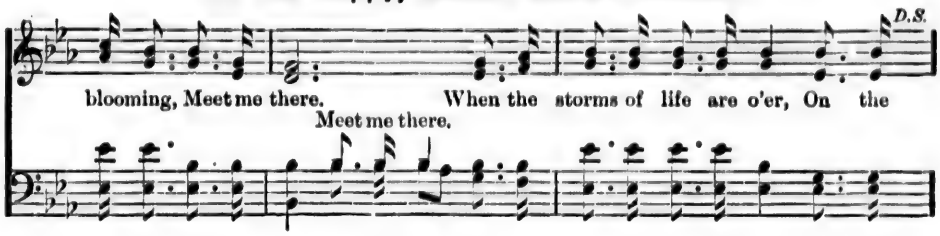


## 238 On the Happy Golden Shore.

Words by H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



## On the Happy, Golden Shore—*Concluded.*




## 239 Shall We Gather at the River.




3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

—*Rev. R. Lowry.*

## 240 When the Mists Have Rolled in Splendour.

Words by ANNIE HERBERT. IRA D. SANKEY.

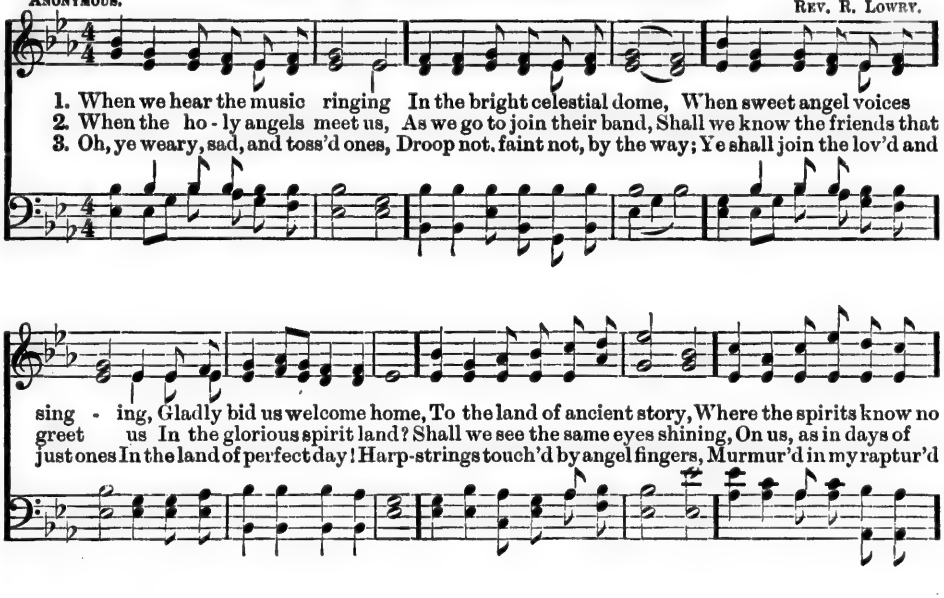


## When the Mists Have Rolled in Splendour—*Concluded.*



## 241 When We Hear the Music Ringing.

ANONYMOUS. REV. R. LOWRY.




*CHORUS.*



## When We Hear the Music Ringing—*Concluded.*




## 242 Jerusalem the Golden. (EWING—7s & 6s.)

Words by DR. NEALE.

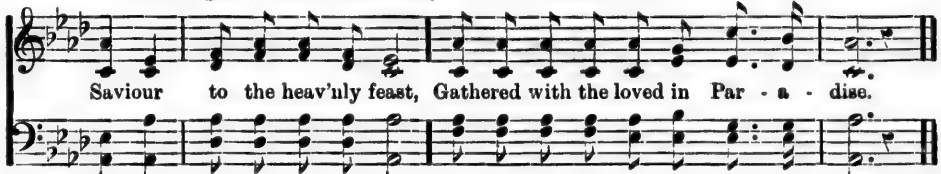


## 243 Sitting by the Gateway of a Palace Fair. (11,9.)

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



## Sitting by the Gateway of a Palace Fair—*Concluded.*



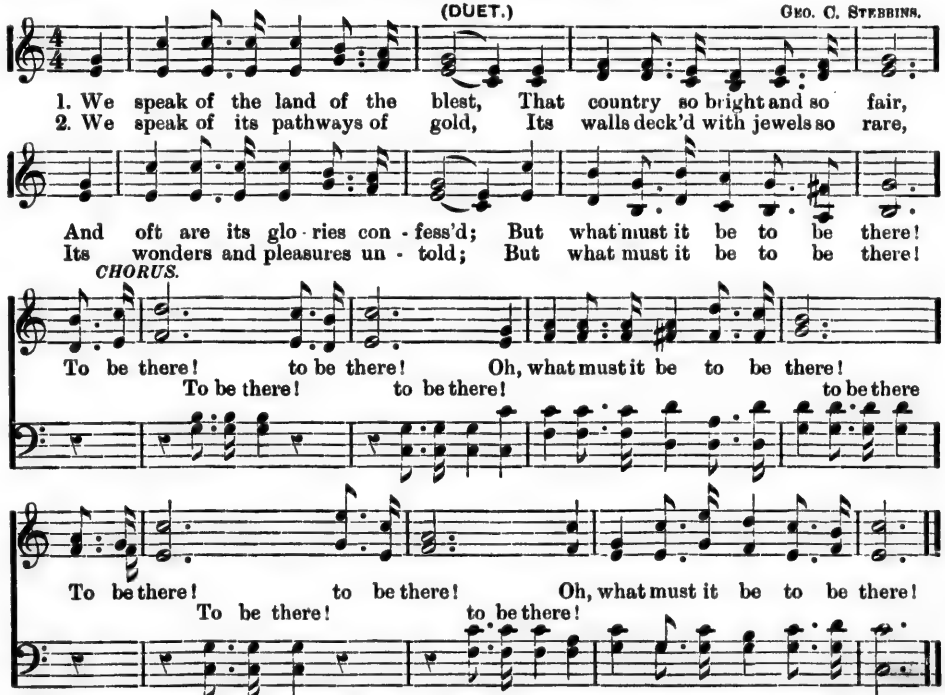

3 Follower of Jesus, scanty though thy store,
Treasures, precious treasures, wait on high;
Count the trials joyful, soon they'll all be o'er:
Oh, the change that's coming by-and-by!

4 Upward, then, and onward!—onward for the Lord!
Time and talent all in his employ;
Small may seem the service—sure the great reward:
Here the cross—but there the crown of joy!

—*W. O. Cushing.*

## 244 We Speak of the Land of the Blest.

(DUET.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.




3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessèd above;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

5 Do thou, Lord, in pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then shortly we also shall *know*,
And *feel*, what it is to be there.

—*Mrs. M. E. Mills.*

## 245 When We Get Home to That Beautiful Land.

Words by W. O. PERKINS. W. O. PERKINS.

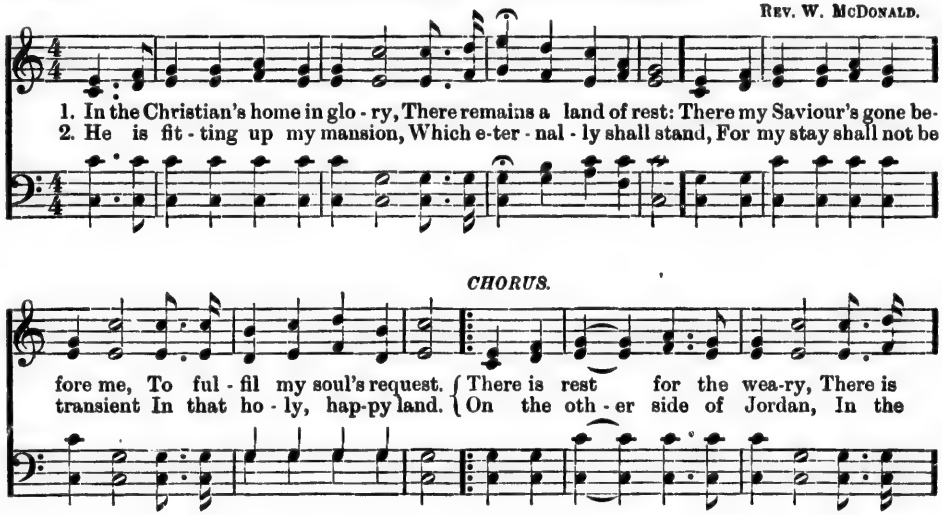


## When We Get Home to That Beautiful Land—*Concluded.*




## 246 In the Christian's Home in Glory.

REV. W. MCDONALD.




3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But, in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory—
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
Ye shall find an entrance through.

—*S. G. Harmer.*

## 247 When Saints Gather Round Thee, Dear Saviour, Above.

T. E. PERKINS.




3 When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore,
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,
When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

4 Oh, blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that place;
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I despair?
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

—*T. E. Perkins.*

## 248 Give Me the Wings of Faith to Rise. (C.M.)

(SOLO.)

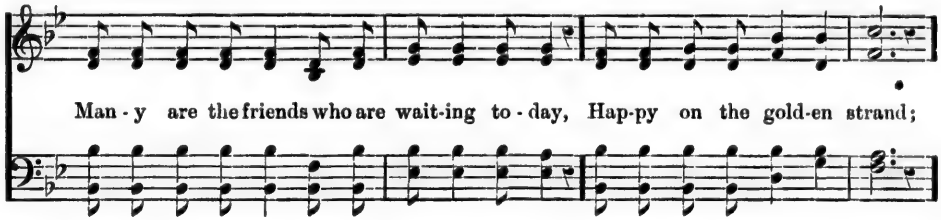


1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see
2. Once they were mourn-ers here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears:

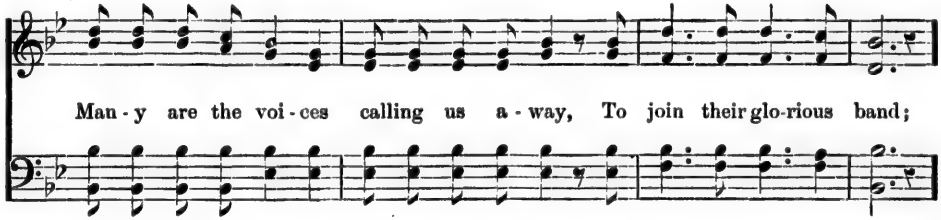


The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

*CHORUS.*

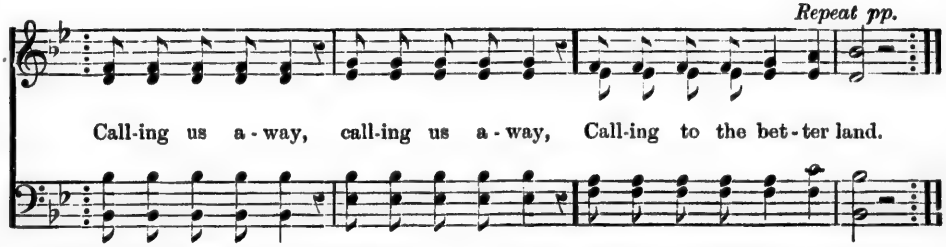


Man - y are the friends who are wait-ing to - day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand;



Man - y are the voi - ces calling us a - way, To join their glo-rious band;

*Repeat pp.*



Call-ing us a - way, call-ing us a - way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 249 Hark, Hark! My Soul! Angelic Songs are Swelling.

Words by F. W. FABER. DR. DAVIES.



## 250 There is Rest for the Weary; How Cheering the Thought.

R. L.



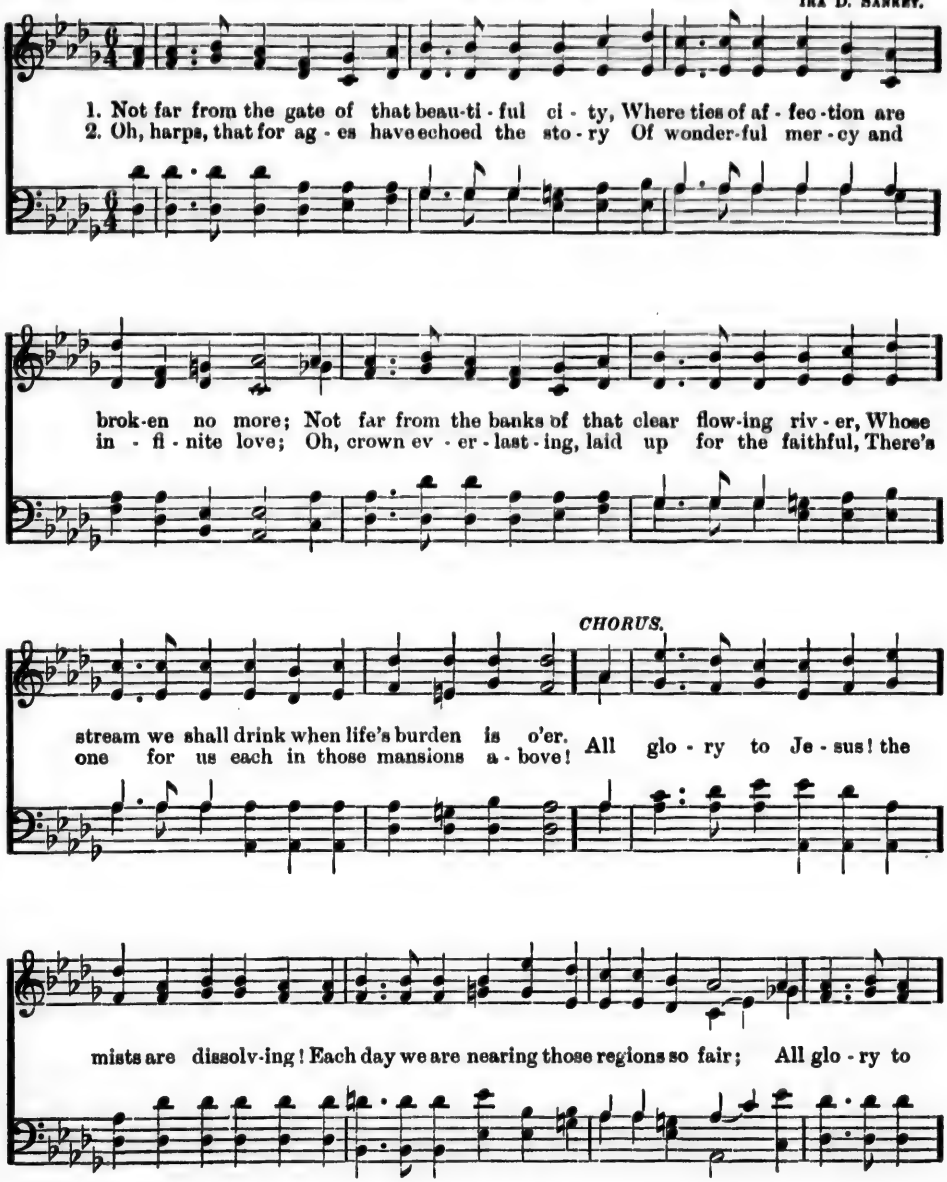

3 There is rest from all sorrows; our trials all past,
Our crowns at the feet of our Saviour we'll cast;
Of the sheepfold he tells us that he is "the door;"
If we enter by him we shall sorrow no more.

4 What tho' dangers affright us, and troubles assail?
The Lord is our Refuge, and he will not fail:
If his grace now we seek, and his favour implore,
In that home in the skies we shall weary no more.

—*R. P. Clark.*

## 251 Not Far from the Gate of that Beautiful City.

IRA D. SANKEY.



## Not Far from the Gate of that Beautiful City—*Concluded.*

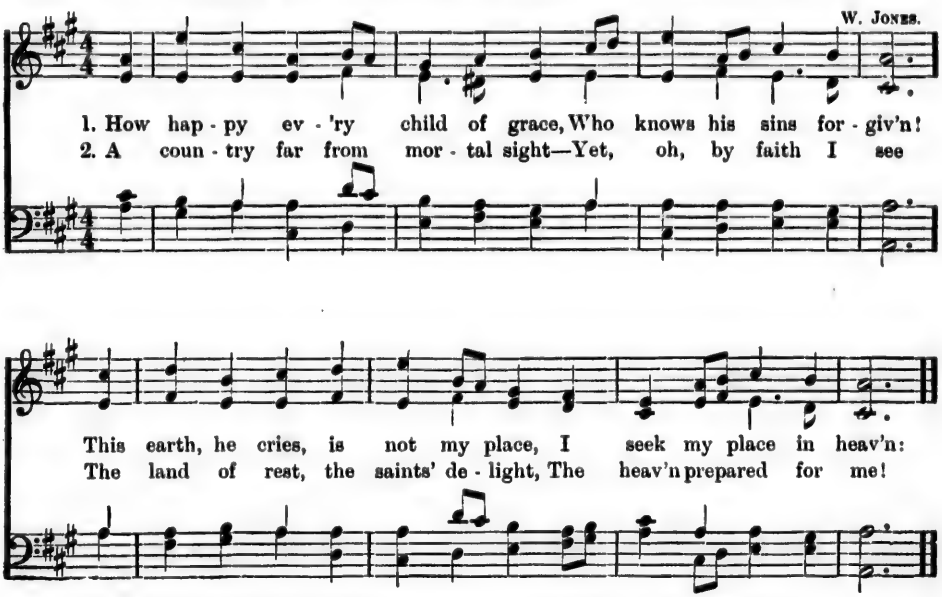



3 How sweet, as we journey, to pause for a moment,
And look at the footprints we see in our way!—
The footprints of pilgrims who've crossed over Jordan,
And now are rejoicing for ever and aye.

4 Oh, blessed Redeemer! ere long thou wilt call us
To join the great army beyond the dark sea;
They fought the good fight, and their course they have finished,
And now they inherit the kingdom with thee.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

## 232 How Happy Every Child of Grace. (St. Stephen.—C.M.)




3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.

4 Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But, oh, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last!

—*C. Wesley.*

## 253 "For Ever With the Lord!" (NEARER HOME.—S.M.D.—TUNE NO. 130.)

1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

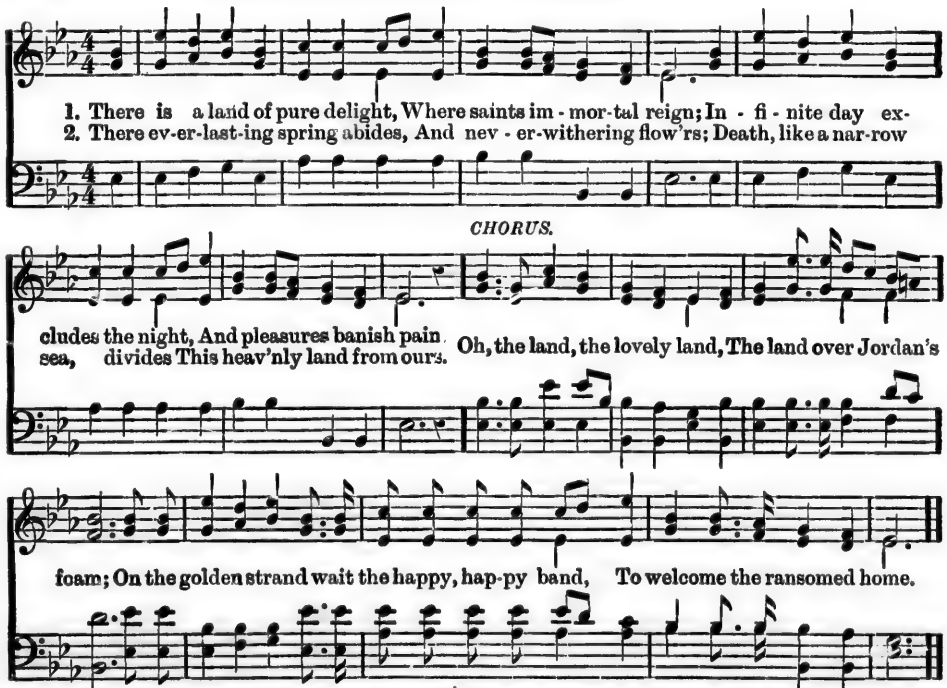
2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near!
At times, to faith's unclouded eye,
Thy golden gates appear.
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,—
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

*Montgomery.*

## 254 There is a Land of Pure Delight. (C.M.)




3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 255 There's a Land That is Fairer than Day.




3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

4 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

—*S. F. Bennett.*

## 256 I Will Sing You a Song of that Beautiful Land.




3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by:
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
‖: And nothing that maketh a lie. :‖

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is he,
‖: And he holdeth our crowns in his hands. :‖

5 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
‖: To meet one another again. :‖

—*Mrs. E. H. Gates.*

## 257 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




3 I hope to meet you all in glory,
Round the Saviour's throne above;
I hope to join the ransomed army
Singing now redeeming love.

4 I hope to meet you all in glory,
When my work on earth is o'er;
I hope to clasp your hands, rejoicing,
On the bright eternal shore.

—*Emma Pitt.*

## 258 Shall We All Meet at Home in the Morning.

Words Arranged. IRA D. SANKEY.



## 259 We'll All Gather Home in the Morning.

Words by Rev. I. Baltzell. Rev. I. Baltzell.



## 260 Our Lord is Now Rejected.

Words by EL NATHAN. J. McGRANAHAN.

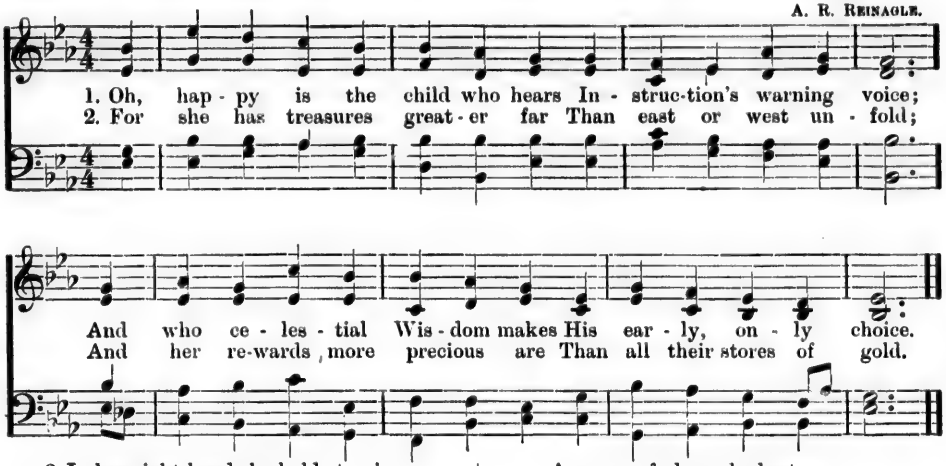


## Our Lord is Now Rejected—*Concluded.*



## 261 Oh, Happy is the Child who Hears. (St. Peter.—C.M.)

A. R. Reinagle.




3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

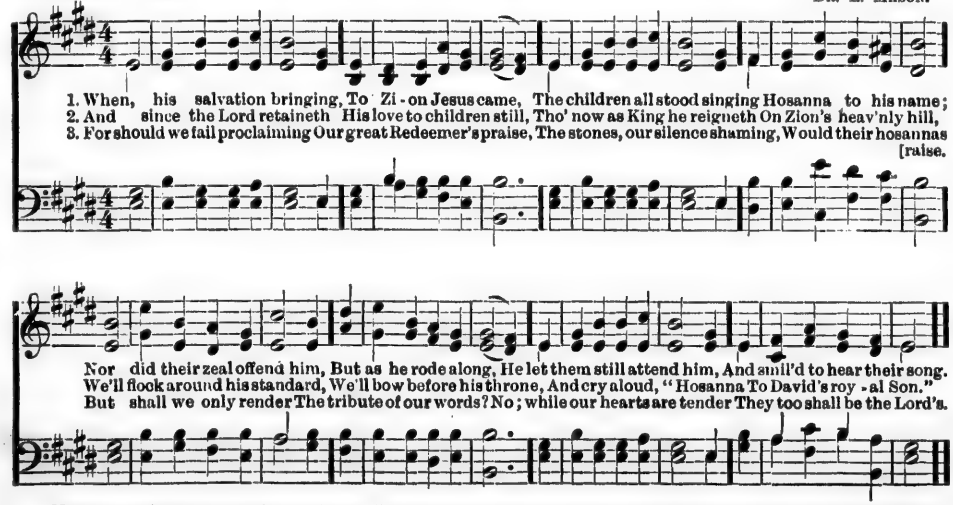
5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 262 When, His Salvation Bringing. (Missionary Hymn.—7s & 6s.)

Words by J. King.

Dr. L. Mason.




**Note.**—As time may occasionally be too limited for the making of suitable selections, the following Sabbath School hymns are collected here; yet a much larger number, adapted alike to Sabbath Schools and to Social Service, may be found in various parts of the book.

## 263 Hark! 'Tis the Shepherd's Voice I Hear.

Words by ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.



## 264 Lord, Bless Our Sabbath School To-Day!

G. FROELICH.




3 Bless those who teach and those who learn,
Send wisdom from above;
And may we for instruction yearn,
And all thy precepts love.

4 Lord, bless our school, the training-place
For Christian lives below;
Here we are taught thy face to seek,
That we thy grace may know.

—*Marian Froelich.*

## 265 Children, Loud Hosannas Singing. (Regent Square.—8,7,8,7,4,7.)

Words by Mrs. Steele. Sir Henry Smart.




## 266 Glory to the Father Give. (Maidstone.—8–7s.—Tune No. 80.)

1 Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.
Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

2 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a pentecost!
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire!
Glory to the highest be,
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love!"

—*Montgomery.*

## 267 Happy the Child. (St. Peter.—C.M.—Tune No. 261.)

1 Happy the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young:
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath:
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

*Isaac Watts*

## 268 When this Song of Praise Shall Cease. (Judah.—4-7s.)

Words by W. C. Bryant. J. V. Watts.

*Moderate*



## 269 Come to the Saviour, Make No Delay.

Words by GEO. F. ROOT.

*Earnestly*

GEO. F. ROOT.



## 270 See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph.

H. SMART.




3 Raise us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspiration
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory
In his heavenly citadel.

4 Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascended for us,
Who the heavenly realm hath won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
To our God in Persons three,
Glory both in earth and heaven,—
Glory, endless glory, be!

—*Bishop Wordsworth*

## 271 Arise, Go Forth to Conquer.

Words by G. J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



## 272 I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love.

Words by P. PHILLIPS. P. PHILLIPS.




2 I have heard how he suffered and bled,
How he languished and died on the tree;
But then is it anywhere said
That he languished and suffered for me?



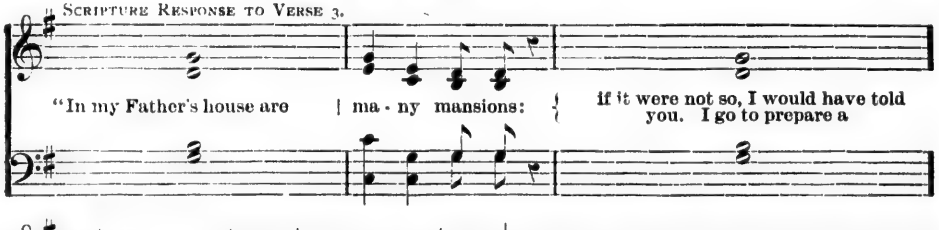

* When used in a School, the Responses may be chanted by a Children's Choir; or, if more convenient, read by the Superintendent.

## I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love—*Concluded.*




3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?

SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 3.

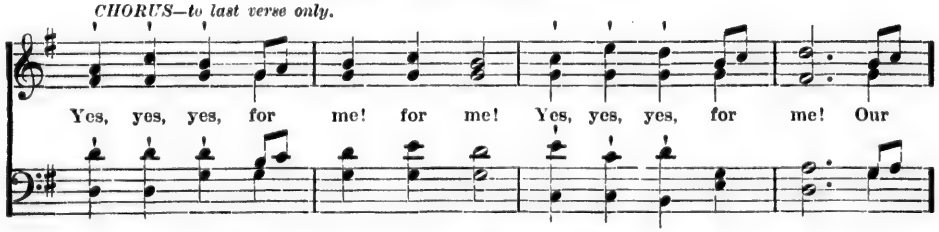






4 Lord, answer these questions of mine—
To whom shall I go but to thee?
And say, by thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

*CHORUS—to last verse only.*






## 273 When He Cometh, When He Cometh.

Words by W. O. CUSHING.

*Moderate*




## 274 Great God, Wilt Thou Condescend. (HURSLEY.–L.M.–TUNE NO. 157.)

1 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and praise thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.

—*Jane Taylor.*

## 275 Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us. (8,7,8,7,4,7.)

W. B. BRADBURY.




3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
‖: Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee. :‖

4 Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
‖: Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

—*D. A. Thrupp.*

## 276 Saviour, While My Heart is Tender. (CORNELL.–8s & 7s.–TUNE No. 166.)

1 Saviour, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine, and only thine, to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be thine;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way;
May thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on my heart.

—*J. Burton.*

## 277 Father, Bless Our School To-Day.

J. W. Bischoff.




3 Holy Spirit, mighty power,
Consecrate this Sabbath hour;
Unto us thine unction give;
Touch our souls that we may live.

4 Father, Holy Spirit, Son,
Sacred triune, Three in one,
Hear us, while once more we pray,
Bless our Sabbath school to-day.

—*Annie Cummings.*

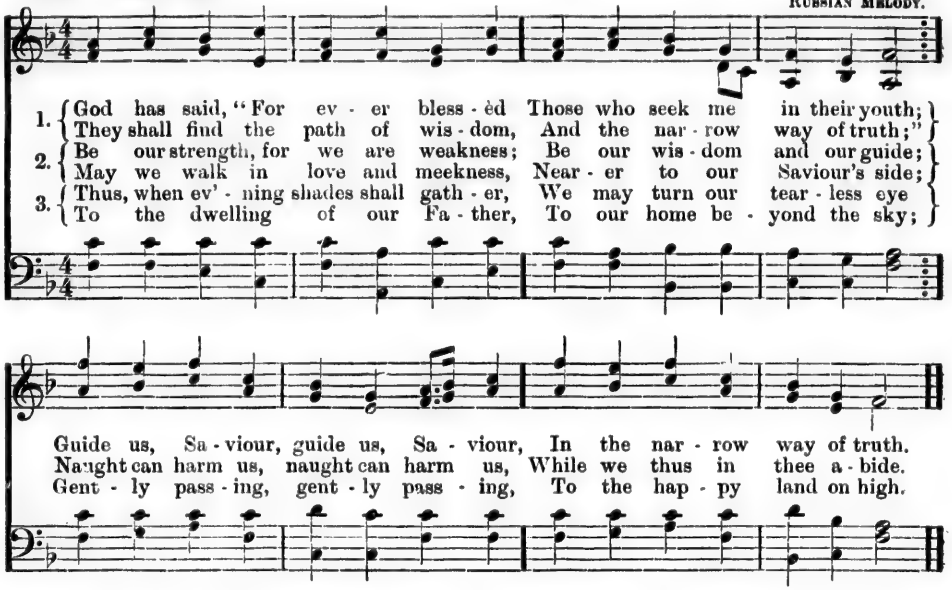
## 278 One More Hymn We'll Sing at Parting.

Words by GEORGE S. WEEKS. GEORGE S. WEEKS.



## 279 God has Said, "Forever Blessed." (Vesper Hymn. 8,7,8,7,4,7.)

Author of Words unknown. Russian Melody.




## 280 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me. (8s & 7s.)

Words by M. L. Duncan.



## 281 Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

S. J. VAIL.




3 Purer yet and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer,
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

4 Calmer yet and calmer,
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer,
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

—*S. J. Vail.*

## 282 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd. (8s & 7s.—TUNE No. 280.)

1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to thee;
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom, may we be.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
May we with thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

—*J. E. Leeson.*

## 283 Gentle, Holy Jesus. (Tune No. 281.)

1 Gentle, holy Jesus,
Saviour meek and mild,
Thou who once wast fashioned
Like a little child;
And in grace and meekness
Up to manhood grew;
Sharing human weakness,
Human sorrow too.

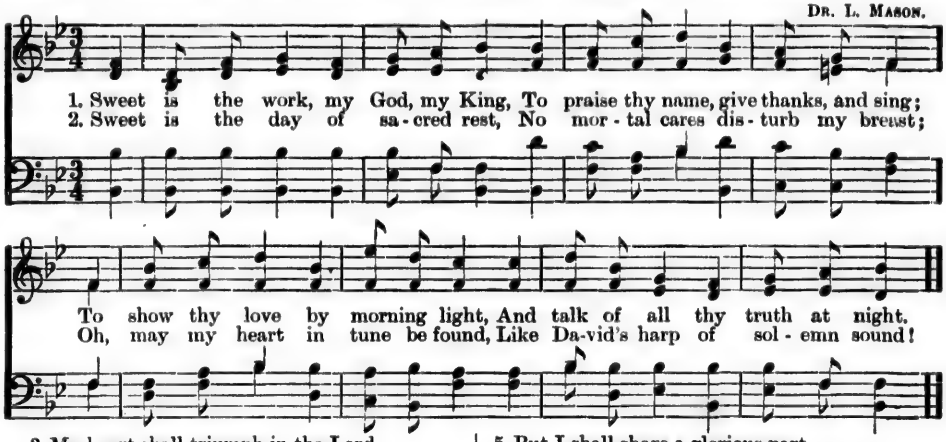
2 In thy word so holy,
Saviour, we can see,
That of us thou sayest,
"Let them come to me."
Glad we come! and render
All we have to give:
While our hearts are tender,
Help us, Lord, to live

3 Like thy young disciples,
That the world may see
We are taught by Jesus,
And have learned of thee.
May we copy closely
Him we so much love,
Till we bear his likeness,
Perfected above.

—*Mrs. Whitefield.*

## 284 Sweet is the Work, My God, My King. (Hebron.—L.M.)

Dr. L. Mason.




3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 285 Lord of the Sabbath, Hear Our Vows. (St. Alban.–L.M.–Tune No. 99.)

1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 Oh, long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

—*Dr. Doddridge.*

## 286 With Joy We Hail the Sacred Day. (St. Peter.–C.M.–Tune No. 261.)

1 With joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temples, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Thy gospel's glorious light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own!
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

—*Harriet Auber.*

## 287 Safely Through Another Week. (Sabbath Morn.—6–7s.)

Words by J. Newton. Dr. L. Mason.



## 288 Oh, Day of Rest and Gladness. (AURELIA.—7s & 6s.—TUNE No. 27.)

1 Oh, day of rest and gladness,
Oh, day of joy and light,
Oh, balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One.

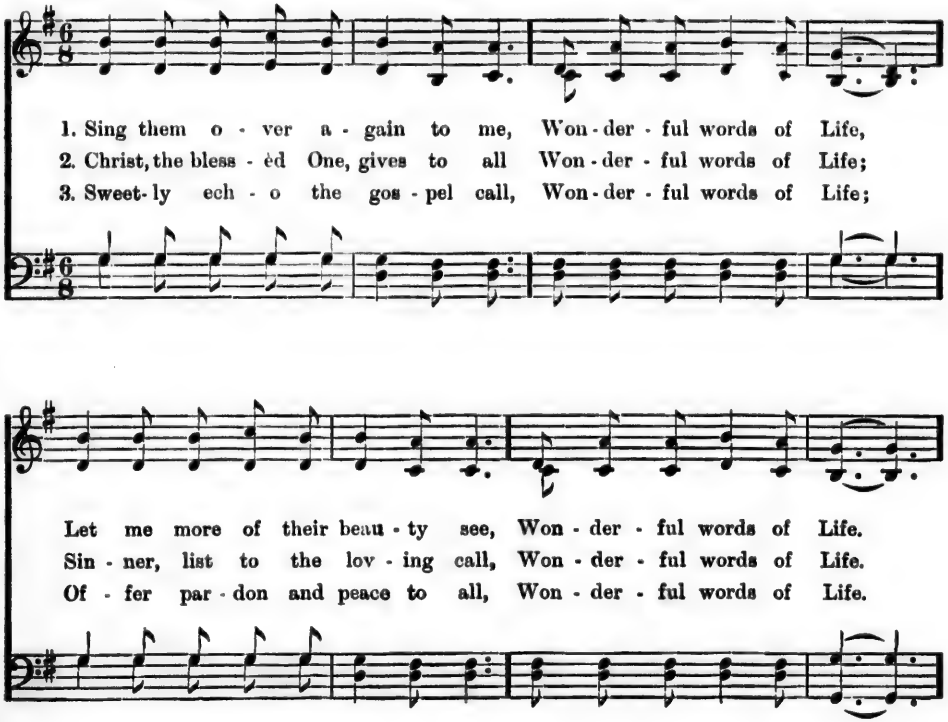
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

—*Bishop Wordsworth.*

## 289 Sing Them Over Again to Me.

Words by P. P. BLISS.

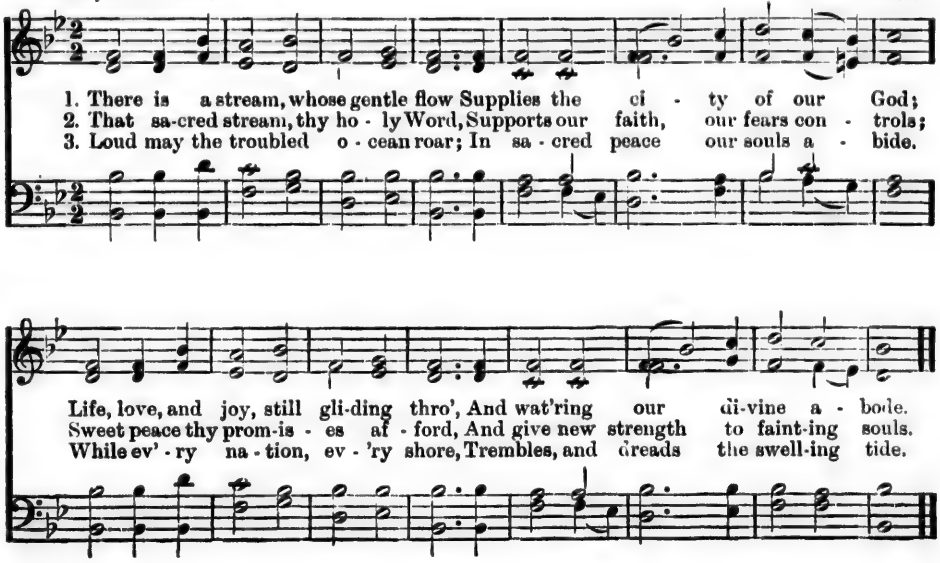


## Sing Them Over Again to Me—*Concluded.*




## 290 There is a Stream, Whose Gentle Flow. (WARD.—L.M.)

Words by ISAAC WATTS. DR. L. MASON.



## 291 Let Everlasting Glories Crown. (GERMANY.—L.M.)

BEETHOVEN.




3 How well thy blessèd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

—*Isaac Watts.*

## 292 Father of All, in Whom Alone We Live. (TALLIS.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 4.)

1 Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

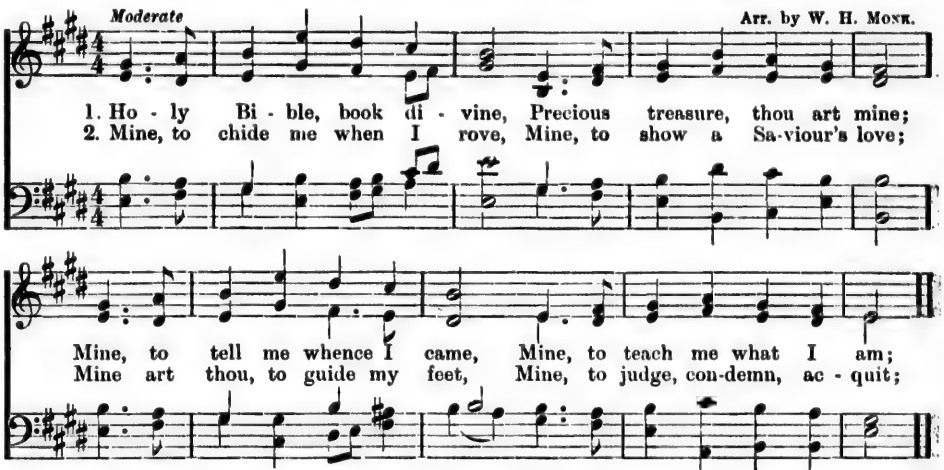
2 While in thy Word we search for thee,
We search with trembling awe!
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 293 Holy Bible, Book Divine. (INNOCENTS.—4-7s.)



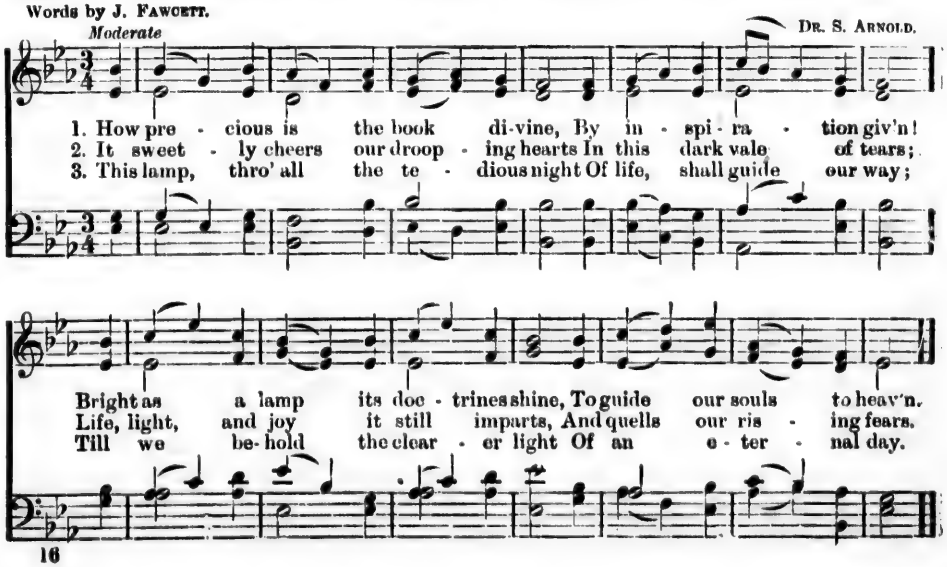

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine

—*J. Burton.*

## 294 How Precious is the Book Divine. (ARNOLD.—C.M.)

Words by J. FAWCETT.



## 295 Father of Mercies. (St. Agnes, Durham.—C.M. —Tune No. 134.)

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

—*Miss Steele.*

## 296 I Love to Tell the Story.

Words by Kate Hankey. W. G. Fischer.



## 297 A Few More Years Shall Roll. (LEOMINSTER.—S.M.)

G. W. MARTIN.




3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

6 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again;
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

—*H. Bonar.*

## 298 Glory to God in the Highest.

Words by W. T. MATSON.

*Full Chorus.* *ff*

1. Glo-ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the
2. Glo-ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the
3. Glo-ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the

*Semi-Chorus or Duet.*

high-est, Shall be our song to - day. An - oth - er year's rich mer-cies prove, His
high-est, Shall be our song to - day. The song that woke the glorious morn, When
high-est, Shall be our song to - day. Oh, may we an un - bro - ken band, A -

ceaseless care and boundless love, So let our loudest voices raise, Our glad and grateful songs of praise.
Da - vid's greater Son was born, Sung by an heav'nly host, and we, Would join the angel- ic company.
round the throne of Jesus stand, And there with angels and the throng, Of his redeem'd ones join the [song.

*Full Chorus.* *f*

Glo - ry to God in the highest, Glo - ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry, glo-ry,

## Glory to God in the Highest—*Concluded.*




## 299 Angels, from the Realms of Glory. (Helmsley.—8,7,8,7,4,7.)

Rev. Thomas Oliver.




3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

—*Montgomery.*

## 300 Brightest and Best. (11s & 10s.—Tune No. 79.)

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

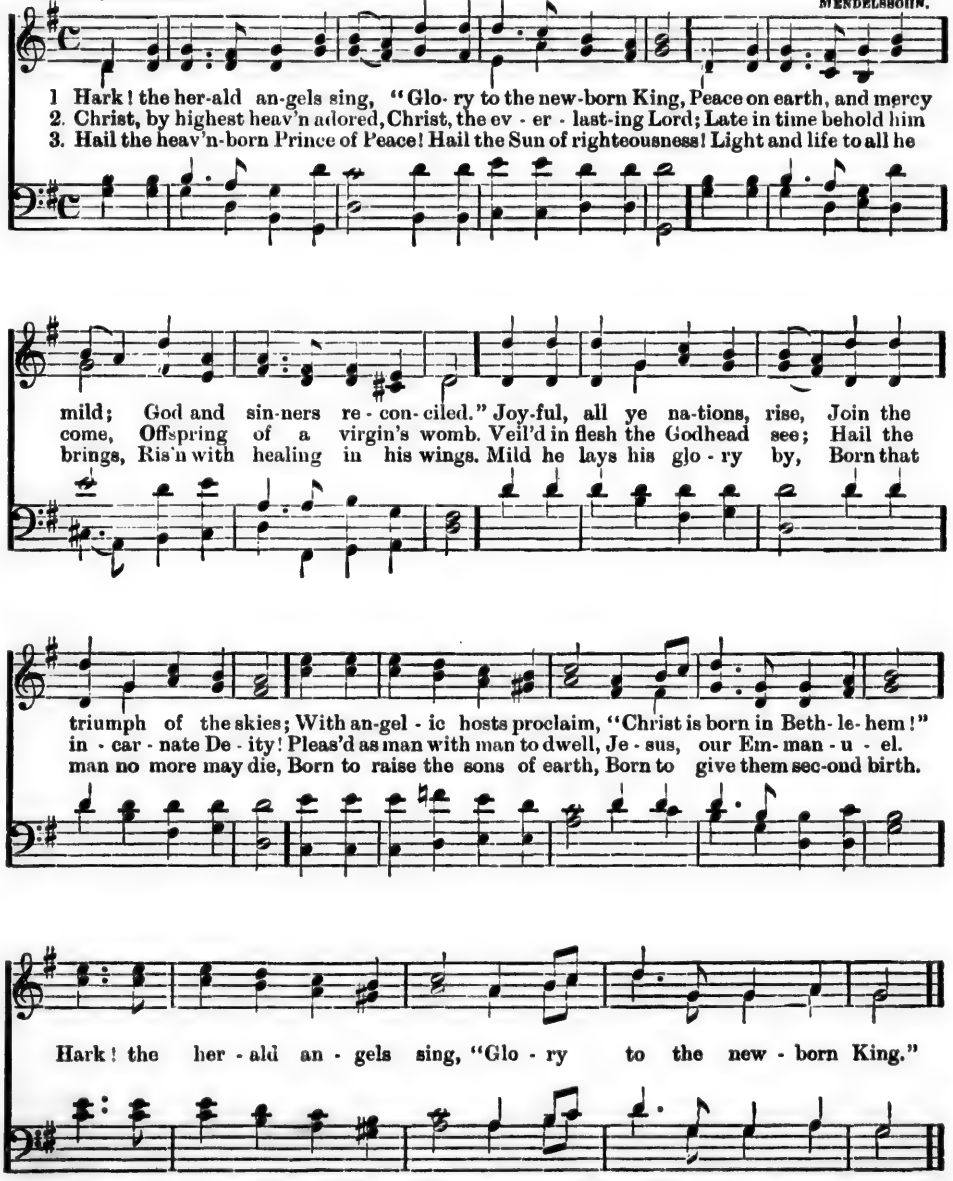
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

—*Bishop Heber.*

## 301 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing. (MENDELSSOHN.—7s.)

Words by C. WESLEY. MENDELSSOHN.



## 302 Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices? (8s & 7s.)

Words by J. Cawood.

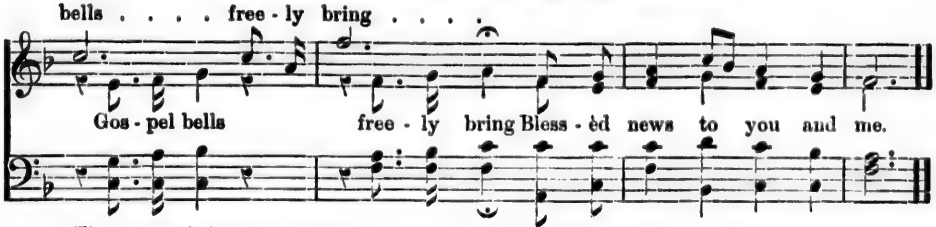


## 303 The Gospel Bells are Ringing.

S. Wesley Martin.



## The Gospel Bells are Ringing—*Concluded.*




3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who forever will delay.
"Escape ye, for thy life;
Tarry not in all the plain,
Nor behind thee look, oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified.
"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring,
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

—*J. H. Martin.*

## 304 Joy to the World! the Lord is Come. (ANTIOCH.—C.M.)

HANDEL.

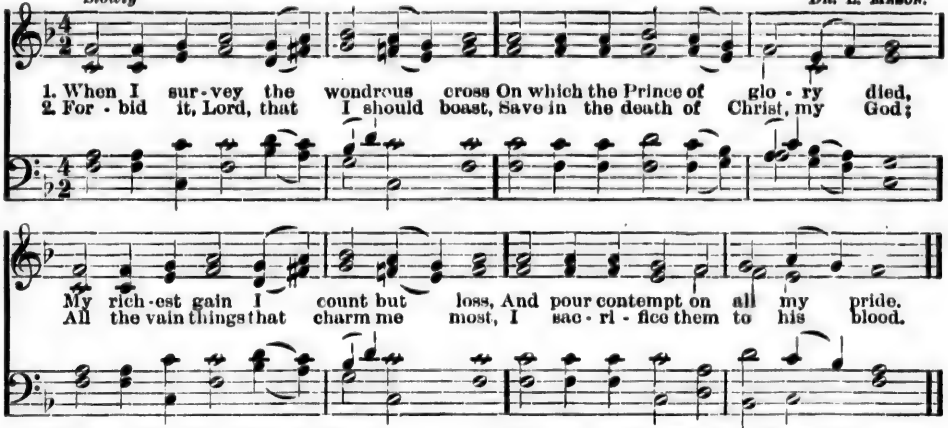



3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. —*Isaac Watts.*

## 305 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross. (HAMBURG.—L.M.)

*Slowly* DR. L. MASON.




*p* 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

*f* 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*—Isaac Watts.*

## 306 Behold the Saviour of Mankind. (DUNDEE.—C.M.—TUNE 104.)

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

*S. Wesley, Senr.*

## 307 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed? (C.M.)

ASA HULL.




3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

*—Isaac Watts.*

## 308 Low in the Grave He Lay.

Words by Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.



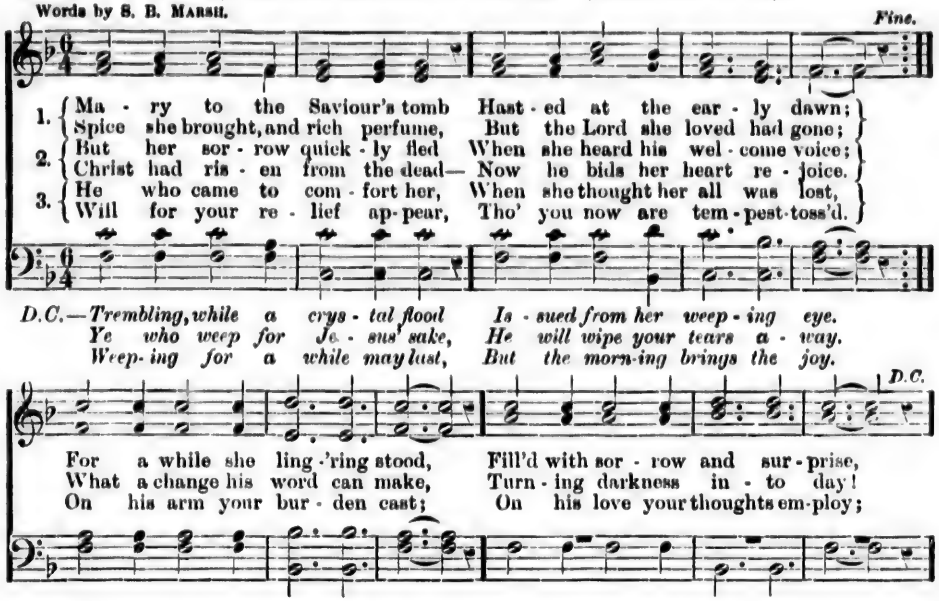
## 309 Ring, Ring the Bells Over Ocean and Shore.

Words by FLORA L. BEST. REV. R. LOWRY.



## 310 Mary to the Saviour's Tomb. (MARTYN.—8-7s.)

Words by S. B. MARSH.




## 311 "Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-Day!" (MERCY—4-7s.)

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.




3 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

4 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,—
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love. —*C. Wesley.*

## 312 Come, Ye Saints, Behold. (Crown Him.—8,7,8,7,4,7.—Tune No. 314.)

1 Come, ye saints, behold and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
‖: Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day. :‖

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame;
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
‖: Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name. :‖

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessèd regions,
They shall join his praise to sing;
‖: Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring :‖

—*T. Kelly.*

## 313 We Shall Sleep, But Not Forever.

Words by M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail.



## 314 Look, Ye Saints, the Sight is Glorious!

Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.




3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark the bursts of acclamation!
Hark those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords!

—*T. Kelly.*

## 315 Oh, Praise Ye the Lord with a Trumpet Sound.

W. H. DOANE.

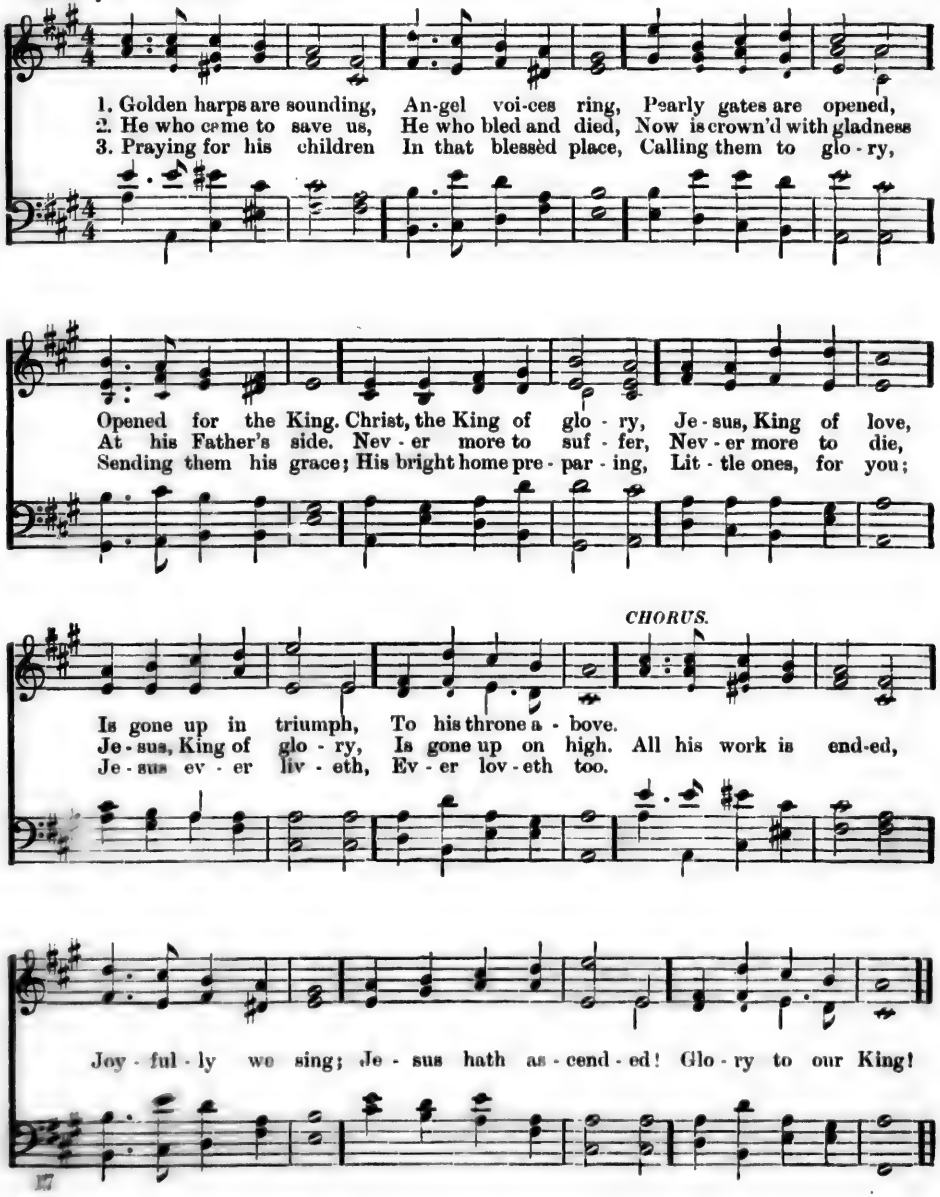



3 Oh, lift up your heads, all ye portals fair,
For the King everlasting to enter there;
He comes with a shout to his throne on high,
And loud hallelujahs now burst from the sky.

4 All honour to him, our exalted King!
Unto him all the praise let his children sing;
His truth and his mercy shall be our light,
A pillar to lead us by day and by night.
—*D. D.*

## 316 Golden Harps are Sounding.

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL.



## 317 Jesus Shall Reign. (L.M.)

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

KARL WILHELM.



## 318 From Greenland's Icy Mountains. (7s & 6s.—Tune No. 262.)

(Missionary Hymn.)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

—*Bishop Heber.*

## 319 The Morning Light is Breaking. (Webb.—7s & 6s.—Tune No. 195.)

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

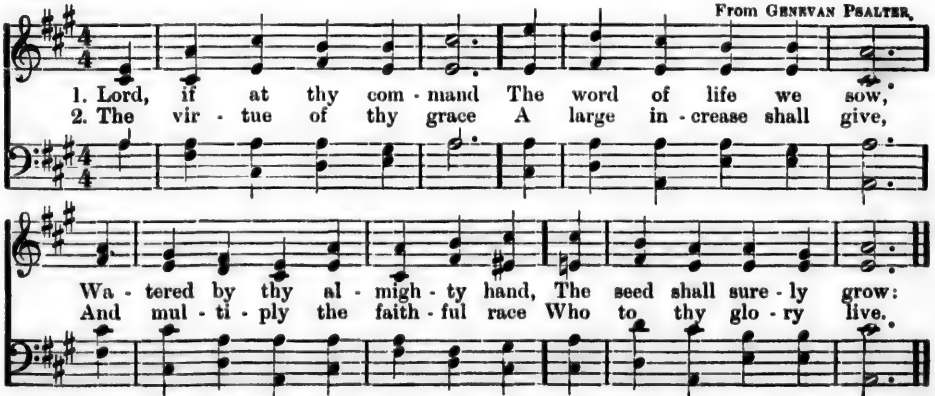
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

—*S. F. Smith.*

## 320 Lord, if at Thy Command. (St. Michael.—S.M.)

From Genevan Psalter.




3 Now then the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.

4 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

—*C. Wesley.*

## 321 A Better Day is Coming.

REV. R. LOWRY.



## A Better Day is Coming—*Concluded.*




## 322 Hark! the Song of Jubilee. (MENDELSSOHN.—7s.—TUNE NO. 301.)

1 Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

—*Montgomery*

## 323 Into a Tent Where a Gipsy Boy Lay.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a Gipsy tent. Bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered, "Nobody ever told me."

R. M. McINTOSH.



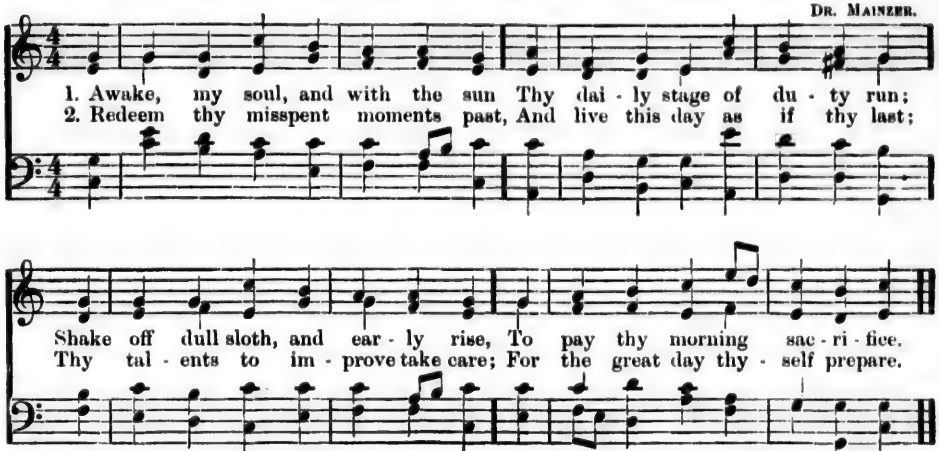

3 Bending, we caught the last words of his breath,
Just as he entered the valley of death:
"God sent his Son! - whosoever?"—said he;
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"

4 Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent,
"I am so glad that for me he was sent!"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,
"Lord, I believe! tell it now to the rest!"

—*Mrs. M. B. Stadé.*

## 324 Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun. (Morning Hymn.—L.M.)

Dr. Mainzer.



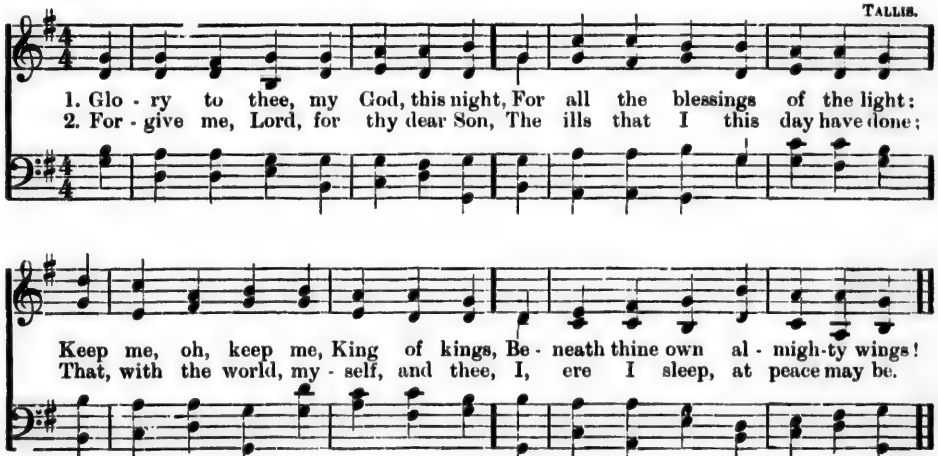

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King.

—*Bishop Ken.*

## 325 Glory to Thee, My God, this Night. (Evening Hymn.—L.M.)

Tallis.




3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

—*Bishop Ken.*

## 326 Now the Daylight Goes Away. (Vespers.—4–7s.)

German Evening Hymn.




3 Let my near and dear ones be,
Always near and dear to thee;
Oh, bring me and all I love
To thy happy home above.

4 Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live;
All my blessings come from thee,
Oh, how good thou art to me!

5 Thou my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love thee more and more,
Always better than before.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

## 327 Softly Fades the Twilight Ray. (Judah.—4–7s.—Tune No. 268.)

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

—*S. F. Smith.*

## 328 Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear. (Hursley.–L.M.–Tune No. 157.)

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

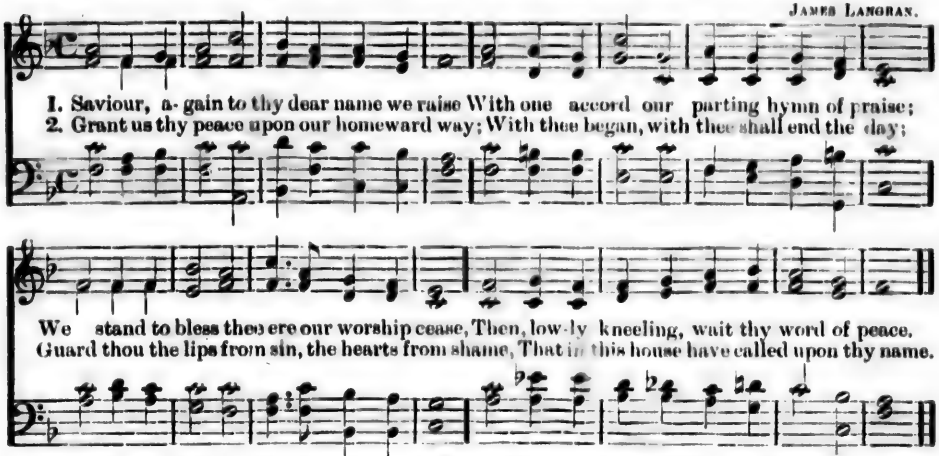
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

—*J. Keble.*

## 329 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise. (St. Agnes.—10s.)

James Langran.



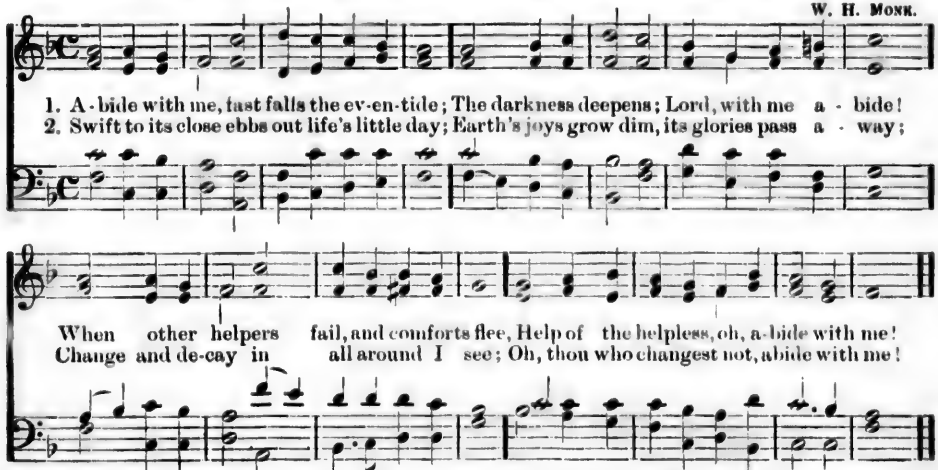

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free;
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

—*J. Ellerton.*

## 330 Abide with Me, Fast Falls the Eventide. (Eventide.—10s.)

W. H. Monk.




3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Reveal thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

—*H. F. Lyte.*

## 331 Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing. (ITALIAN CHORALE.—8s & 7s.)

Words by J. EDMESTON. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



## 332 There's a Demon in the Glass—Dash it Down!

REV. R. LOWRY.



## 333 The Army of Temperance is Gathering Its Men.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



## The Army of Temperance is Gathering Its Men—*Concluded.*




3 The foe may out-number us many a score,
But our leaders are valiant, and ne'er will give o'er:
Our cause is humane, we shall triumph o'er wrong,
Then come join our army and be marching along.

4 From mountain to lakes, from the gulf to the strand,
Our army is marching in strength through the land;
In Love, Faith, and Purity we still will grow strong,
Then come join our army and be marching along.

—*J. W. Bunce.*

## 334 Hark! the Temperance Bells are Ringing.

Words by W. S. WM. STEVENSON.



## 335 Homes There Are of Want and Sorrow.

Words by Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

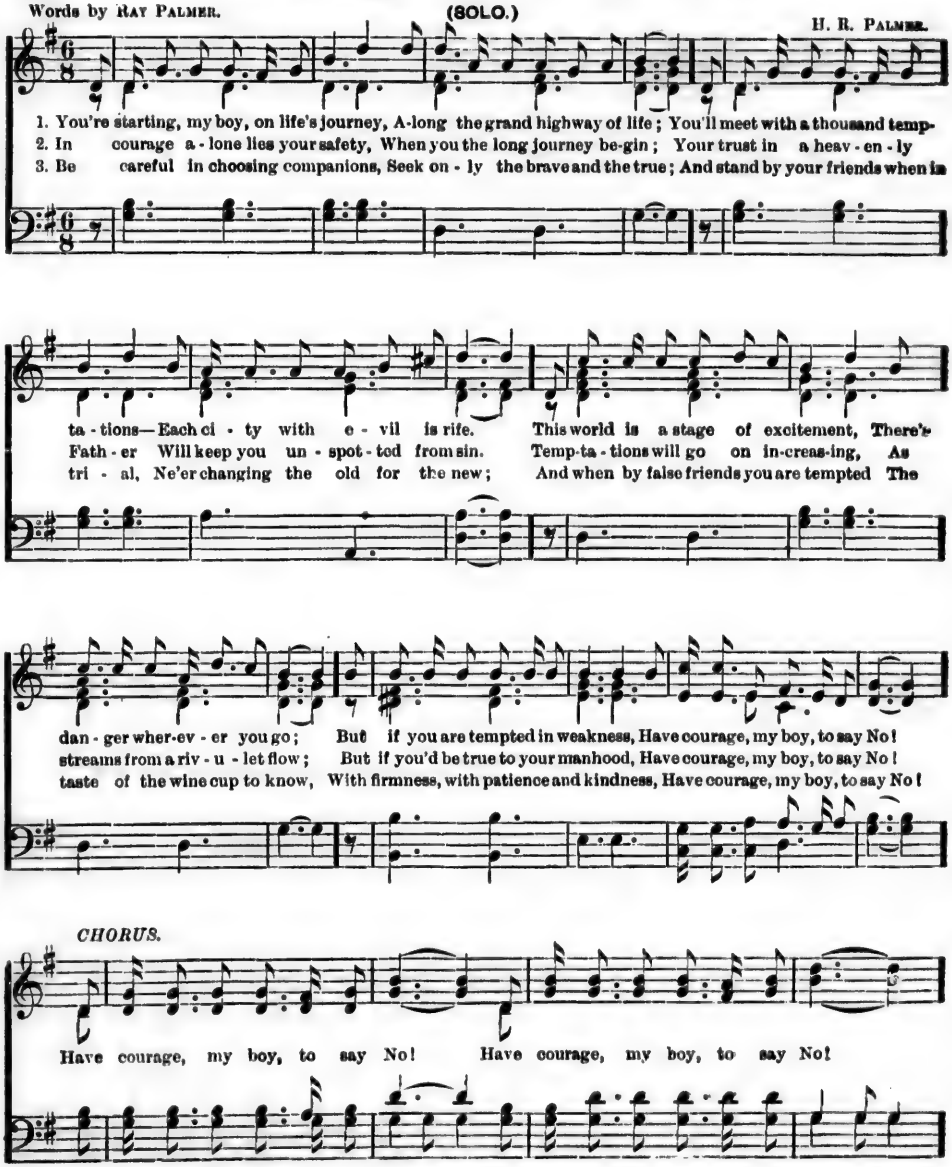


## Homes There Are of Want and Sorrow—*Concluded.*



## 336 Have Courage, My Boy, to Say "No!"

Words by RAY PALMER. (SOLO.) H. R. PALMER.



## Have Courage, My Boy, to Say "No!"—*Concluded.*




## 337 Friends of Temperance, Onward Go.



## 338 See, the Church of Christ Arises.

Words by A. Sargent. Harmonized by W. A. Ogden.

*Spirited*



## See, the Church of Christ Arises—*Concluded.*



## 339 Give Thanks Unto God, Who is Able and Willing.

Words by M. E. Servoss. (DUET.) H. R. Palmer.



## Give Thanks Unto God, Who is Able and Willing—*Concluded.*



## 340 God Save Our Gracious Queen. (6,6,4,6,6,6,4.)

NATIONAL AIR




## 341 Eternal Source of Every Joy. (EUCHARIST.—L.M.—TUNE NO. 204.)

1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

6 Oh, may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more

—*Doddridge.*

## 342 Conducted By Thy Hand. (DARWELL.—6s & 8s.)

REV. J. DARWELL.




## 343 Sing to the Great Jehovah's Praise! (ABRIDGE.–C.M.–TUNE NO. 132.)

1 Sing to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

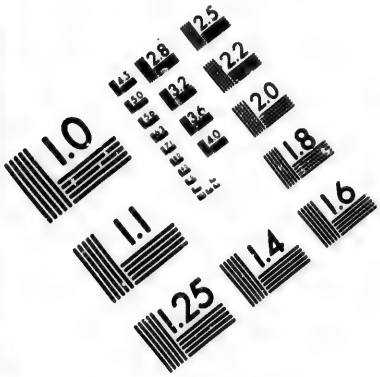
3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

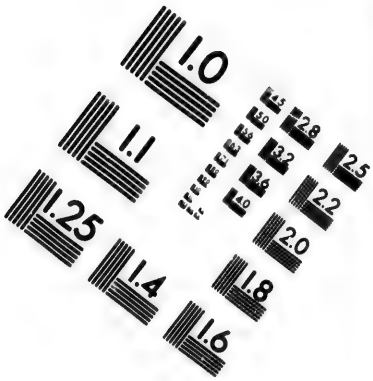
4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be,
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee.

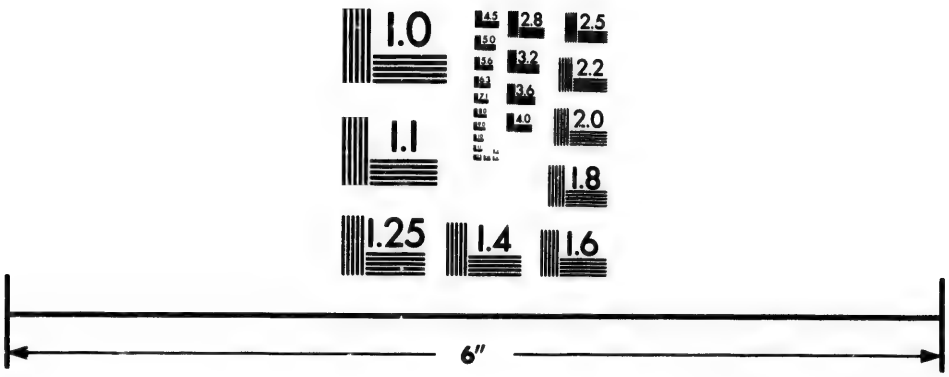
—*C. Wesley.*

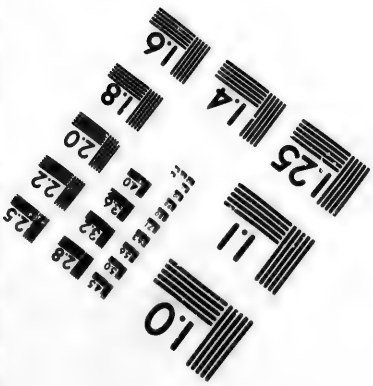


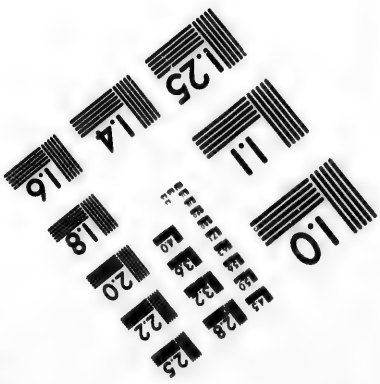



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## 344 Come, Let Us Anew Our Journey Pursue. (10,5,11.)

*Spirited.* REV. LE ROY HOOKER.




3 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

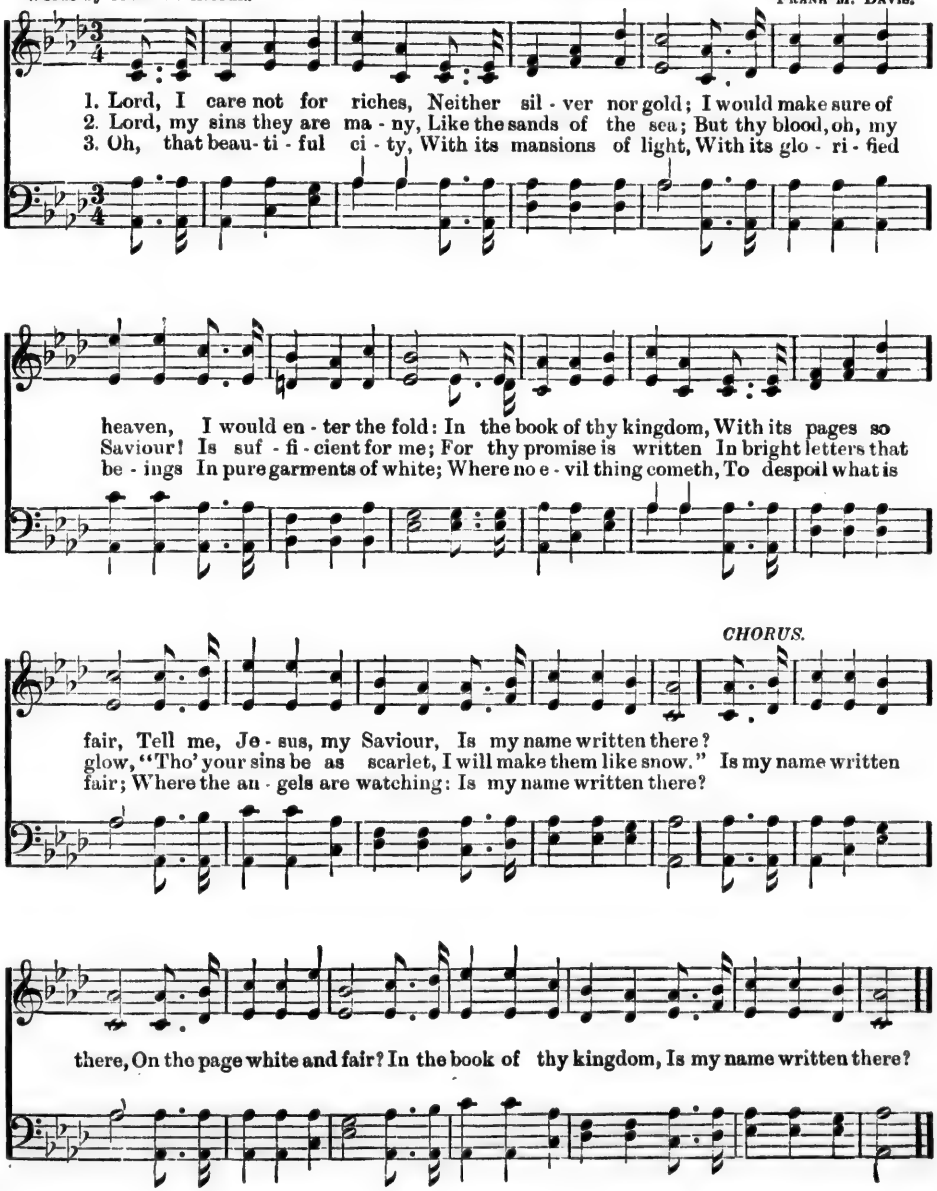
5 Oh, that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

6 Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

—*C. Wesley.*

## 345 Lord, I Care Not for Riches.

Words by MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS.



## 346 Oh, Come, Let Us Sing Unto the Lord. (CHANT.–C.M.–TUNE NO. 21.)

(VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.)

1 Oh, come, let us sing un- | -to the | Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | -vation.

2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | -giving: and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great — | God: and a great | King a- | -bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: and the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.

5 The sea is his, | and he | made it: and his hands pre- | -pared the | dry — | land.

6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down: and kneel be- | -fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his — | hand.

8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness: let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

*9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

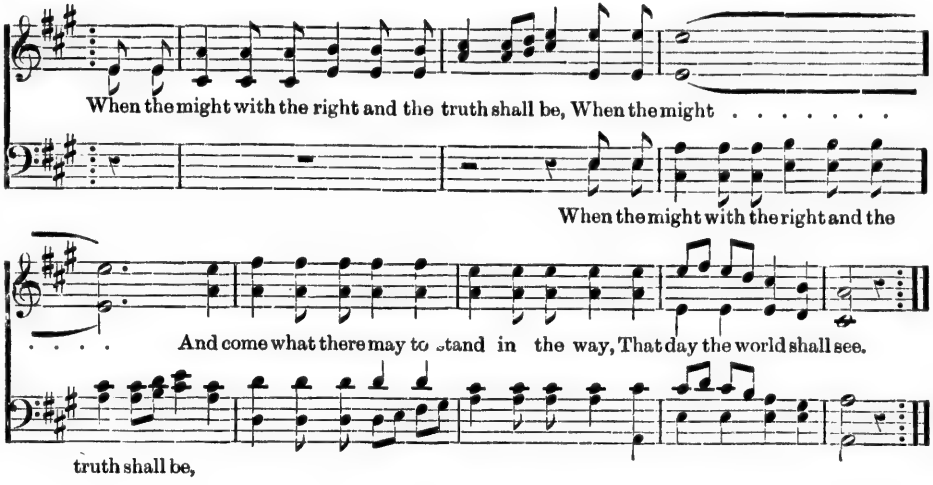
11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be · world | without | end. A- | -men.

*Begin at middle of the chant.

## 347 May Every Year But Draw More Near.



## May Every Year But Draw More Near—*Concluded.*




## 348 All Things Beautiful and Fair. (NUREMBERG.—7S.)




3 Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above
Softly murmur, "God is love!"

4 He who dwelleth high in heaven,
Unto us hath all things given;
Let us, as through life we move,
Ever feel that "God is love!"

—*Unknown.*

## 349 Called to the Feast by the King are We.

E. S. Lorenz




3 Like lightning's flash will that instant show
Things hidden long from both friend and foe,
Just what we are will each neighbour know
When the King comes in.

4 Joyful shall his eye on each one rest
Who is in white wedding garments dressed,
Ah, well for us if we stand the test
When the King comes in.

—*J. E. Landor.*

## 350 Happy Man Whom God Doth Aid! (St. George.—7s.)

Words by C. Wesley.

*Cheerful*

Sir G. Elvey.



## 351 I Will Tell it to Jesus, My Lord.

J. M. WHYTE.




By permission of J. M. WHYTE.

## I Will Tell it to Jesus, My Lord—*Concluded.*




3 When weary with toiling and ready to faint,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
He never refuses to hear my complaint,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.
I'll cheerfully bear it, when I've Jesus to share it,
His yoke it is easy, his burden is light,
When life becomes dreary, and I'm footsore and weary,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

4 When darkness is dimming my path to the sky,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
When helpers shall fail me and comforts shall fly,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.
Though blurred my life's pages by my sin and its wages,
He's yesterday, now, and forever the same,
I'll not be forsaken, tho' my life should be taken,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

—*J. M. Whyte.*

## 352 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy. (VERMONT.–8s & 7s.–TUNE No. 47.)

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the favour of our Lord.

F. W. *Faber.*

## 353 At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set. (St. Crispin.—L.M.—Tune No. 158.)

1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

5 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

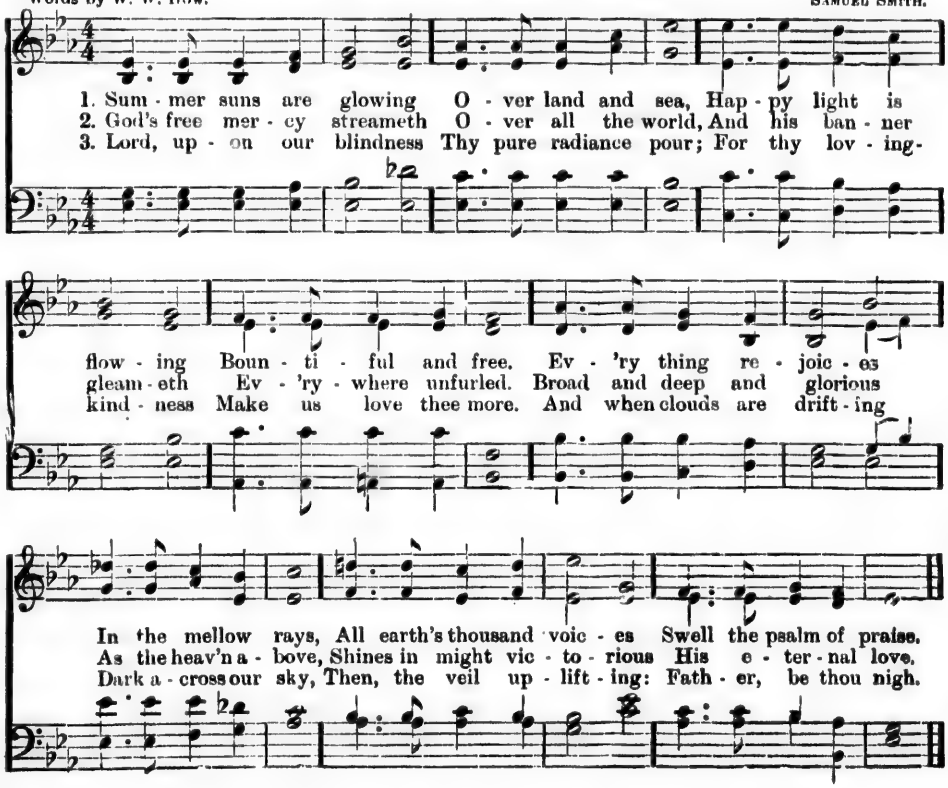
6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

—*H. Twells.*

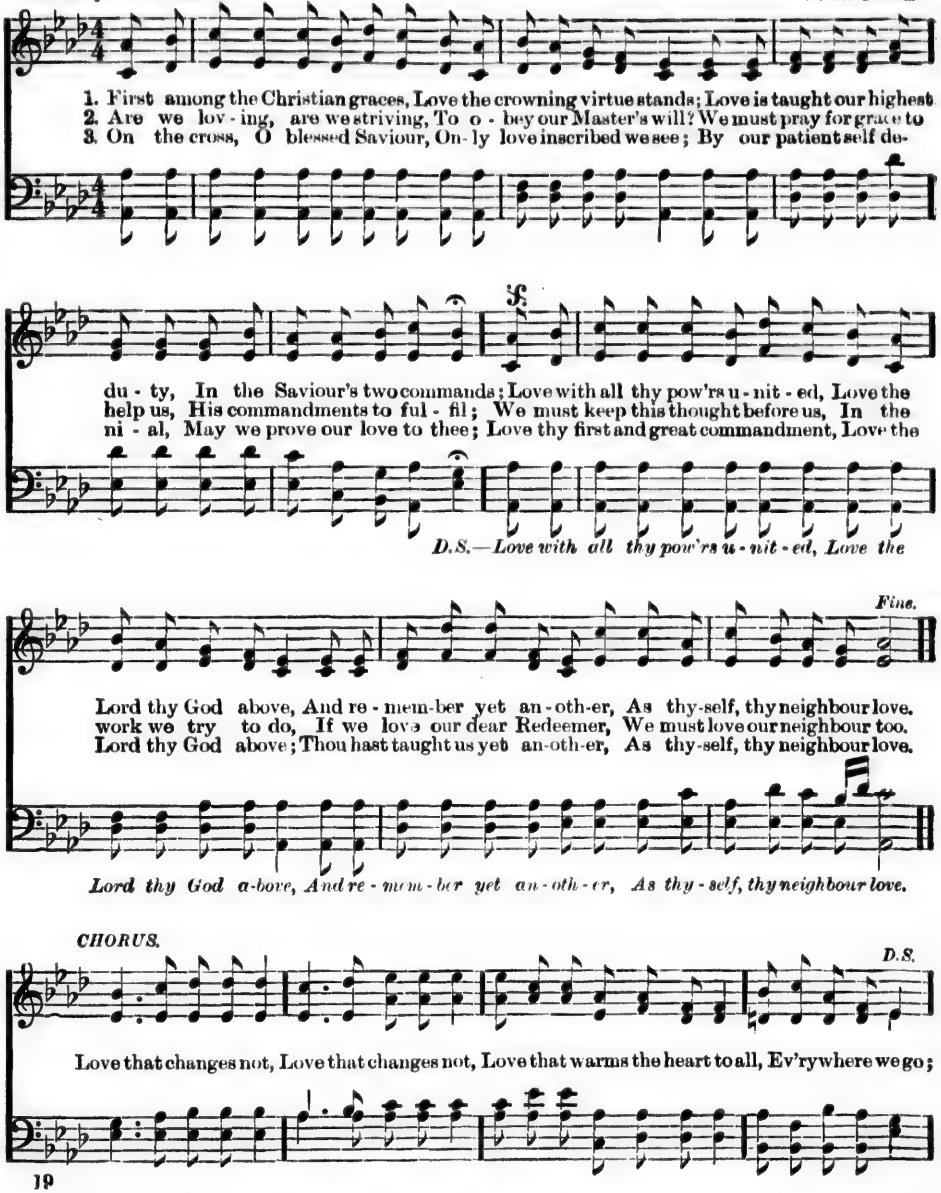
## 354 Summer Suns Are Glowing.

Words by W. W. How. Samuel Smith.



## 355 First Among the Christian Graces.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

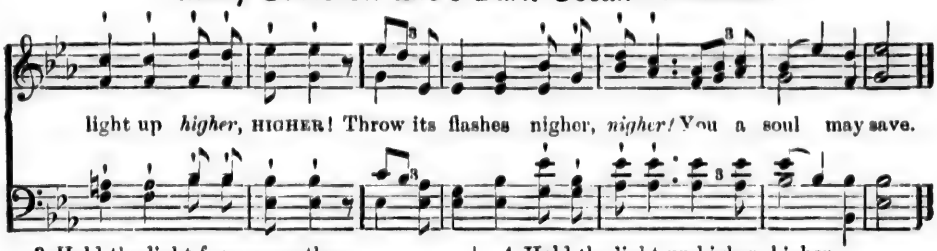


## 356 Many Souls on Life's Dark Ocean.

T. C. O'K.



## Many Souls on Life's Dark Ocean—*Concluded.*




3 Hold the light for one another,
'Tis the Lord's command;
Seize the shipwrecked, drowning brother,
With a manly hand;
Rouse him up to life and action,
Ply the means to save,
And by love's divine attraction,
Lift him from the wave.

4 Hold the light up higher, higher,
Thousands need your aid;
Throw its flashes nigher, nigher,
Urge, constrain, persuade:
Borrow torches from the altar,
Blazing like the sun,
Hold them up, nor flag nor falter,
Till the work is done.

—*W. Hunter.*

## 357 Here, O My Lord, I See Thee. (St. Agnes.—10s.—Tune No. 329.)

1 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

—*H. Bonar.*

## 358 O God of Bethel. (Tallis.—C.M.—Tune No. 4.)

1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

—*Dr. Doddridge.*

## 359 God Be With You Till We Meet Again.

W. G. Tomer.




3 God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

*J. E. Rankin.*

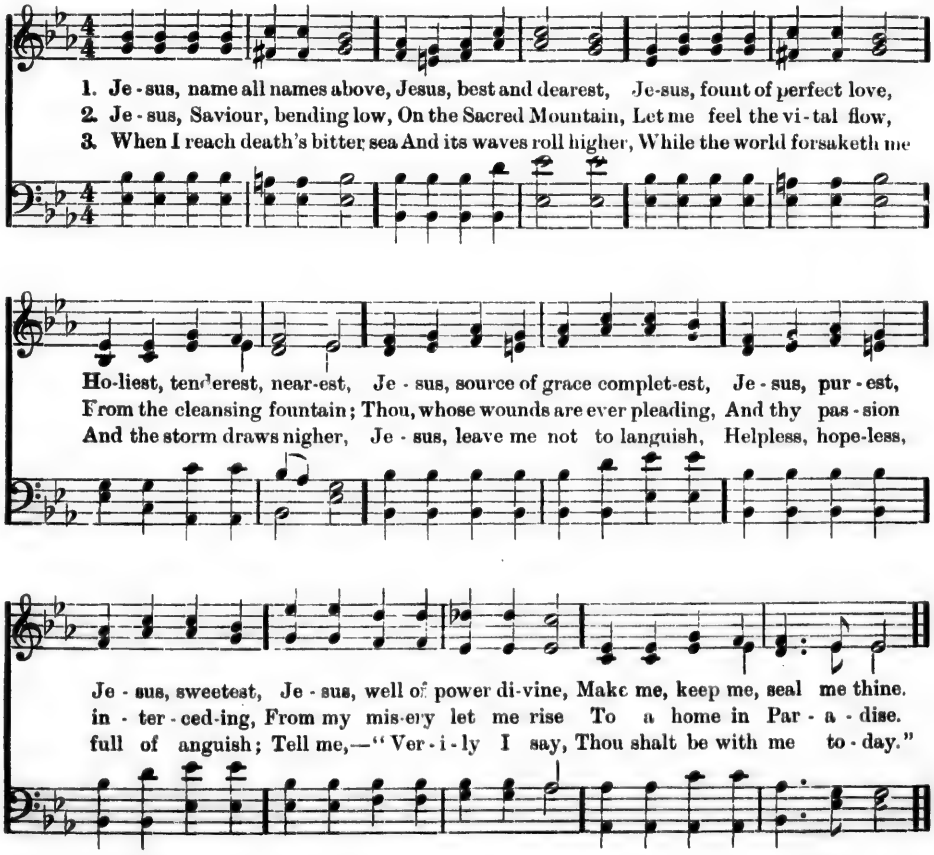
# ADDITIONAL HYMNS

FOR

## PRAYER CIRCLES, SOCIAL MEETINGS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

**360** **Jesus, Name all Names Above.**

J. M. NEALE, *Tr.* L. O. EMERSON.



## 361 Jesus All My Grief is Sharing.

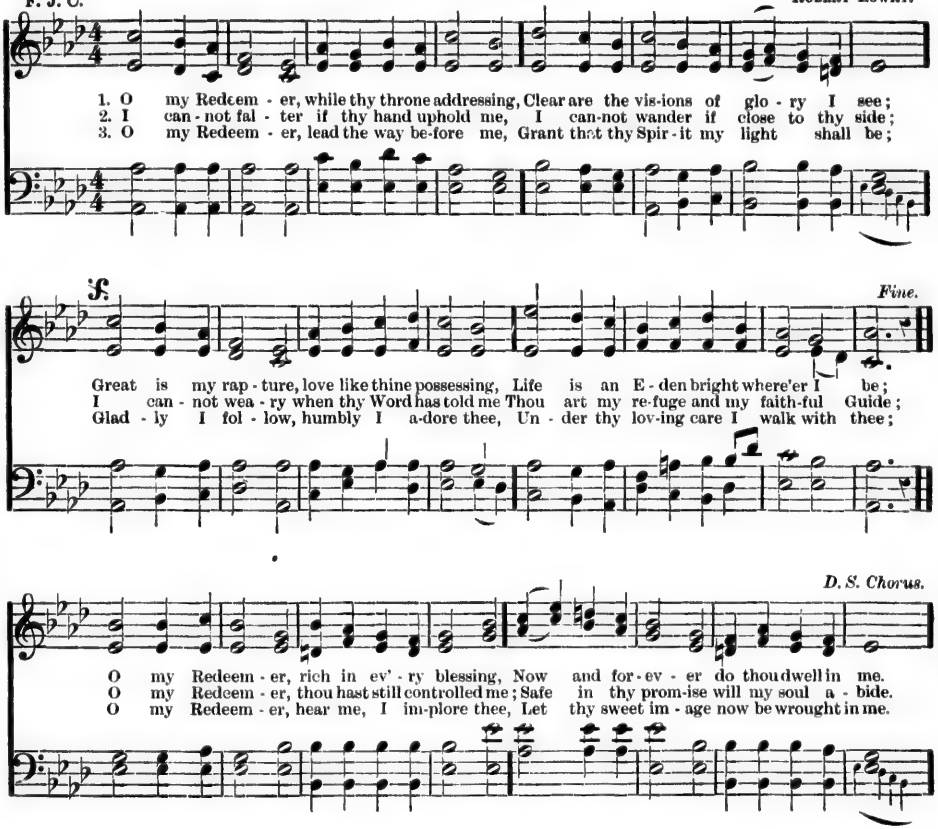
Words by Rev. C. W. Ray, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*Andante*



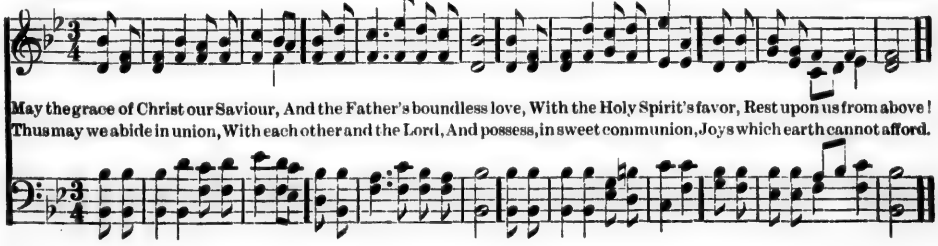
## 362 O My Redeemer!

F. J. C. ROBERT LOWRY.




## 363 May the Grace of Christ Our Saviour.

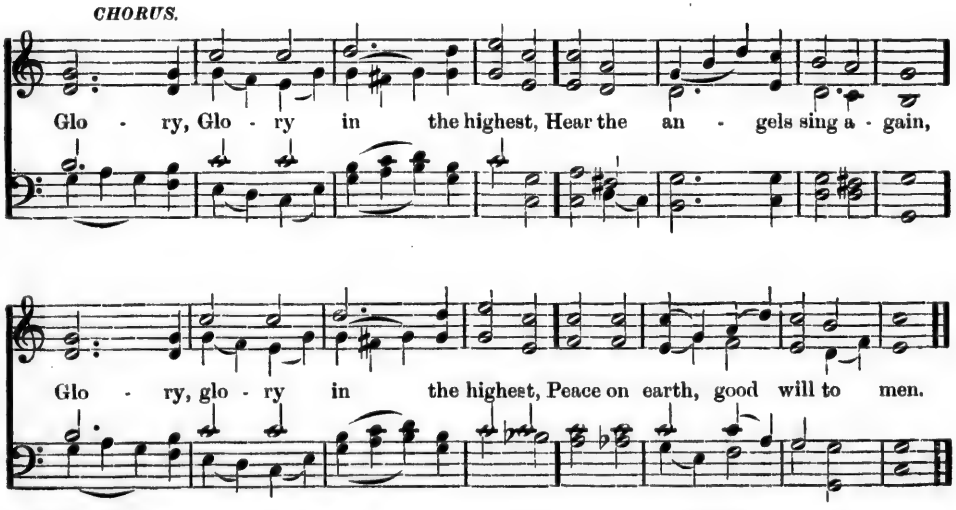
J. NEWTON. D. E. JONES.



## 364 Hear Ye Now the Gladsome Tidings.

ADAM GRIEBEL.




3 Lift your heads, ye heavy hearted,
Shout for joy! ye captive souls;
Christ, the great Deliverer cometh;
How the heavenly music rolls.

4 Now the Lord of glory waiteth,
To redeem a world from sin;
Throw each heart's-door wide to greet him,
Bid the King Immanuel in.

—*M. E. Servoss.*

## 365 Oh, Let Us Be Glad.

Words by VINNIE VERNON. T. FRANK ALLEN.



## 366 When I Walk in God's Clear Sunlight.

W. F. SHERWIN.




3 Though all friendships may be broken,
And the hand of death be laid,
In his might and love confiding,
I shall never be afraid.

4 When to me shall come the glory
Of the heavenly mansions bright,
Still the song will I be singing
In that home of pure delight.

—*C. R. Blackall*

## 367 At Thy Feet, Our God and Father. (TUNE NO. 366.)

1 At thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
And begin the year with praise—
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for thy love most tender
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise thee and surrender
All our hearts to be thine own.
With so true a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
When thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from thee.
Spread thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till thy glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate.

—*J. D. Burns*

## 368 O Holy Saviour! Friend Unseen.

Arr. from FLEMMING.




3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!—*Miss C. Elliott.*

## 369 Now the Day is Over.

BARNBY.




4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes. —*S. B. Gould.*

## 370 Make a Friend of Jesus.

Words by E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

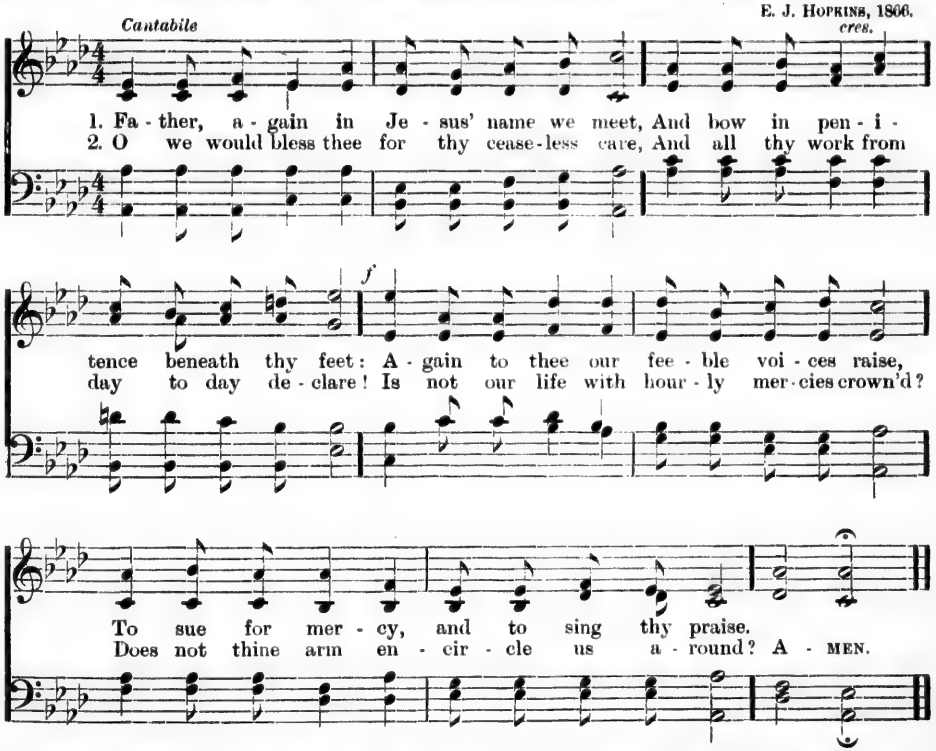


## Make a Friend of Jesus—*Concluded.*




## 371 Father, Again in Jesus' Name We Meet. (ELLERS.)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1866.




3 We are unworthy of thy boundless love,
To oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in! AMEN.

—*Lady Whitmore, 1824.*

## 372 Wonderful Story of Love.

Words by Rev. J. M. D. Rev. J. M. Driver.

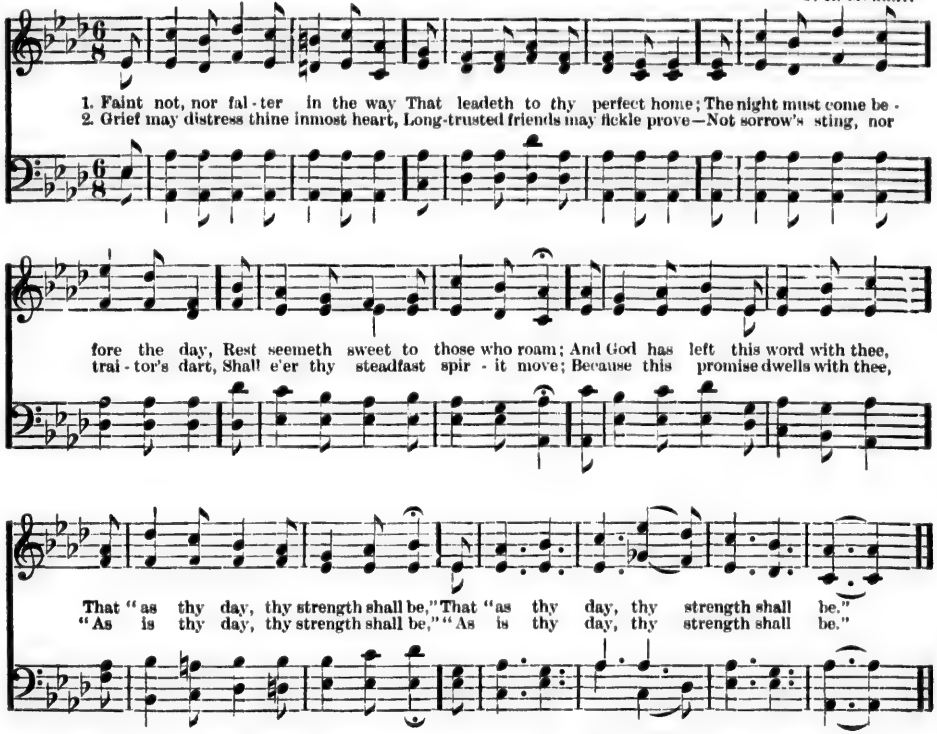


## Wonderful Story of Love—*Concluded.*




## 373 Faint Not, Nor Falter in the Way.

J. R. MURRAY.




3 Pain may thine earthly ease displace,
Disease enfeeble all thy powers;
Ev'n cheerful hope may veil her face,
And lingering moments seem as hours;
Yet still this promise is to thee,
"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 Then trust thy God whate'er betide!
None ever knew his promise fail;
His angel, ever at thy side,
Shall help thy patience to prevail;
Forbode no ill, for thou shalt see
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

—*J. R. Murray.*

## 374 The Leaves of Life.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



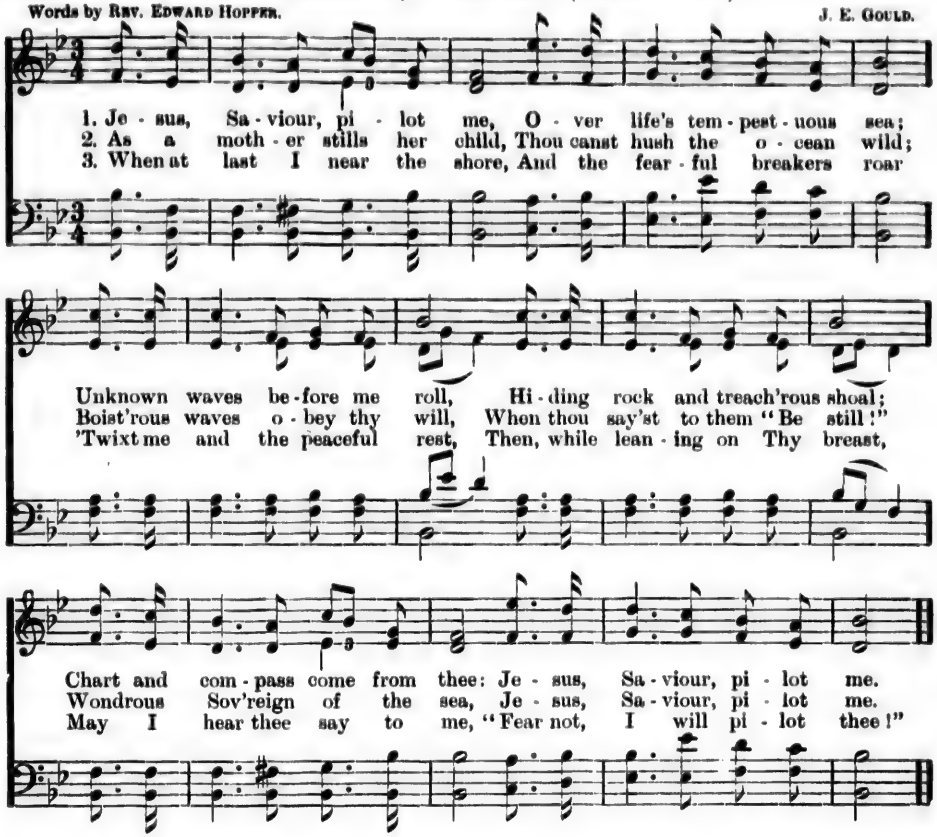

3 Ye birds of peace, to men, who meet
In strife, or toss in tempest, bring
The olive sprays, evangels sweet,
And tell the kindness of the King.

4 Stay not, ye heralds of his grace,
His tidings glad to send abroad,
Till dying souls in every place
Arise the ransomed sons of God.

—*Rev. Theron Brown.*

## 375 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. (PILOT.—6-7s.)

Words by REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.




## 376 Weary Souls, that Wander Wide. (TUNE NO. 375.)

1 Weary souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be!
Blest to all eternity!

—*C. Wesley.*

## 377 O Jesus, I Have Promised.

W. F. SHERWIN.




3 Oh, let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control:
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 Oh, Jesus thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end:
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

—*J. E. Bode.*

## 378 Wild the Storm-Wind, Dark the Night.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.




3 In the name of Jesus, go;
With his word of truth and grace,
Some sweet promise to him throw,
Bid him Jesus' word embrace.

4 Speed the life-boat! raise the cry,
"Battle on 'gainst wind and tide;"
Signal to him "help is nigh,"
Bid him trust the Crucified.

—*Rev. F. Denison.*

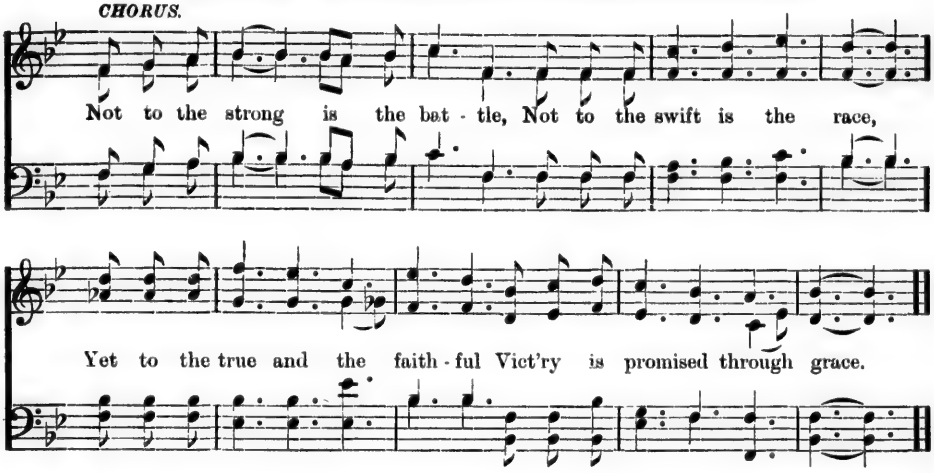
## 379 Conquering Now and Still to Conquer.

Words by S. Martin. John R. Sweney.



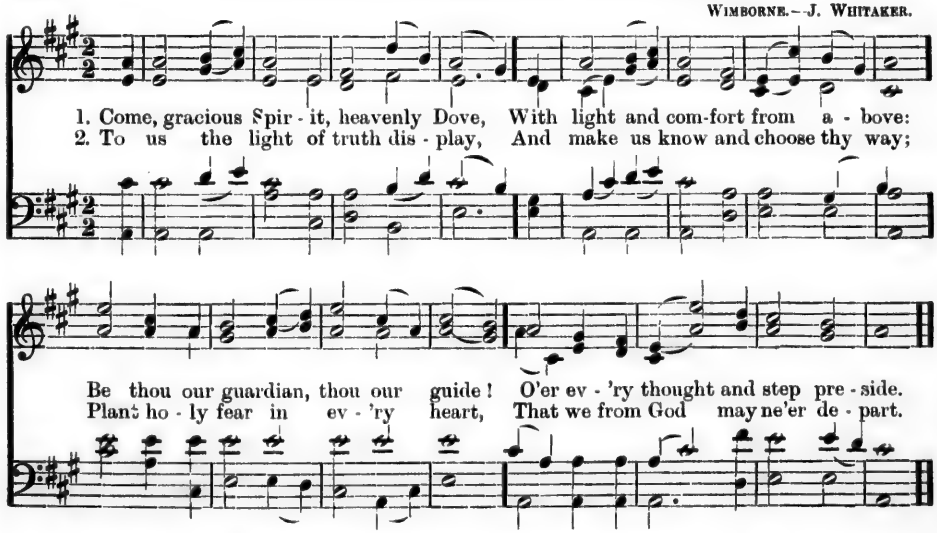
## Conquering Now and Still to Conquer—*Concluded.*

*CHORUS.*




## 380 Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

WIMBORNE.—J. WHITAKER.




3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there!

—*Rev. Simon Browne.*

## 381 Come, Jesus, Redeemer!

L. O. EMERSON.




3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure,
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure;
That love like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace;
From restless vain wishes bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

—*R. Palmer.*

## 382 There is a Green Hill Far Away.




3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough,
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

—*Cecil F. Alexander.*

## 383 I Am Coming to Jesus for Rest. (TUNE NO. 255.)

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow,

CHO.—I believe; Jesus saves;
And his blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.
CHO.—I believe; Jesus saves.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For his fulness of blessing I call,
Till his blood washes whiter than snow.
CHO.—I believe; Jesus saves.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now his salvation to know,
And his blood does so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.
CHO.—I believe; Jesus saves.

—*S. F. Bennett.*

## 384 If Aught of Thy Life Should Be Savored with Sorrow.

Words by F. H. JACOBS. ALFRED BEIRLY.



## If Aught of Thy Life Should Be Savored with Sorrow—*Concluded.*




## 385 While with Ceaseless Course. (BENEVENTO.—7s.)

Words by JOHN NEWTON. S. WEBBE.



## 386 Only a Beam of Sunshine.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. JOHN R. SWENEY.



## 387 Loving Redeemer, Behold Us.

(S. S. HYMN.) H. P. DANKS.




3 We are so thankful for all thou dost give,
Now for thy glory we children would live;
Ever remembered and treasured will be,
"Suffer the children to come unto me."

4 When we have finished our journey below,
When from the world thou shalt call us to go,
Then thou wilt say, as thy face we shall see,
"Suffer the children to come unto me."

—*Fanny J. Crosby.*

## 388 Rolling Downward Through the Midnight.

Words by R. L. Arranged by R. LOWRY.

*With energy*

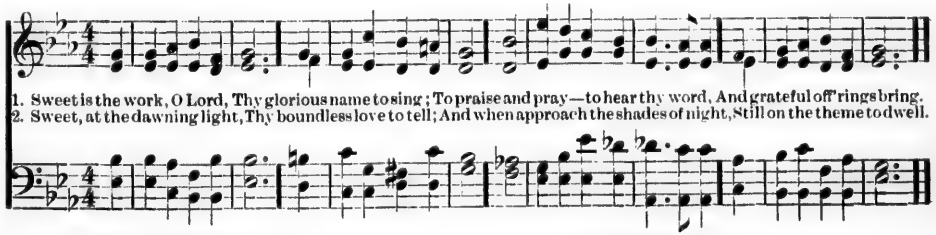


## 389 A Little Talk With Jesus.

Words from "The Morning." C. C. Williams.




## 390 Sweet is the Work, O Lord. (Supplication.—S.M.)




3 Sweet—on this day of rest;
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

## 391 Near to the Saviour.

W. H. DOANE.



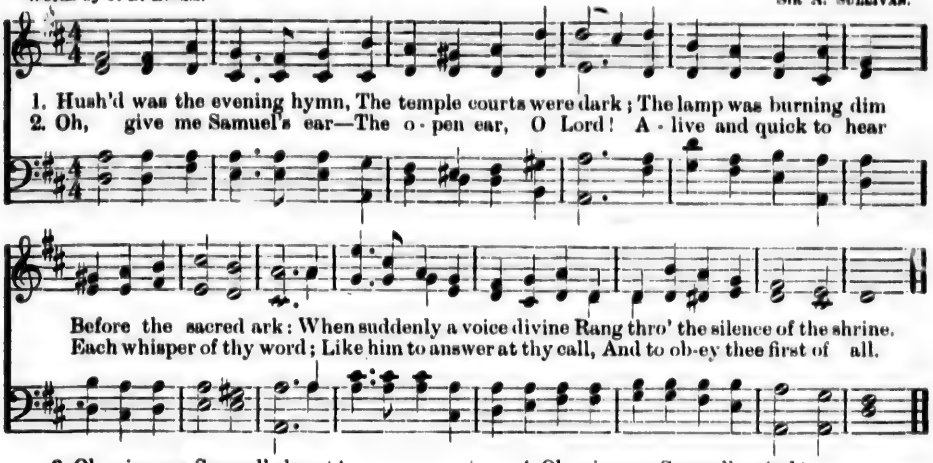

3 Plead for the souls that are languid and cold,
Plead for the wanderers away from the fold;
Pray that the Saviour may lead them to-night
Out of the darkness and into the light.

4 Pray with a faith that takes hold on the Lord,
Strong in the strength it has drawn from his word;
Come we with boldness, O come not with fear;
Jesus will bless us, and Jesus is here.

—*Fanny J. Crosby.*

## 392 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn. (SAMUEL.—66, 66, 88.

Words by J. D. BURNS. SIR A. SULLIVAN.

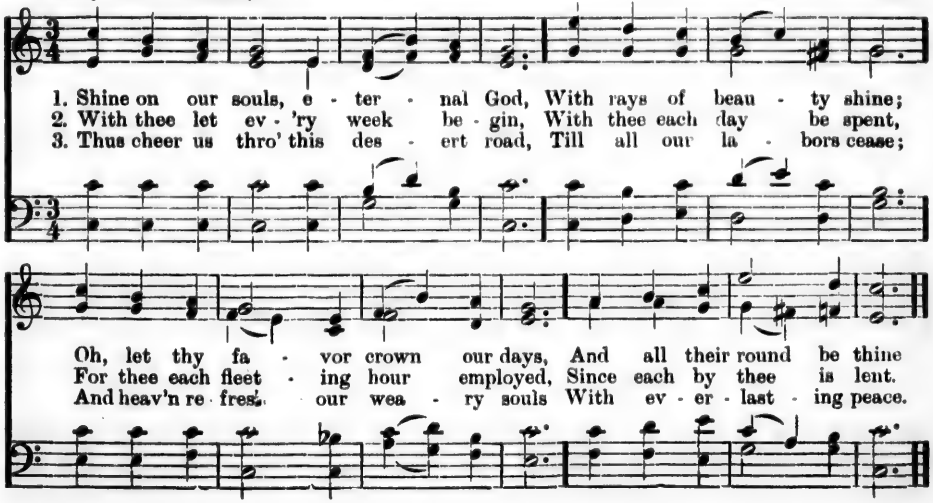



3 Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart, that waits
When in thy house thou art;
Or watches at thy gates
By day and night—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet, unmurm'ring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death:
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

## 393 Shine On Our Souls. (SAWLEY.—C.M.)

Words by PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740. PIGOT.



## 394 Soft and Noiseless.

H. SANDERS



## 395 I Hear a Voice, 'Tis Soft and Sweet.

Words by Rev. Robert F. Semple, D.D. Vox Salvatoris.—Beardsley van de Water.



## 396 The Shadows of the Evening Hours. (St. Leonard.)

Words by Miss A. A. Proctor, 1858.

*Cantabile* H. Hiles.



## 397 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



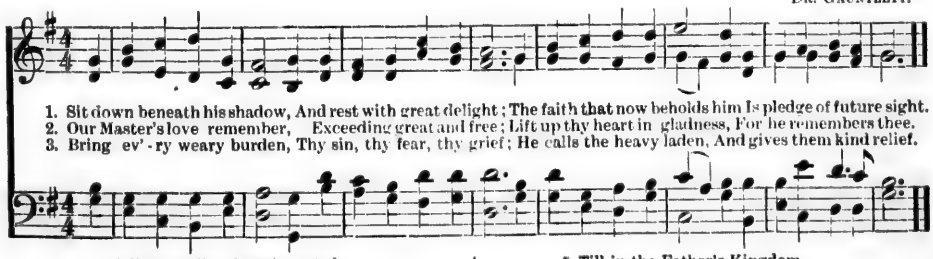

3 Closer still, my Help, my Stay,
Closer, closer still;
Meekly there I learn to say,
"Father, not my will;"
Learn that in affliction's hour,
When the clouds of sorrow lower,
Love directs thy hand of power;—
Closer, Lord, to thee.

4 Closer, Lord, to thee I come,
Light of life Divine;
Through the ever Blessed Son,
Joy and peace are mine;
Let me in thy love abide,
Keep me ever near thy side,
In the "Rock of Ages" hide,—
Closer, Lord, to thee.

—*E. G. Taylor, D.D.* *Alt.*

## 398 Sit Down Beneath His Shadow. (ST. ALPHEGE.—7S & 6S.)

DR. GAUNTLETT.




4 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love;
Until he comes in glory,
Until we meet above:

5 Till in the Father's Kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread;
And we behold his beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

—*F. R. Havergal.*

## 399 I Heard a Voice.

Words by P. STRYKER. Arr. from MEHUL.



## 400 Ah, Tell Me Not of Gold or Treasure.

E. O. Excell.




3 Against this tower there's no prevailing;
His kingdom passes not away;
His throne abides despite assailing,
From henceforth unto endless day.

4 And though a pilgrim I must wander,
Still absent from the one I love;
He soon will have me with him yonder,
In his own glory-world above.

—*Unknown.*

## 401 Sometimes the Sky is Overcast. (AULD LANG SYNE.)

Arr. by P. BILHORN.




3 From all the unknown future days,
My timid heart recoils,
But known to God are all my ways,
And all my cares and toils.
The wisdom, power, and might are thine,
But mine the promised aid,
And "I will trust in thee, O Lord,
What time I am afraid."

4 When twilight shadows softly fall,
And night comes on apace,
In life and death, O Lord of all,
I would behold thy face.
The final hour, oh, let me meet
In peace, and undismayed,
For "I will trust in thee, O Lord,
What time I am afraid."

—*Miss J. H. Johnston.*

## 402 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.




4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before his face I see.

5 I know not when my Lord may come,
At night or noon-day fair,
Nor when I'll walk the vale with him,
Or "meet him in the air."

—*El. Nathan.*

## 403 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Words by M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.



## Master, the Tempest is Raging—*Concluded.*



## 404 We Have Heard the Joyful Sound.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.




3 Sing above the battle strife,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By his death and endless life,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

4 Give the winds a mighty voice:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves;
This our song of victory,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

—*Priscilla J. Owens.*

## 403 Out on an Ocean all Boundless We Ride.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. HOMEWARD BOUND—ARR. by J. W. DADMAN.



## 406 In the Crimson of the Morning.

JOHN R. SWENEY.



## In the Crimson of the Morning—*Concluded.*

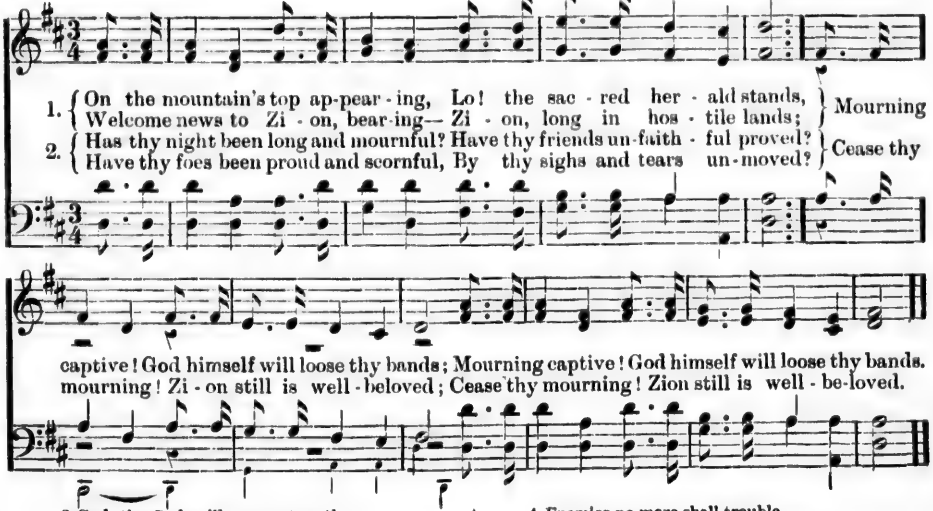



4 Sandalled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimm'ring gems and odors sweet,
White-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

5 He is coming, oh, my spirit! with his everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and complete;
He is coming, oh, my spirit! and his coming brings release;
I listen for the coming of his feet
—*Lyman Whitney Allen.*

## 407 On the Mountain's Top. (Zion.—8,7,4.)

Dr. Thos. Hastings.



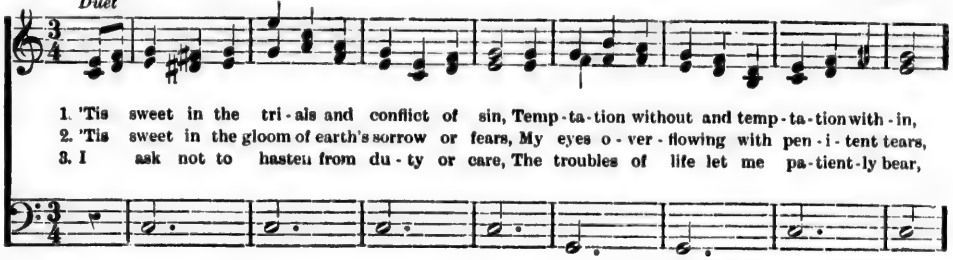

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King shall surely send.

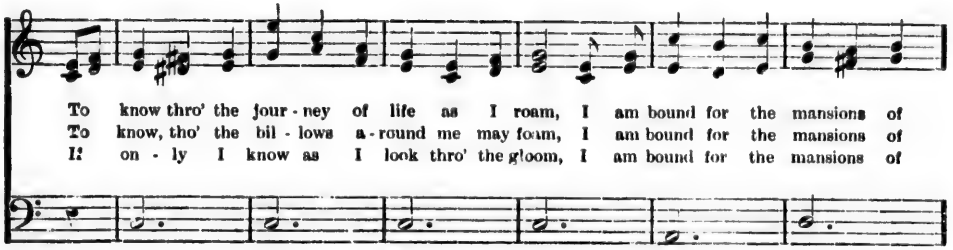
4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. —*Thomas Kelly.*

## 408 'Tis Sweet in the Trials.

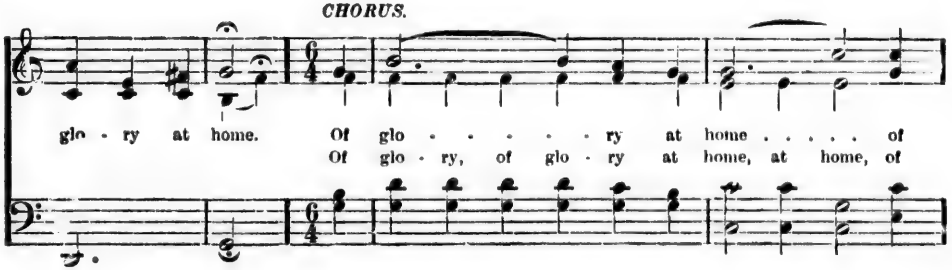
Words by J. W. SMITH. H. A. LEWIS.

*Duet*



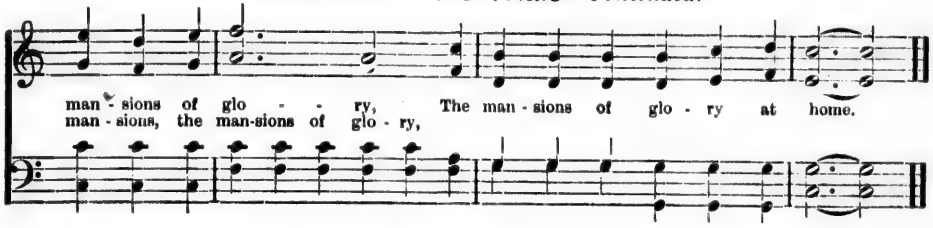




*CHORUS.*






## 'Tis Sweet in the Trials—*Concluded.*




**409** ALBERT MIDLANE.

## Onward, Upward, Homeward!

IRA D. SANKEY.



## 410 Fear Not! God is Thy Shield.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



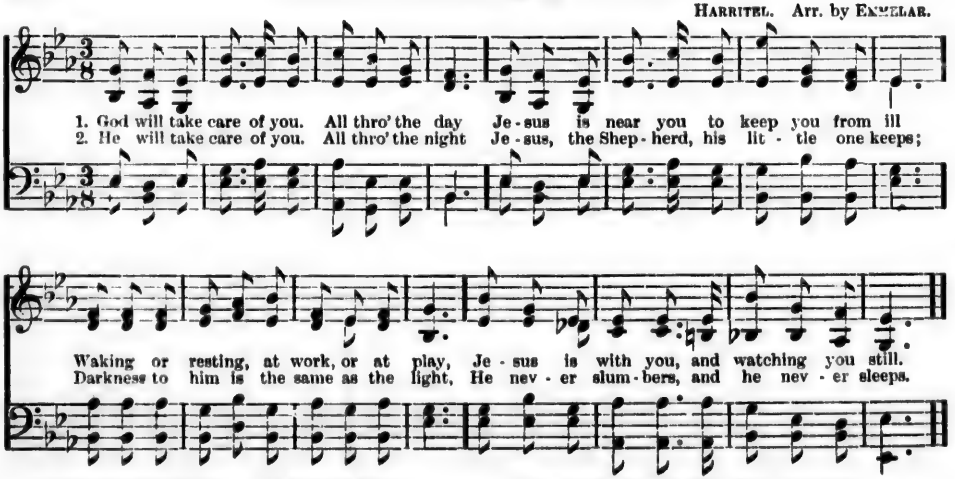

3 Fear not! be not dismayed!
He evermore will be
With thee, to give his aid,
And he will strengthen thee.

4 Fear not! ye little flock;
Your Shepherd soon will come,
Give water from the rock,
And bring you to his home!

—*R. G. Taylor.*

## 411 God will Take Care of You.

HARRITEL. Arr. by EXMELAR.




3 He will take care of you. All through the year,
Crowning each day with his kindness and love,
Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to the bright home above.

4 He will take care of you. Yes; to the end,
Nothing can alter his love for his own;
Children, be glad that you have such a Friend;
He will not leave you one moment alone.

—*Miss Frances R. Havergal.*

## 412 When We Gather at Last Over Jordan.

F. A. BLACKMER. Arr.




3 When we stand by the beautiful river,
'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
Gazing over the fair land of promise—
What a wonderful sight that will be!

4 When at last we behold our Redeemer,
And his glory transcendent we see,
While as King of all kingdoms he reigneth—
What a wonderful sight that will be!

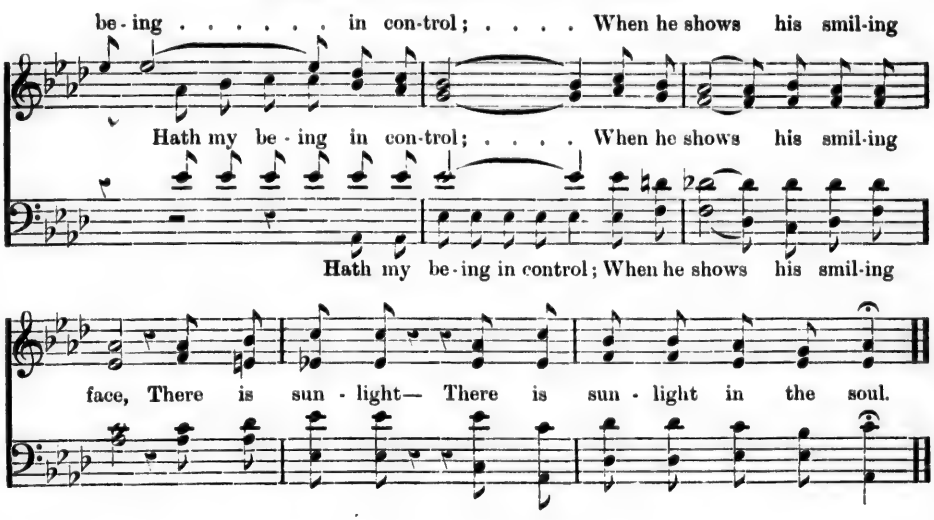
—*F. A. B. Arr.*

## 413 Sunlight in the Soul.

Words by LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. J. E. LANCHELEY.

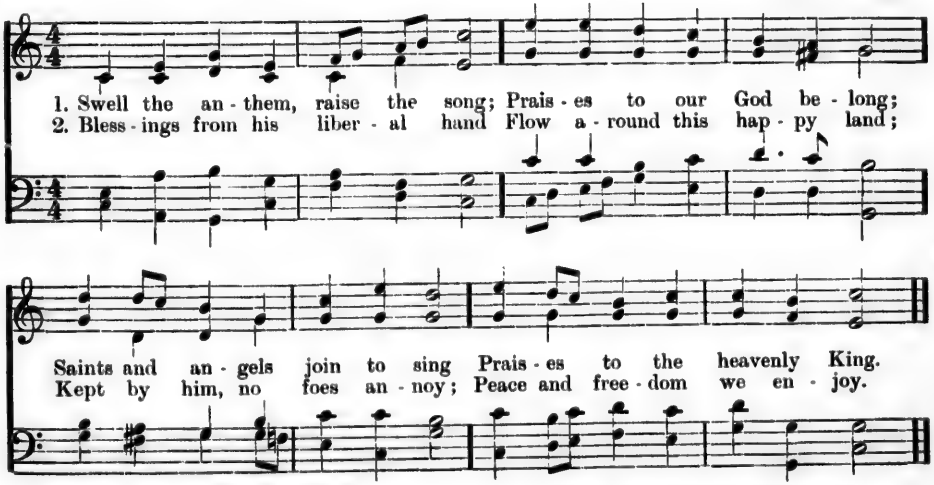


## Sunlight in the Soul—*Concluded.*




## 414 Swell the Anthem.

JOHN B. WILKES.




3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of Kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

—*Nathan Strong.*

## 415 Standing on the Promises.

R. KELSO CARTER.




2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fears assail,
By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

—*R. Kelso Carter*

## 416 Some One will Enter the Pearly Gate.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.




3 Some one will knock when the door is shut
By and by, by and by,
Hear a voice saying, "I know you not,"
Shall you? shall I?
Some one will call and shall not be heard,
Vainly will strive when the door is barred,
Some one will fail of the saint's reward:
Shall you? shall I?

4 Some one will sing the triumphant song
By and by, by and by,
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng,
Shall you? shall I?
Some one will greet on the golden shore
Loved ones of earth who have gone before,
Safe in the glory for evermore:
Shall you? shall I?

—*G. M. J.*

## 417 Our Life is Like a Stormy Sea.

IRA D. SANKEY.

*Solo and Chorus*



## Our Life is Like a Stormy Sea—*Concluded.*

*CHORUS.*




3 Oh, tempted one, look up, be strong;
The promise of the Lord is sure,
That they shall sing the victor's song,
Who faithful to the end endure;
God's Holy Spirit comes to thee,
Of his abiding love to tell;
To blissful port, o'er stormy sea,
Calls heaven's inviting harbor bell.

4 Come, gracious Lord, and in thy love,
Conduct us o'er life's stormy wave;
Oh, guide us to the home above,
The blissful home beyond the grave;
There safe from rock, and storm, and flood,
Our song of praise shall never cease,
To him who bought us with his blood,
And brought us to the por of peace.

—*John H. Yates.*

## 418 Nearer, O God, to Thee! (SULLIVAN.)

A. S. SULLIVAN.



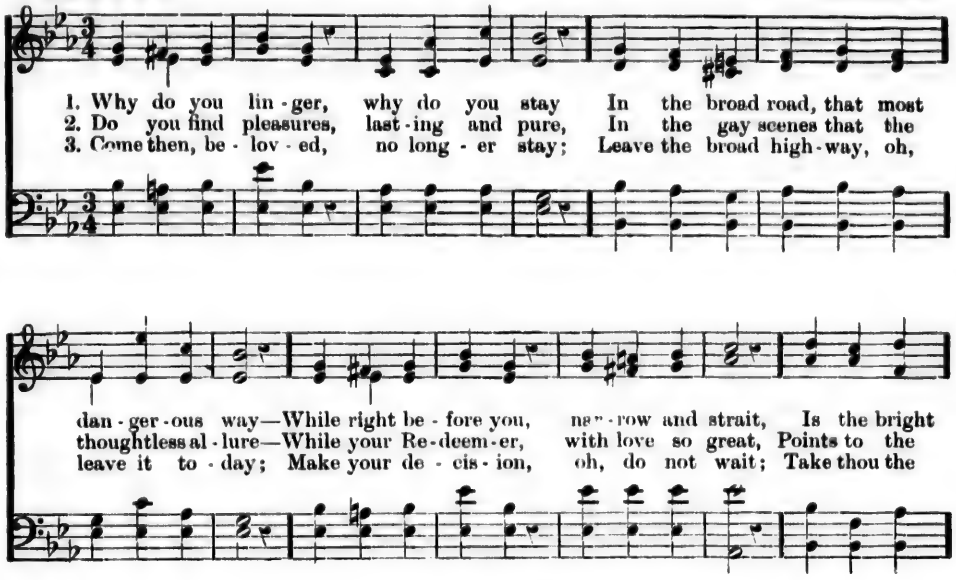

3 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where our Captain fights
Let us be found;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee! Nearer to thee!

4 And when thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh, for a dwelling place,
In thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee! Nearer to thee!

—*Rev. William W. How, D.D.*

## 419 Why Do You Linger?

Words by G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.



## 420 Once I Heard a Sound.

R. L.




3 In the holy war with the foes of truth,
He's my Shield, he my table prepares,
He restores my soul, he renews my youth,
And gives triumph in answer to prayers.

4 He will feast me still with his presence dear,
And the love he so freely hath given,
While his promise tells, as I serve him here,
Of the banquet of glory in heaven.

—*Rev. S. D. Phelps, D.D.*

## 421 Jesus is Tenderly Calling.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.




3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—
Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.

—*Fanny J. Crosby.*

422

## Do You See the Hebrew Captive?

Words by P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



## 423 Lift Up the Gospel Banner.

Words by Rev. W. S. Cosner. J. A. Sophia.

*Joyfully*



## 424 Whoe'er Would Win the Battle. (7,6,7,6.)

Adapted by W. H. WHITEHEAD.




3 Your enemies may gather
Like clouds in days of storms;
But truth's bright blade, like lightning,
Shall scatter their proud forms.

4 The wrongs shall all be conquered,
And every foe submit;
All, in that day that's coming,
Shall fall at Jesu's feet.

## 425 If You Feel a Love for Sinners.

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH. S. F. ACKLEY.

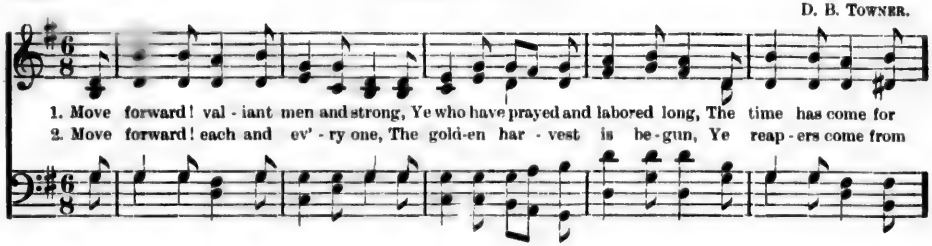


## If You Feel a Love for Sinners—*Concluded.*




## 426 Move Forward!

D. B. Towner.




*CHORUS.*







3 Move forward! reaping as you move!
Angels are watching from above!
Around are witnesses a host,
Arouse ye now and save the lost.

4 Move forward! day will die full soon,
How quickly evening follows noon,
Now is the time to work and pray—
Let glory crown the dying day.

—*G. W. Crofs.*

## 427 Yonder a Vessel is Breasting the Gale.

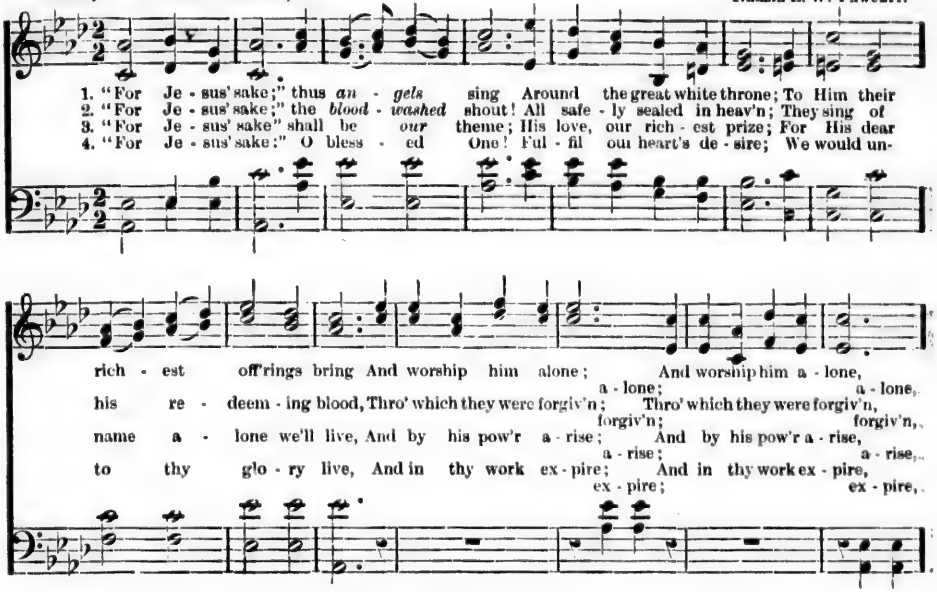
Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. E. O. Excell.



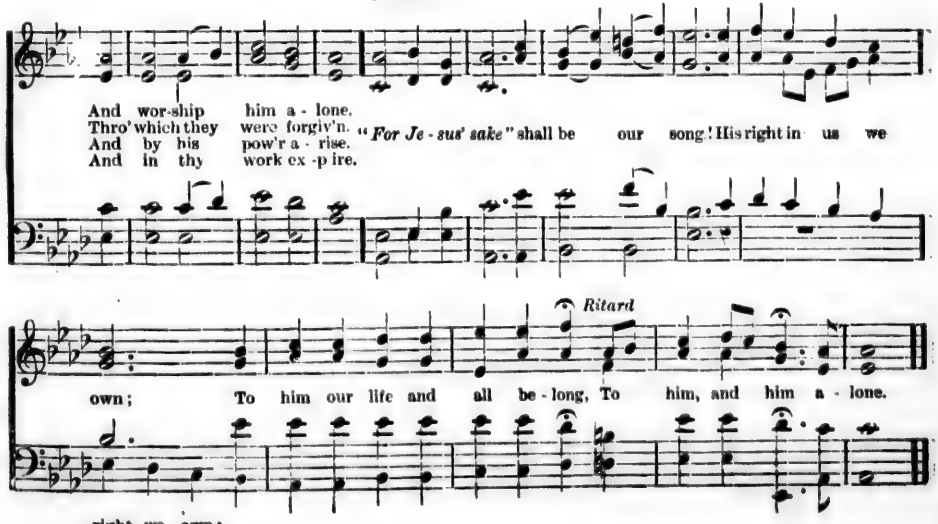
## 428 "For Jesus' Sake."

*(Dedicated to Lucy Rider Meyer.)*

Words by Rev. William Fawcett, D.D. Nellie E. W. Fawcett.




*CHORUS.*



## 429 Praise the Lord, His Glories Show.

Words by H. F. Lyte, 1834. B. C. Blodgett, 1866.



**430** **"Be ye Strong in the Lord!"**

Words by EL NATHAN. IRA D. SANKEY.



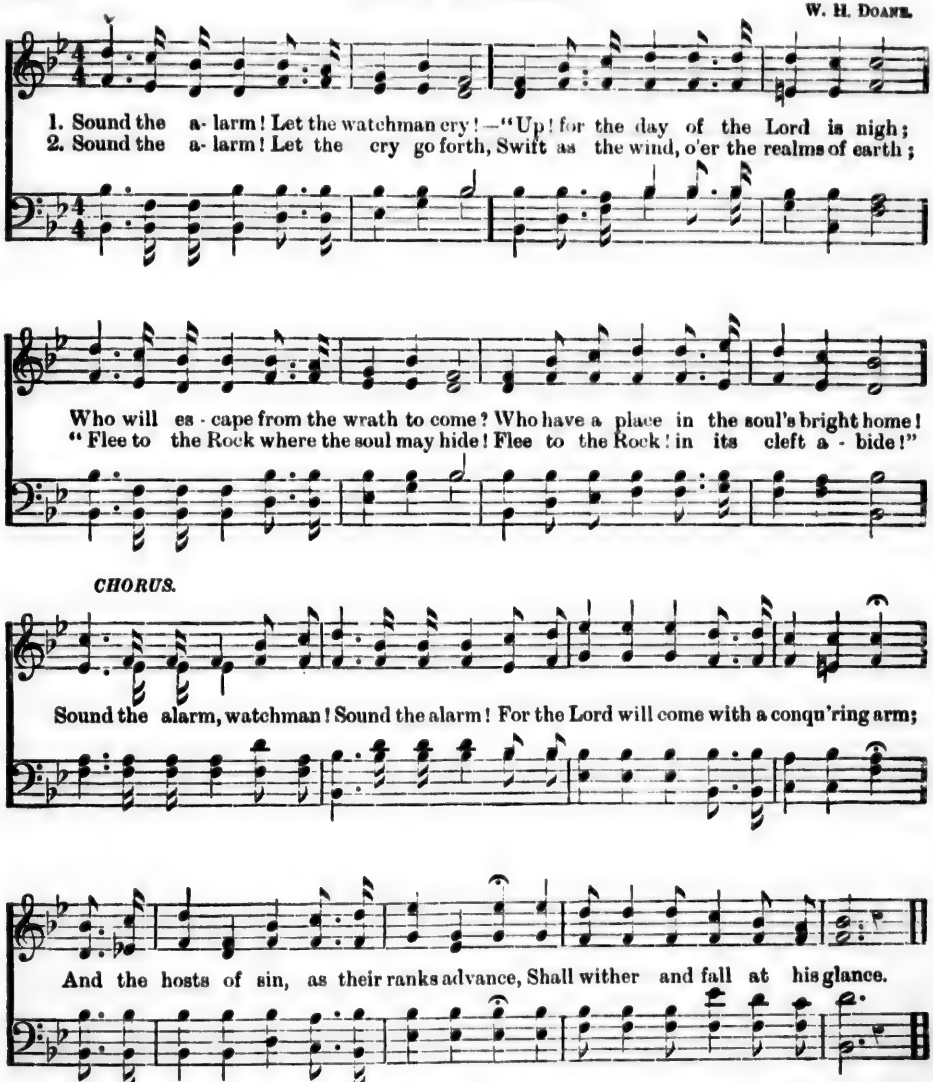
## 431 Oh, the World Must be Conquered.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Ira O. Hoffman.



## 432 Sound the Alarm

W. H. DOANE.




3 Sound the alarm on the mountain's brow!
Plead with the lost by the wayside now:
Warn them to come and the truth embrace;
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.

4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear;
Sound it aloud that the old may hear;
Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

—*F. J. Crosby.*

## 433 Have Ye Heard the Song?

J. R. SWENEY.



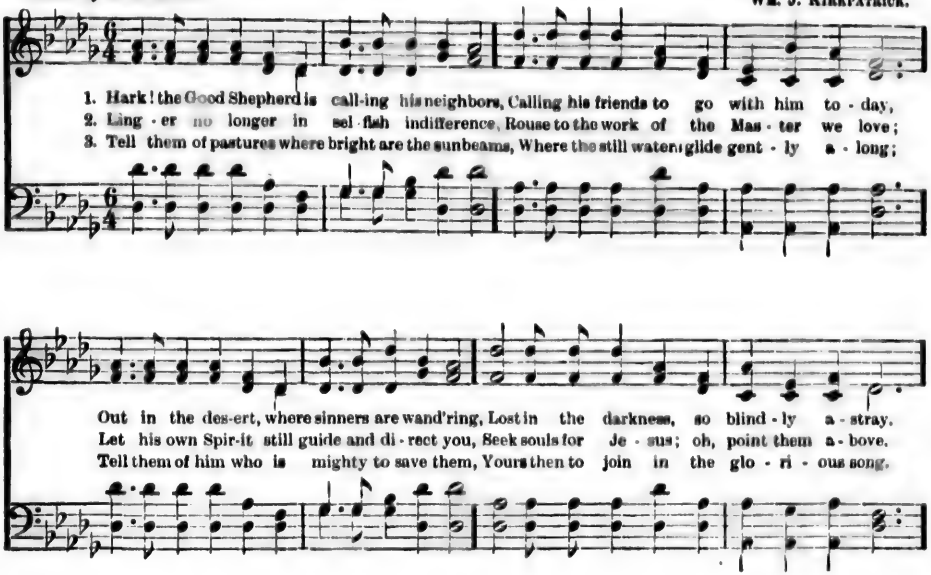

3 Oh, the song rolls on from the golden land,
And our hearts are strong to-day,
For it nerves our souls with its music sweet,
As we toil in the noon-tide ray.

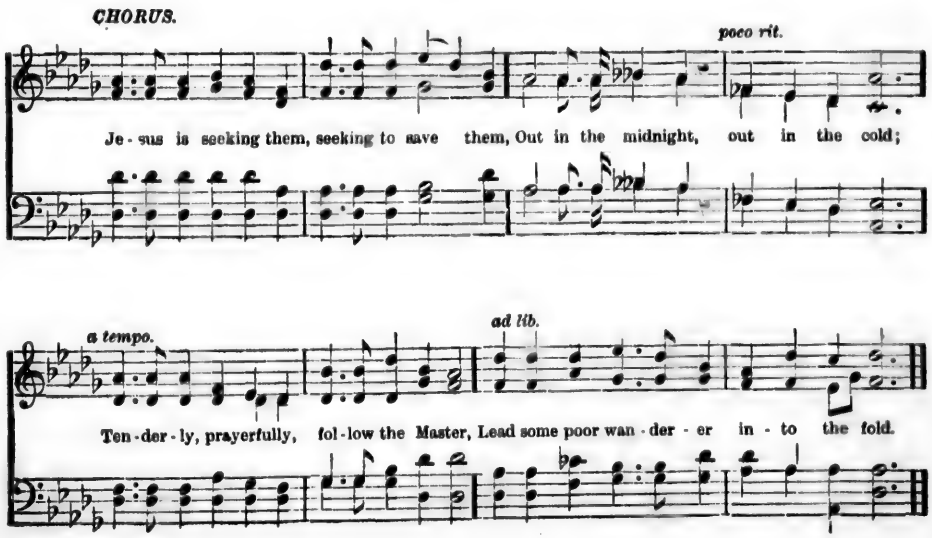
4 Oh, the song rolls on from the golden land,
From its vales of joy and flowers;
And we feel and know by a living faith
That its tones will soon be ours.

—*J. Johnson.*

## 434 Hark! the Good Shepherd is Calling.

Words by E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



## 435 You're Longing to Work.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



## You're Longing to Work—*Concluded.*




3 Go sing happy songs of rejoicing
With those who no sorrows have known;
Go weep with the heart-broken mourner,
Go comfort the sad and the lone;
From pitfalls and snares of the tempter
Go rescue the thoughtless and wild:
Go win from pale lips a "God bless you,"
Go brighten the life of a child.

4 Oh, never, my brother, stand waiting,
Be willing to do what you can;
The humblest service is needed,
To fill out the Father's great plan;
Be earning your stars of rejoicing
While earth-life is passing away;
Win someone to meet you in glory,—
Do something for Jesus to-day.

—*Lanta Wilson Smith.*

## 436 All for Jesus! All for Jesus!

Words by MRS. MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



## 437 Since I Came at Jesus' Bidding.

F. G. BURROUGHS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



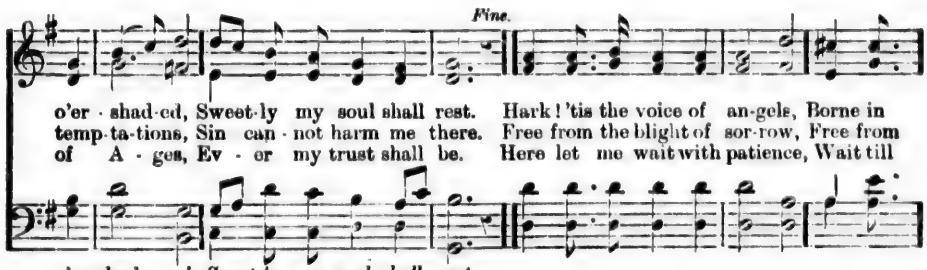
## Since I Came at Jesus' Bidding—*Concluded.*

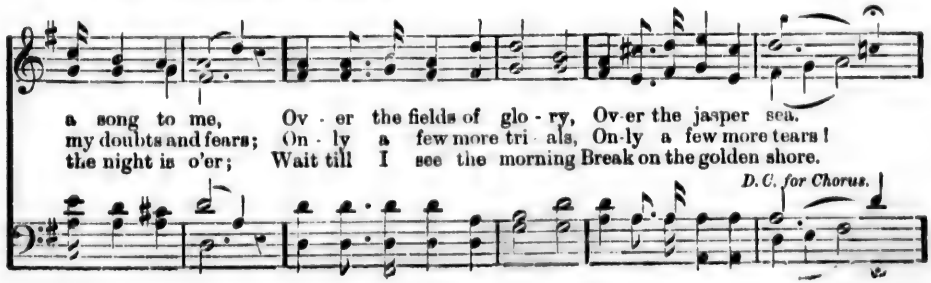



## 438 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Words by Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne. W. H. Doane.

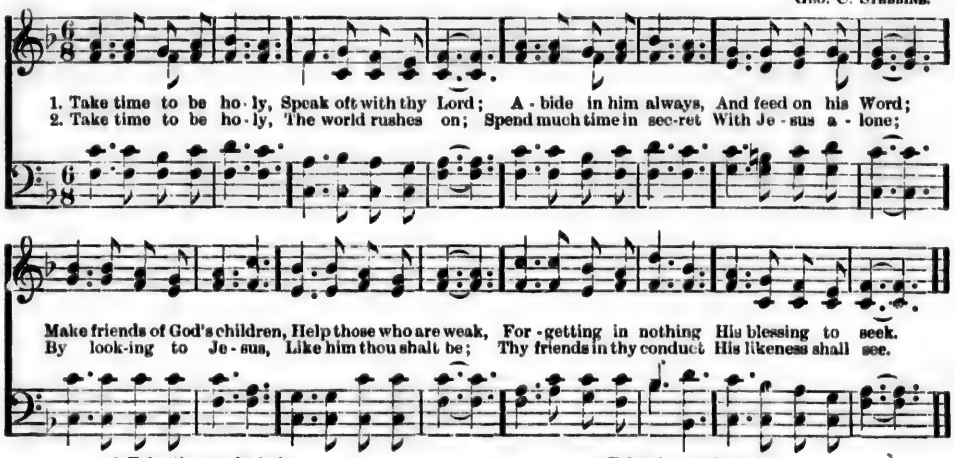


## 439 Take Time to be Holy.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



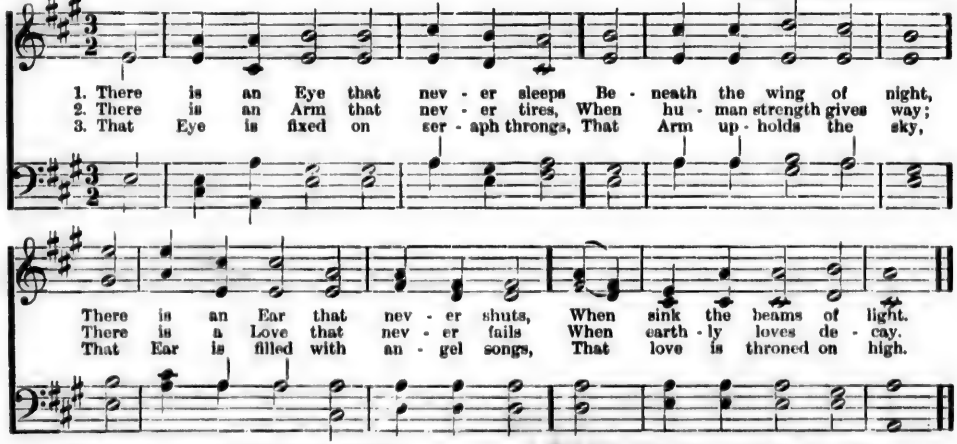

3 Take time to be holy,
Let him be thy Guide,
And run not before him,
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow,
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in his Word.

4 Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive
Beneath his control;
Thus led by his Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

—*W. D. Longstaff.*

## 440 There is an Eye that Never Sleeps. (AZMON.—C.M.)

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.




4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain—
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That listening Ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down. —*I. A. Wallace.*

## 441 Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

W. PITTS.




3 Clearer still, and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

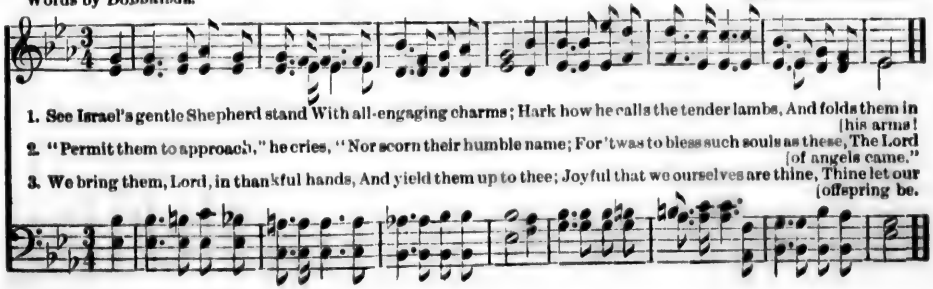
4 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. AMEN.

*G. Thring, 1862.*

## 442 See Israel's Gentle Shepherd Stand. (SALVATION.)

Words by DODDRIDGE.

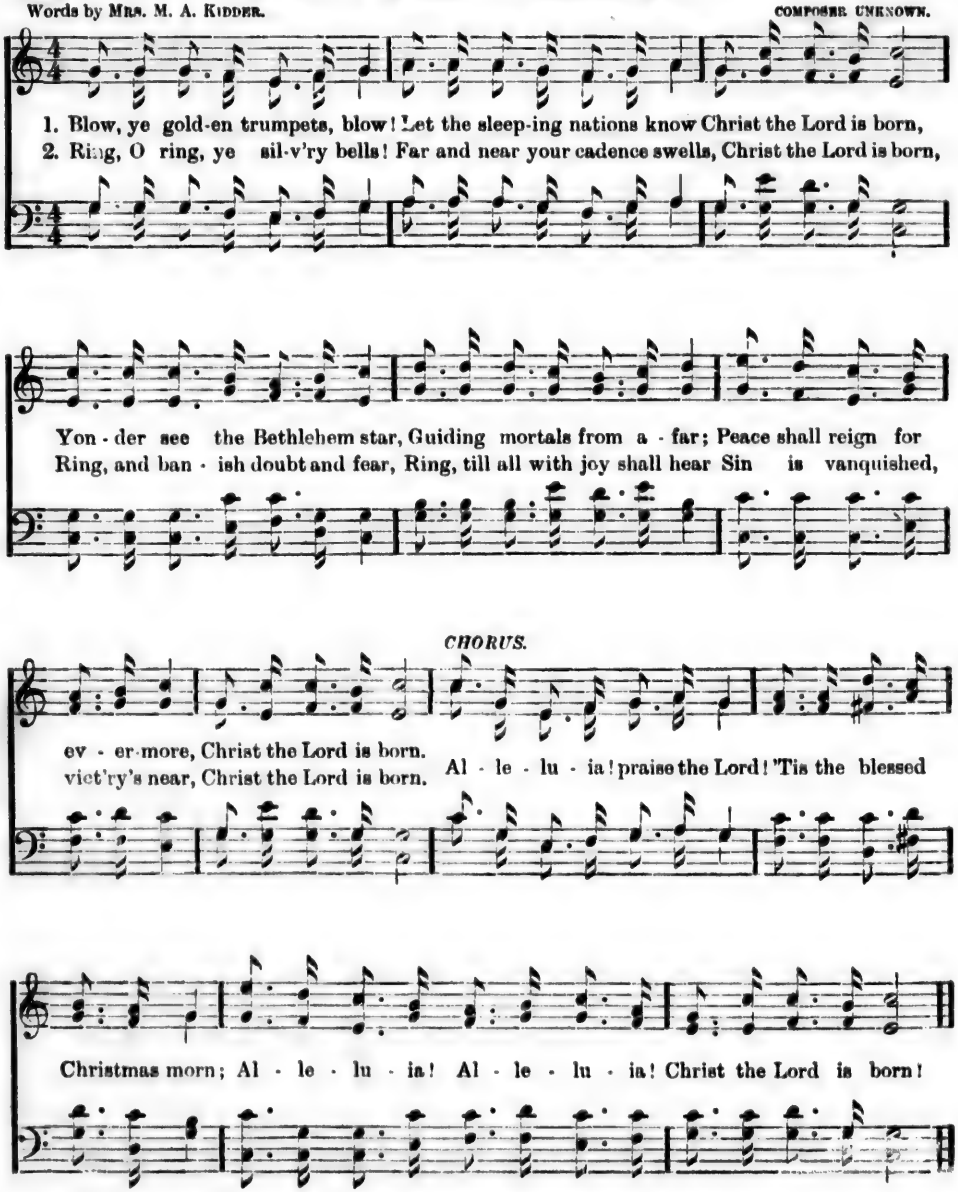
WILLIAM V. WALLACE.



1. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand With all-engaging charms; Hark how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in his arms!
2. "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of angels came."
3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joyful that we ourselves are thine, Thine let our offspring be.

## 443 Blow, Ye Golden Trumpets, Blow!

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.



## 444 If I Love Jesus, the Saviour Above.

(FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

J. E. LANCELEY.




3 If I love Jesus, and live by his word,
I shall be like him; he will be my Lord,
Jesus will help me be holy and wise,
Fit me a beautiful home in the skies.

4 I will love Jesus, my Saviour and King;
For him I hold up my hand while I sing;
Give him my heart his own temple to be:
Live for his glory, because he loves me.

—*Llewellyn A. Morrison.*

## 445 Behold the Lamb of God.



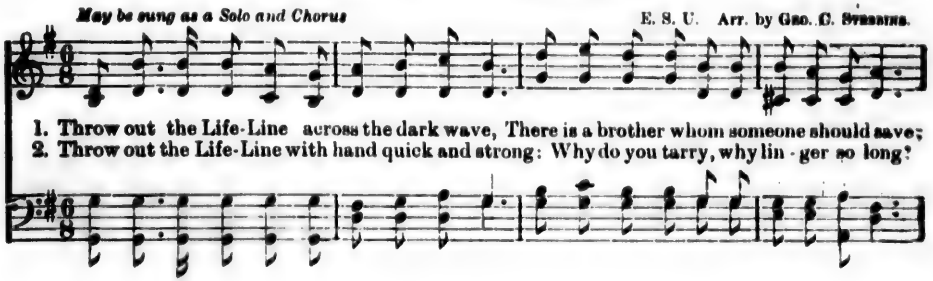

## 446 To Do Thy Holy Will.

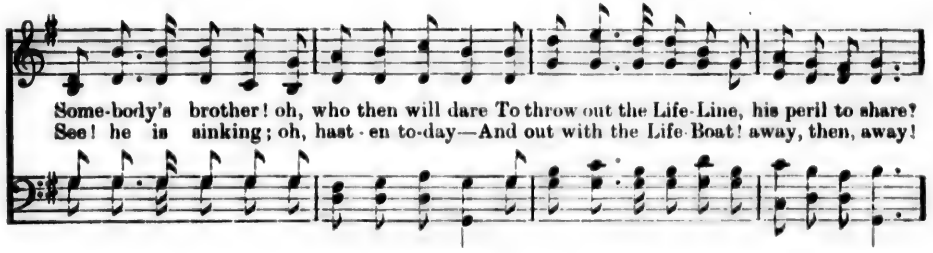
Words by G. Cooper. J. R. Murray.



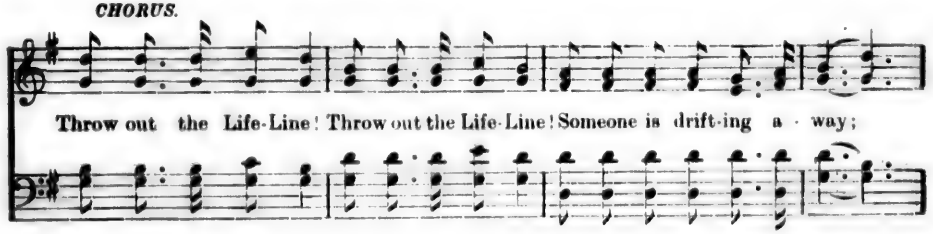
## 447 Throw Out the Life-Line.

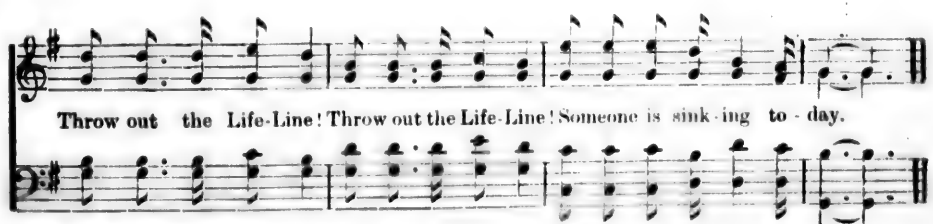
*May be sung as a Solo and Chorus* E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.




*CHORUS.*




3 Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men,
Sinking in anguish where you've never been:
Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.

4 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore,
Haste then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

— *Rev. E. S. Ufford.*

448

## Portals of Glory.

Words by Emma Pitt. H. P. Danks.



## Portals of Glory—*Continued.*



## Portals of Glory—*Concluded.*



**449** **Be Present at Our Table, Lord.** (L.M.—TUNE No. 157.)

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.—*J. Cennick.*

**450** **We Thank Thee, Lord, for This Our Food.** (L.M.—TUNE No. 75.)

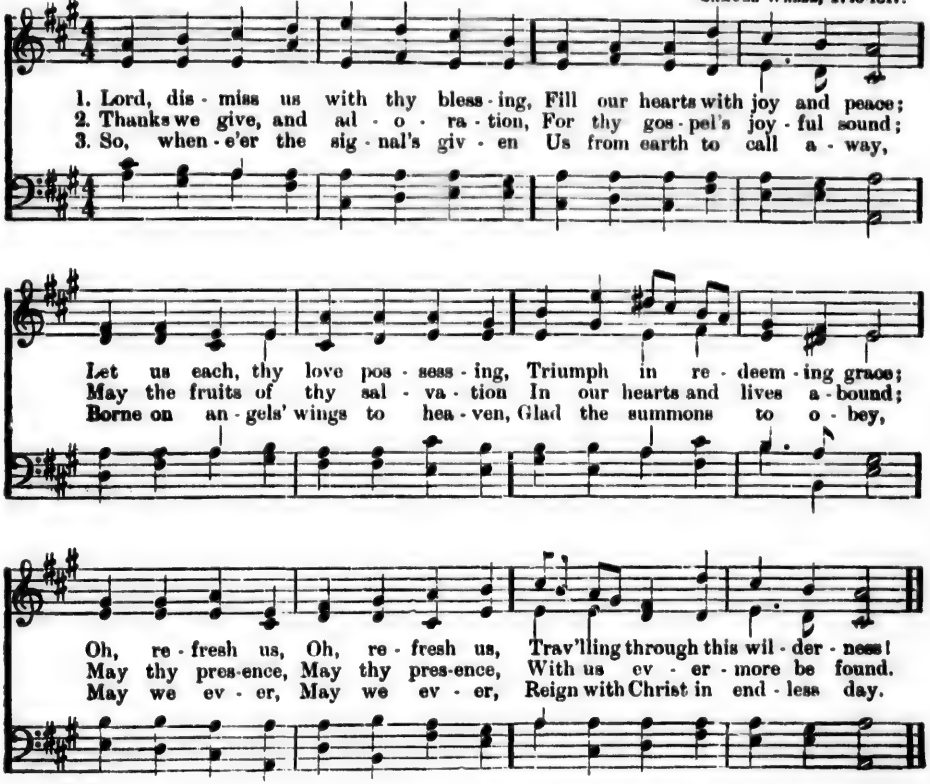
We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.—*J. Cennick.*

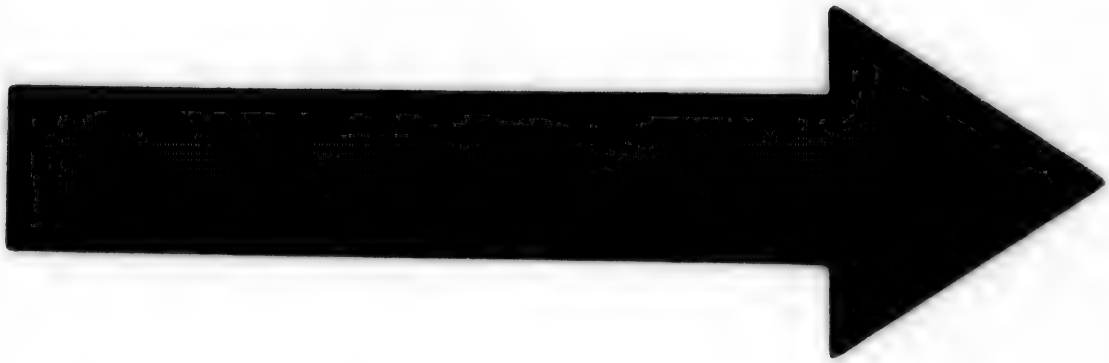
**451** **Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow.** (L.M.—TUNE No. 1.)

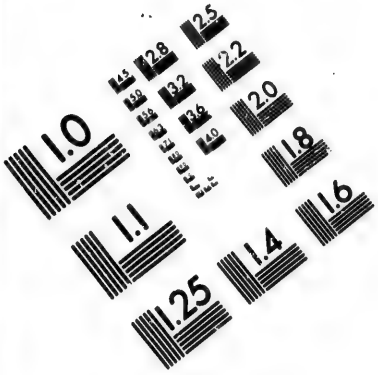
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—*Bishop Ken.*

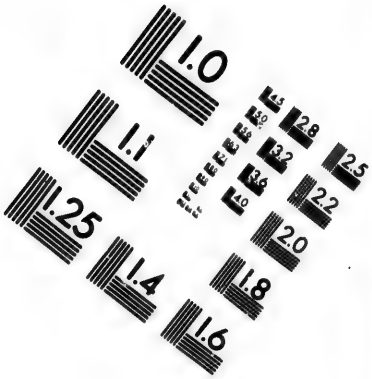
**452** **Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.** (BENEDICTION.—8,7,8,7,4,7.)

Words by J. FAWCETT. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1740-1817.

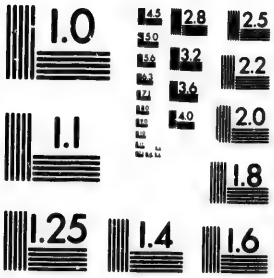


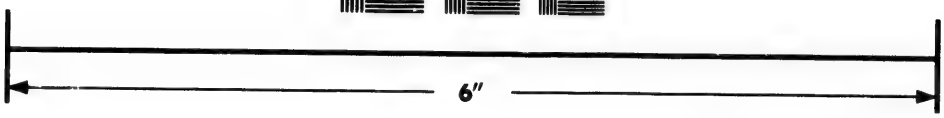




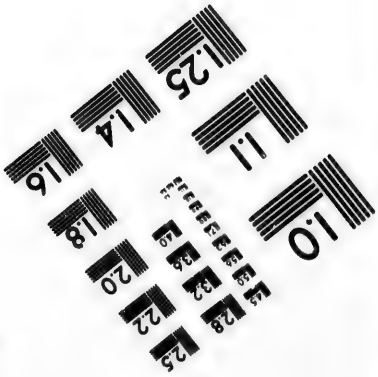

# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)










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